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CURIOSITIES

OF

LITERATURE.

CONSISTING OF

ANECDOTES, CHARACTERS,

SKETCHES, AND OBSERVATIONS,

LITERARY, CRITICAL, AND HISTORICAL.

THE FOURTH EDITION.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

VOL. I.

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ADVERTISEMENT

TO THE FOURTH EDITION.

IN this Fourth Impreſſion of CURIOSITIES OF LITERATURE, *ſeveral Corrections and Additions have been made.*

PREFACE

TO THE THIRD EDITION.

THE favour with which the Public has honoured this Performance, has, early after it's publication, conducted it once more to the preſs. It becomes an author to render every new impreſſion of his book more acceptable: it is thus, rather than by any other mode, he ſhould expreſs his gratitude. I have attempted to perform this, by having taſked myſelf to make the articles more full and ſatisfactory than in their firſt ſtate. What were originally but ſeminal hints, I would hope will now be found ſometimes to expand into the luxuriance of flowers.

The plan which I have projected appears to be valuable; yet, perhaps, the deſign has been but rarely underſtood. I had propoſed to illuſtrate a ſeries of obſervations on hu-

man life, by a multiplicity of examples, which, while they gave an agreeable exerciſe to the mind by their variety, might familiarize it to that greateſt of all ſtudies—the ſtudy of MAN. Monteſquieu has this fine obſervation on authors: they ſhould, he ſays, not ſo much make us *read*, as make us *think*. *Il ne s'agit pas de faire lire, mais de faire penſer*. When I gave the articles—The Poverty of the Learned—The Perſecuted Learned—The Impriſonment of the Learned—The Amuſements of the Learned—The Progreſs of Old Age in New Studies—Poets, Philoſophers, and Artiſts, made by Accident—&c. I conſidered them but as portions which relate to the hiſtory of MEN of GENIUS. The diſcerning reader may thus trace other ſubjects elucidated, by impreſſing in his mind their component parts, ſcattered in this Miſcellany.

I was deſirous alſo to direct Taſte, by Criticiſms which ſhould be illuſtrated by examples taken from the moſt finiſhed compoſitions:

ſitions: ſuch are the articles—Virgil—Fine Thoughts—On teaching the Claſſics—Spaniſh Poetry—&c. Sometimes I propoſed to interſperſe biographical ſketches of perſons remarkable in the republic of letters: ſuch are the articles—Mademoiſelle De Scudery—The Scaligers—Milton—Cardinal Richelieu—Corneille and Addiſon—&c. and ſometimes I have attempted to ſketch ſubjects of literary curioſity: ſuch are—Literary Compoſition—Origin of Literary Journals—Recovery of Manuſcripts—Sketches of Criticiſm—The Bibliomania—Errata—&c.

In the HISTORICAL SECTION, I propoſed to arrange thoſe incidents which might ſerve as materials for a hiſtory of human nature; to trace the uſurpations of tyranny, and the glory of freedom; as is done in the account—of the Pouliats, and the Pouliches, taken from the Abbè Raynal, and which is contraſted with—the Thirteen Cantons; which is further diſplayed in the articles—

Feudal Tyranny—America—&c. To repreſent the avarice, the cruelty, and the impoſitions of Superſtition; which are ſufficiently marked in the articles—Trials and Proofs of Guilt in ſuperſtitious Ages—Inquiſition—Mutual Perſecution—Religious Enmity—Virgin Mary—&c. To paint the characters of kings, and of nations; ſuch are the articles—Monarchs—Edward IV.—Queen Elizabeth—Royal Divinities—Dethroned Monarchs—&c. The manners of nations are diſplayed in ſuch articles as—Singularities obſerved by various Nations in their Repaſts—The Athenians—The Italians—Spaniſh Etiquette—Hiſtory of Poverty—Slavery—&c.

In the third portion of this Work, I propoſed to give whatever I found curious for the ſingularity of the ſubject, or intereſting from the importance of it's information: ſuch articles are—Singular Memories—Light Summer Showers forming burning Mirrors—Origin of ſeveral valuable Diſcoveries—

Muſic

Muſic—Hell—&c. And I have concluded this Miſcellany by ſome Philological Obſervations, which may be regarded as a literary curioſity, by uniting in a few pages a ſuccinct account of various Languages.

In a word, the ſcheme I propoſed was as extenſive and miſcellaneous as life and as learning themſelves. It ſhould, perhaps, have been executed not by one perſon, but by the united talents of ſeveral: the ſolid column of Learning ſhould have been ornamented by the graceful foliage of Genius.

Lord Bacon has obſerved, that men of learning require inventories of their knowledge, as rich men have ſchedules of their eſtates. The preſent imperfect attempt may ſerve for this purpoſe, till a better is produced.

Of an eſſay of the preſent kind, the reward is frequently not gratifying to the Author. To moſt, induſtry will appear the only praiſe to which he can aſpire. Faſtidious, and half-literate minds

are

are incapable of diſcriminating betwixt a heavy, undiſcerning, and taſteleſs tranſcriber; and an elegant, reflecting, and ſpirited compiler. Viner abridged the Commentaries of Coke into twenty-two folio volumes; Viner is a dull and inelegant compiler. Sir William Blackſtone, treading the ſame arid ground, knew the art of rearing on it many a beautiful flower. Baillet, Bouhours, and Rollin, are all compilers; but eſteemed in every literary nation for their taſte, their erudition, and their diſcernment. Some compilers reſemble the dull and unfruitful drone, that waſtes the treaſures on which it exiſts; others, the beautiful and lively bee, that wanders on the boſom of the flowers; and, to appropriate an expreſſion of Shakeſpeare, 'STEALING and GIVING ſweets.'

Inferior as my abilities are, I muſt remark, that the labours of a work like the preſent, moſt readers will not immediately diſcern. To rate, by a conciſe article, the labour

labour that it coſt, is an unjuſt mode of appreciation; for it is certain that very extenſive reading is not infrequently beſtowed on very limited articles—like waters, which, drawn from various fountains, when mingled together, appear indeed to be the effect of a ſingle operation, although they contain the efforts of ſeveral.

The preſent edition ſolicits attention by very eſſential and copious improvements. Above one-third part of the volume conſiſts of additional matter. But, notwithſtanding this attempt to form an agreeable LITERARY MANUAL, I have rather made known, than accompliſhed my wiſh. Abundantly honoured, as I muſt confeſs I have been, with the approbation of Journaliſts I reſpect, and of Friends whom I eſteem, I would render the work as perfect as my feeble talents permit. It is for this reaſon that I am deſirous of the contributions of the Ingenious. The various heads may ſerve as outlines or ſketches for men of letters to fill up,

as their reading or reflection ſuggeſt: and ſuch a work can only be enriched by the accumulations of literary aid. I have received already ſeveral valuable hints; and if ſuch liberal communications are continued, they will animate my future exertions, and tend to perfect a repoſitory, which may not be unuſeful in the Republic of Letters.

I. D'ISRAELI.

PREFACE

PREFACE

TO THE FIRST EDITION.

THE preſent Volume partly conſiſts of a laborious ſelection of the moſt intereſting parts of the various ANA. To theſe valuable ſtores of Literature I have added ſome Anecdotes, which appeared to me amuſive and curious; and ſome Obſervations, which, I hope, will not be deemed impertinent.

The ANA form a body of Literature not univerſally known. It may, therefore, be uſeful to inform the reader, that in the early part of the laſt century, it was a prevailing cuſtom to take down for publication the Converſations, or '*Table-Talk*,' as they have been ſometimes called, of the moſt eminent Wits and Scholars. To ſatisfy the demands of Famine, rather than thoſe of Literature, ſome were prompted to ſell their Collections to the bookſellers; and it may be fairly preſumed, were leſs attentive to the richneſs of the

the materials than to the number of pages they were calculated to fill. Others publiſhed them at the death of a valued Friend, to diſplay the extent of his ſcience, or the felicity of his genius; and it muſt be confeſſed, that even theſe were not ſo ſcrupulous as they ſhould have been of what they admitted into their Collections.

Had ſuch Repoſitories of Literature been judiciouſly formed, they would have proved a valuable acquiſition to the Republic of Letters: but their reſpective Compilers have evinced great inattention, or little diſcernment; nothing was diſcriminated in the maſs of their materials; they appear to have liſtened to the mouth of the Scholar whoſe ſentiments they record, as the credulous Enthuſiaſt did in ancient times to the Oracle he worſhipped. Thus, whatever was unintelligible, obſcure, or even falſe, was held by theſe Literary Devotees in as great reverence as it's oppoſite.

It has been repeatedly urged, and allowed, that the matter of elaborate Treatiſes, and even ponderous Volumes, may not infrequently be comprized in conciſe Eſſays, or ſhort Remarks. Some things of this kind

kind are attempted in the preſent Volume; and I have been prompted towards it's publication, by a conviction that it will furniſh much uſeful information to the generality of readers.

It is not juſt, however, that curioſity ſhould be raiſed too high. If expectations are formed, which are impoſſible to be gratified, abilities infinitely ſuperior to mine muſt be humbled. All the Anecdotes I offer will not be new: of ſome, I pretend only to remind the reader; but the greater part, I have frequently been tempted to believe, will appear intereſting.

The faſhionable and commercial world are too much occupied to attend to ſerious diſcuſſion and ſcientific reſearch; the one laboriouſly employed in doing nothing, and the other indefatigable in doing every thing. To the literary labourer they leave the cultivation of the fields and the gardens of Literature: they are willing to purchaſe the productions of his talents; but they expect to receive only the fruits and the flowers. To ſuch, who form indeed the generality of readers, it is preſumed, the preſent Collection will not be found unuſeful. Whatever is moſt intereſting in books rarely to be met with,

with, or whatever is moſt agreeable in compilations which it would be impoſſible for them to peruſe with patience, is here ſelected: and, if it is not preſumptuous to add, the Man of Letters, at the ſame time, may be reminded of important Obſervations, ſtriking Anecdotes, and Attic Pleaſantries; which, however they deſerve to be retained, will, without ſome Vade Mecum of this kind, ſoon eſcape from the moſt tenacious memory. In a word, if this collection anſwers the hopes of the Editor, it will be found a Miſcellany not unamuſive to the Literary Lounger.

To be uſeful, and to pleaſe the Public, is my deſign. My work is not adapted to extend, or to beſtow, reputation: it is ſufficient, if it attains it's humble pretenſion. A multifarious Collection of this kind ſtands in great need of Critical Candour: yet I ſhould feel myſelf little ſolicitous concerning it's reception, if I were certain that the urbanity of the Critic was to decide its fate.

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CURIOSITIES

OF

LITERATURE.

LITERATURE AND CRITICISM.

THE ORIGIN OF LITERARY JOURNALS.

IN the laſt century, it was a conſolation, at leaſt, for the unſucceſsful writer, that he fell inſenſibly into oblivion. If he committed the *private* folly of printing what no one would purchaſe, he had only to ſettle the matter with his publiſher: he was not arraigned at the *public* tribunal, as if he had committed a crime of magnitude. But, in thoſe times, the nation was little addicted to the cultivation of letters: writers were then few, and readers were not many.

When, at length, a taſte for literature ſpread itſelf through the body of the people, Vanity induced the inexperienced and the ignorant to aſpire to literary honours. To oppoſe theſe inroads into the haunts of the Muſes, Periodical Criticiſm brandiſhed it's formidable weapon; and it was by the fall of others that our greateſt geniuſes have been taught to riſe. Multifarious writings produced multifarious ſtrictures; and if the rays of criticiſm were not always of the ſtrongeſt kind, yet ſo many continually iſſuing, formed a focus, which has enlightened thoſe whoſe occupations had otherwiſe never permitted them to *judge* of literary compoſitions.

The origin of ſo many Literary Journals is to be found in France. Denis de Sallo, Eccleſiaſtical Counſellor in the Parliament of Paris, invented the ſcheme of a work of this kind. On the 30th of May, 1665, appeared the firſt number of his *Journal des Sçavans*. What is remarkable, he publiſhed his Eſſay in the name of the Sieur de Hédouville, his *footman*. One is led to ſuppoſe, from this circumſtance, that he entertained but a faint hope of ſucceſs; or,

perhaps,

perhaps, he thought that the ſcurrility of criticiſm might be permitted, on account of it's ſuppoſed author. The work, however, met with ſo favourable a reception, that Sallo had the ſatisfaction of ſeeing it, in the next year, imitated throughout Europe; and his Journal, at the ſame time, tranſlated into various languages. But, as moſt authors lay themſelves too open to the ſevere critic, the animadverſions of Sallo were given with ſuch malignity of wit and aſperity of criticiſm, that the Journal excited loud murmurs, and the moſt heart-moving complaints. Sallo, after having publiſhed only his third volume, felt the irritated waſps of literature thronging ſo thick about him, that he very gladly abdicated the throne of Criticiſm.

The reign of his ſucceſſor, Abbé Gallois —intimidated by the fate of Sallo—was of a milder kind. He contented himſelf with merely giving the titles of books, accompanied with extracts. Such a conduct was not offenſive to their authors, and yet was not unuſeful to the public. I do not, however, mean to favour the idea, that this

ſimple manner of noticing books is equal to ſound and candid criticiſm.

The Journal of Leipſic, entitled *Acta Eruditorum*, appeared in 1682, under the conduct of the erudite *Menkenius*, Profeſſor in the Univerſity of that city. The famous *Bayle* undertook, for Holland, a ſimilar work, in 1684; and his *Nouvelles de la Republique de Lettres* appeared the firſt of May in that year. This new Journal was every where well received; and deſerved to be ſo, for never were criticiſms given with greater force. He poſſeſſed the art of comprizing, in ſhort extracts, the juſteſt notion of a book, without adding any thing irrelevant or impertinent. Bayle diſcontinued this work in 1687, after having given thirty-ſix volumes in 12mo. Bernard continued it to 1710, when it was finally cloſed. The celebrated *Le Clerc* has given his three *Bibliotheques*, which amount to the number of 74 volumes in 12mo; and who, if inferior to Bayle, is, notwithſtanding, one of the beſt of our ancient Journaliſts.

A Mr. de la Roche formed an Engliſh Journal, entitled *Memoirs of Literature*, about

about the commencement of this century. It conſiſts chiefly of a tranſlation from the foreign journals. It was afterwards continued by Mr. Reid, under the title of *The Preſent State of the Republic of Letters*; but, being obliged to make a voyage to China, it interrupted his uſeful labours. He was ſucceeded by Meſſieurs Campbell and Webſter. This *Journal* does by no means rival our modern *Reviews*. I do not perceive that the criticiſm is more valuable; and certainly the entertainment is inferior. Our elder Journals ſeem only to notice a few of the beſt publications; and this not with great animation of ſentiment, or elegance of diction.

It is impoſſible to form a Literary Journal in ſuch a manner, as it might be wiſhed a Literary Journal ſhould be formed. For it muſt be the work of many of different tempers and views. An individual, however verſatile and extenſive his genius, would ſoon be exhauſted.

The extent of the project, the continued novelty of the matter, and the complacence of conſidering one's ſelf, in ſome ſhape, as the arbiter of literature, animate a journaliſt at the commencement of his career. But

human nature is as much human nature in a journaliſt, as in any other man. Such ſtrenuous exertions will fatigue the literary Hercules. To ſupply his pages, he gives copious extracts; by degrees the journal grows tedious, or is deficient in variety. The public whiſper their complaints; they agree; and it is loſt for ever. Thus it has happened that innumerable Journals have been projected, and have proved unſucceſsful. Bayle, during a period of three years, was regular in this laborious purſuit, without relaxing his great powers; but this occaſioned a dangerous illneſs, which obliged him to diſcontinue his literary labours. It was thus Mr. Maty fell a victim to his Review. It was, indeed, perverſe in the latter not to accept an aſſociate. Maty had erudition; he was not deficient in literary hiſtory; perhaps his taſte was not exquiſite. He ſays, he only holds a *monthly converſation* with the Public. The magiſterial air of criticiſm requires a terſer ſtyle; his Journal is however replete with judicious criticiſms.

Of Abbé Gallois, the ſucceſſor of Sallo, it is obſerved, that he was frequently diverted from continuing his Journal with that

regularity which the public has a right to expect. Fontenelle remarks, that this occupation was too reſtrictive for a mind ſo extenſive as his: the Abbé could not reſiſt the charms of indulging in any new production, of gratifying any ſudden curioſity which ſeized him; and it was thus that the regularity which a Journal exacts was frequently ſacrificed.

Camuſat, on this ſubject, juſtly obſerves, that the paſſion of univerſal knowledge, is commendable; but as it can only be convenient to thoſe who are perfect maſters of their leiſure, thoſe ſtudies which are our duties muſt always be preferred: ſo that the author who has not ſufficient command over himſelf to reſtrain theſe ſtarts of curioſity, will do well to leave to others the occupation of the journaliſt; for this function demands one who muſt entirely devote himſelf to the taſk, and whom nothing ſhall be capable of turning from his direct path.

Camuſat, who has given a critical hiſtory of Journals, had formed very juſt notions how one ſhould be conducted. It had, indeed, been a phenomenon in the literary republic: but when this ſage Ariſ-

tarchus, who knew ſo well to plan with viſionary perfection, attempted one himſelf, it is certain, as the editor of his papers obſerves, he did not practiſe one of thoſe rules he had ſo judiciouſly preſcribed to others.

The function of a journaliſt, according to Camuſat, demands an extent of various knowledge, which can rarely be found in one perſon. Beſides the learned languages, and a perfect knowledge of his own; and beſides a tincture which he ſhould have of the living languages, if he is deſirous of giving an account of thoſe works which are printed throughout Europe, he muſt alſo be, at leaſt, tolerably acquainted with the ſubjects of which they treat; and, according as the occaſion requires, he muſt ſhew himſelf a mathematician, aſtronomer, phyſician, lawyer, and divine. He muſt not be ignorant of what has paſſed in the moſt diſtant periods of antiquity; and he muſt be familiar with whatever has occurred in leſs remote times. Yet theſe are but a few of thoſe qualities which are neceſſary to form a journaliſt. All theſe may be prejudicial to the public, by gaining their confidence, if he,

he, who aſſumes this character, does not add to his vaſt ſcientific acquiſitions, talents more rare even than great erudition: viz. juſtneſs of conception, luminous ideas, a ſtyle pure and correct, lively and eaſy, adapted to fix the attention of the moſt indolent reader, and to perſuade the moſt intractable. I add, that if a journaliſt is deſirous of not committing, occaſionally, very ridiculous blunders, or falling into inconveniencies yet more to be feared, he muſt poſſeſs a conſummate knowledge of literary hiſtory, particularly that *of his own times*; which, Fontenelle obſerves, is a ſcience almoſt diſtinct from the others, although it reſults from, and is produced by, a lively curioſity, which neglects nothing for it's purpoſe. Yet is it little, that all theſe qualities meet in one man, if they are not accompanied by goodneſs of *heart*: an exact probity, which will not allow him to practiſe any impoſitions; and which compels him to do juſtice to his *enemies*, if he is ſo unfortunate as to have any. It muſt be confeſſed, that ſuch a character is more difficult to find, than to deſcribe.

The journaliſts have been ſometimes rallied

lied by the wits for their appropriation of the regal pronoun WE; yet, ſurely, without reaſon. The facetious Fuller, in his Worthies of England, in attempting to do away objections which may be made againſt his ſtyle, thus very acutely obſerves on this expreſſion.

'*Exception.* You uſurp the *ſtyle* of *princes*, 'ſpeaking often in the plural: Come *we* 'now; paſſe *we* now; proceed *we* now, '&c. which is falſe grammar from a ſingle, 'ill ethics from a private perſon.

'*Anſwer.* Firſt, I appeal to any exerciſed 'in reading of books, whether the ſame be 'not uſed in other authors. Secondly, *we*, 'in ſuch caſes, includeth the writer and the 'reader; it being preſumed that the eye of 'the one goeth along with the pen of the 'other. Thirdly, it alſo comprizeth all other 'writers, out of whom any thing is tran-'ſcribed, and their names quoted in the 'margin. And let me add, *our* WE is com-'prehenſive of all my worthy friends.'

It may gratify curioſity, to obſerve the improvements which gradually took place in *Literary Journals*.

When Sallo firſt undertook the Journal des

des Sçavans, he did not give the *names of the bookſellers*; yet as the chief end of the work was to point out what books merited to be bought, it was found very neceſſary to *give the names of the publiſhers*. The Gentleman's Magazine, in it's Reviews, is deficient in this reſpect.

The firſt journaliſts did not ſpecify the *ſize* of the work reviewed, nor the number of *pages*. Sometimes they gave the *ſheets*, which was rather perplexing. All theſe inconveniences were at length rectified.

They did not give the *dates of the year* when books were publiſhed, which occaſioned many errors in the ſubſequent accounts of thoſe writers who conſulted the *Journals*. They omitted the dates purpoſely, becauſe they did not always care to inform the reader that the book they noticed was an old one; for it might then have wanted the charm of novelty.

Literary intelligence was alſo added in time; and this is a ſource of very intereſting matter to amateurs. It gives room for valuable notices, and curious anecdotes, which can find no where ſo proper a place. If journaliſts would *correſpond* with each other,

other, the mere extracts of their letters, would preſerve all *the fugitive literary hiſtory*.

Supplements were alſo projected by Sallo; but this uſeful invention was effected by others. They comprize that portion of valuable literature, to which the contracted limits of every Journal do not allow admittance.

It was long before the valuable aid of *Indexes* to Literary Journals took place. They were at firſt ſatisfied with giving, at the cloſe of the year, a liſt of the books they had reviewed.

THE RECOVERY OF MANUSCRIPTS.

Poggius the Florentine found buried in a heap of duſt, and in a rotten coffer belonging to the monaſtery of Saint Gal, the works of Quintilian; and, by this fortunate diſcovery, gave them to the Republic of Letters.

Papirius Maſſon found, in the houſe of a bookbinder of Lyons, the works of Agobart.

bart. The mechanic was on the point of uſing the manuſcripts to line the covers of his books.

Raimond Soranzo, a celebrated lawyer in the Papal Court at Avignon, about the middle of the fourteenth century, had in his poſſeſſion the two books of Cicero on Glory. He made a preſent of them to Petrarch, who lent them to an aged and poor man of letters, formerly his preceptor. Urged by extreme poverty, the old man pawned them; and, returning home, died ſuddenly, without having revealed where he had left them: ſince which time they have never been recovered.

Leonard Aretin was one of the moſt diſtinguiſhed ſcholars at the dawn of literature; but he has done that which reflects on him great diſhonour. He found a Greek manuſcript of Procopius *de Bello Gothico*. This he tranſlated into Latin, and publiſhed the work as his own. Since, however, other manuſcripts of the ſame work have been diſcovered; and the fraud of Leonard Aretin is apparent.

Machiavel acted more adroitly in a ſimilar caſe. A manuſcript of the Apophthegms

of

of the Ancients, by Plutarch, having fallen into his hands, he ſelected thoſe which pleaſed him, and put them into the mouth of one of his heroes.

A page of the ſecond Decade of Livy was found by a man of letters on the parchment of his battledore, as he was amuſing himſelf in the country. He ran directly to the maker of the battledore, but arrived too late; the man had finiſhed the laſt page of Livy, in compleating a large order for theſe articles about a week before.

Sir Robert Cotton, being one day at his taylor's, diſcovered that the man held in his hand, ready to cut up for meaſures, the original Magna Charta, with all its appendages of ſeals and ſignatures. He bought this ſingular curioſity for a trifle; and recovered, in this manner, what had long been given over for loſt.—As this anecdote is entirely new to me, it may be proper to point out that it is taken from the Colomeſiana, page 198. The original Magna Charta is preſerved in the Cotton Library; it exhibits marks of dilapidation; but whether theſe are the effects of time, or the taylor's ſciſſors, I leave for the ſubject

of

of an eſſay for a future archæological volume.

By a ſupplication of Dr. Dee to Queen Mary, preſerved in the Cotton Library, it appears that Tully's famous work, *de Republica*, was once extant in this kingdom, and periſhed at Canterbury.

A Treatiſe on Virtue, by Brutus, is alſo loſt. It is mentioned by Seneca in his Conſolation to Helvia, c. 9.

The Cardinal Granvelle carefully preſerved all his letters; he left behind him ſeveral cheſts filled with a prodigious quantity, written in different languages, commented, noted, and under-lined by his own hand. Theſe curious manuſcripts, after his death, were left in a garret to the mercy of the rain and the rats. Five or ſix of theſe cheſts were wanted by the ſteward; and he thought he acted wiſely when he ſold them to the grocers. It was then, a diſcovery was made of this treaſure. Several learned men occupied themſelves in collecting as many of theſe literary relics as they poſſibly could. What were ſaved formed eighty thick folios. Amongſt theſe original letters, were found great numbers written by almoſt all the crowned

crowned heads in Europe; and alſo inſtructions of ambaſſadors, and others, relative to the great political events of the times; and many of them were written by the hands of theſe illuſtrious perſonages.

Huet informs us that Petronius's works, of which we have now remaining only ſome fragments, were probably entire in the days of John of Saliſbury, ſince this prelate notices ſeveral fragments which are not found in the preſent collection of his pieces.

It is about twenty years ago Montaigne's Journal of his travels into Italy were publiſhed. The recovery of the manuſcript is well known to have been in this manner: M. Prunis, a prebendary of Perigord, in travelling through this province to make reſearches relative to a hiſtory of Perigord, which he had undertaken, arrived at the ancient *chateau* of Montaigne, in poſſeſſion of the Count of Segur de la Roquette, a deſcendant of this great man. He ſtopped there to examine the archives, if there had been any. He was ſhewn an old worm-eaten coffer, which had long held papers untouched by the incurious generations of Montaigne. Prunis, with philoſophical intrepidity,

trepidity, cut his way through clouds of duſt, and at length drew out the original manuſcript of the travels of Montaigne; the only one which probably ever exiſted. He obtained permiſſion of the Count to take it home, and examine it with care. After being well convinced of the legitimacy of the work, he carried theſe precious remains to Paris, where the connoiſſeurs unanimouſly acknowledged its authenticity. It is a thin folio of 178 pages. The writing and the paper are inconteſtibly fixed to be at the cloſe of the ſixteenth century. Two-thirds of the work are in the hand-writing of Montaigne, and the reſt is written by a ſervant who ſerved Montaigne for ſecretary, and who always ſpeaks of his maſter in the third perſon. But he muſt have written what Montaigne dictated, as the expreſſions and the egotiſms are all Montaigne's. It was hardly intelligible, by the bad writing of the ſervant, and the irregular orthography. It proves alſo, ſays the editor, how true is that obſervation of Montaigne, when he ſays, that he was very negligent in the correction of his works.

Whether the Poems of Rowley be originals, adulterations, or the compoſitions of

Chatterton, I do not venture to decide: this, however, is certain, that the finding them in the worm-eaten cheſt, in the ancient church at Briſtol, has a very claſſical appearance, and is undoutedly in the nature of ſuch diſcoveries. It is not probable—for he was, I believe, ignorant of the French language—that poor Chatterton, like me, had laboured through all the *Ana*, and caught the idea from their peruſal.

We might be inclined to forgive a ſkilful *forgery* of the two books of Cicero on Glory: they muſt have been very important and curious; for no man was more enthuſiaſtically fond of glory than this orator. Petrarch ſpeaks of them with extaſy, and tells us, that he ſtudied them perpetually.

SKETCHES OF CRITICISM.

Yes, ſhould Great Homer lift his aweful head,
Zoilus again would ſtart up from the dead!

THE greateſt authors of antiquity have ſmarted under the laſh of Criticiſm. Chevrau has collected a great number of in-

ſtances. Leſt I ſhould prove tedious, I only ſelect a few.

It was given out, that Homer had ſtolen from Heſiod whatever was moſt remarkable in the Iliad and Odyſſey. The Emperor Caligula ſuppreſſed the works of this great poet: and gave for reaſon, that he certainly had as much right as Plato, who had ſo ſeverely condemned him.

Sophocles was brought to trial by his children as a lunatic: and ſome, who blamed the inequalities of this poet, have alſo condemned the vanity of Pindar; the hard and rough verſes of Æſchylus; and the manner in which Euripides conducted his plots.

Socrates, who has even been compared to Jeſus Chriſt, as the wiſeſt and the moſt moral of men, Cicero has treated as an uſurer, and Athenæus as an illiterate perſon. Mr. Cumberland, in one of his Obſervers, has induſtriouſly revived a calumny which moſt aſſuredly only took it's riſe from the malignant buffoonery of Ariſtophanes; who, as Jortin ſays, was a great wit, but a great raſcal. Should ſome future author draw his anecdotes from the writings of

a Foote, we know well that he might delineate a ſpirited character; but nothing, at the ſame time, would be more fictitious.

Plato, who has been called, by Clement of Alexandria, the Moſes of Athens; the Philoſopher of the Chriſtians, by Arnobius; and the God of Philoſophers, by Cicero; has undergone a variety of criticiſms. Athenæus accuſes him of envy; Theopompus, of lying; Suidas, of avarice; Aulus Gellius, of robbery; Porphyry, of incontinence; and Ariſtophanes, of impiety.

Ariſtotle, who, according to ſome writers, has compoſed more than four hundred volumes, and who for his work on animals received from Alexander eight hundred talents, has not been leſs ſpared by the critics. Diogenes Laertius, Cicero, and Plutarch, have forgotten nothing that can tend to ſhew his ignorance, his ambition, and his vanity.

If the reader does not feel himſelf weary, he may read on.

Virgil is deſtitute of invention, if we are to give credit to Pliny, Carbilius, and Seneca. Caligula has abſolutely denied him even mediocrity; Herennus has marked his faults;

faults; and Perilius Fauſtinus has furniſhed a thick volume with his plagiariſms. Even the author of his Apology has confeſſed, that he has ſtolen from Homer his greateſt beauties.

Horace cenſures the coarſe humour of Plautus; and Horace, in his turn, has been blamed for fiction and obſcurity.

The majority of the critics regard Pliny's Hiſtory only as a pleaſing romance; and ſeem to have quite as little reſpect for Quintus Curtius.

Pliny cannot bear Diodorus and Vopiſcus; and, in one comprehenſive criticiſm, treats all the hiſtorians as narrators of fables.

Livy has been reproached for his averſion to the Gauls; Dion, for his hatred of the Republic; Velleius Paterculus, for ſpeaking too kindly of the vices of Tiberius; and Herodotus and Plutarch, for their exceſſive partiality to their own country. Others have ſaid of Cicero, that there is no connection, and, to adopt their own figure, no *blood* and *nerves*, in what his admirers ſo warmly extol. They ſay, he is cold in his extemporaneous effuſions, too artificial in

his exordiums trifling in his ſtrained witticiſms, and tireſome in his digreſſions.

Quintilian does not ſpare Seneca; and Demoſthenes, called by Cicero the Prince of Orators, has, according to Hermippus, more of art than of nature. To Demades, his orations appear too much laboured; others have thought him too dry; and, if we may truſt Eſchines, his language is by no means pure.

Should we proceed with this liſt to our own country, and our own times, it might be curiouſly augmented; but, perhaps, enough has been ſaid, to ſoothe irritated genius, and to ſhame faſtidious criticiſm. 'I would beg the critics to remember,' the Earl of Roſcommon writes, in his Preface to his Verſion of Horace's Art of Poetry, 'that Horace owed his favour and his for-'tune to the character given of him by Vir-'gil and Varius; that Fundanius and Pollio 'are ſtill valued by what Horace ſays of 'them; and that, in their Golden Age, 'there was a good underſtanding among the 'ingenious, and thoſe who were the moſt 'eſteemed were the beſt-natured.' I would hope, in ſpite of the daily cries we hear from

from diſappointed writers, that thoſe journaliſts, whoſe ſtyle and ſentiments render them reſpectable in the eyes of every man of letters, maintain with rigid integrity the fountains of criticiſm pure and incorrupt They cannot be inſenſible that their volumes are not merely read, and then forgotten; but that they will remain as ſurviving witneſſes, for or againſt them, from century to century.

'Be thou the firſt true merit to befriend;
'His praiſe is loſt, who waits till ALL commend.'

THE PERSECUTED LEARNED.

IT will be ſufficient to name that greateſt of men, Socrates; his intelligence and his virtue were puniſhed with death. Anaxagoras, when he attempted to propagate a juſt notion of the Supreme Power, was dragged to priſon. The celebrated Ariſtotle, after a long ſeries of perſecution, ſwallowed poiſon. Heraclitus, tormented by his countrymen, broke off all intercourſe with men.

Gerbert, in the tenth century, was a great geometrician and chymiſt, but was deteſted as a magician. Ramus, a great ſcholar of the ſixteenth century, was condemed as a ſtate criminal, becauſe he combated the notions of Ariſtotle: he was aſſaſſinated by his enemies.

For all theſe inſtances I am indebted to Mr. Thomas, in his notes on the Eloge of Deſcartes.

Virgilius, Biſhop of Saltſburg, having written, that there exiſted Antipodes; Boniface, Archbiſhop of Mayence, the Pope's Legate, declared him a heretic, and conſigned him to the flames.

Galileo, becauſe he believed in the Copernican Syſtem, now univerſally eſtabliſhed, was condemned at Rome publicly to diſavow ſentiments, the truth of which muſt have been to him abundantly manifeſt.

The moſt valued of Gabriel Naudé's works, is his Apology for thoſe great men who have been accuſed of Magic. In that book he has recorded a melancholy number of the moſt eminent ſcholars, who have found, that to have been ſucceſsful in their ſtudies, was a ſucceſs which harraſſed them with

with a continued perſecution, that ſometimes led them into the priſon, and ſometimes bound them to the ſtake.

Urban Grandier, for whoſe life, replete with intereſting anecdote, I refer the reader to Bayle, was burnt alive, through the machinations of a rival, who formed a conſpiracy againſt this amiable and unfortunate ſcholar, by contriving to get the depoſitions of ſome nuns to prove the crime of magic. Theſe women muſt have been guilty of the moſt horrid perjuries.

Cornelius Agrippa was neceſſitated to fly his country, and the enjoyments of a rich income, merely for having diſplayed a few philoſophical experiments, which now every ſchool-boy can perform. The people beheld him as an object of horror; and not infrequently, when he walked the ſtreets, he found them empty at his approach. He died, of diſeaſe and famine, in an hoſpital.

In theſe times, it was a common opinion to ſuſpect every great man of an intercourſe with ſome familiar ſpirit. The favourite black dog of Agrippa was ſuppoſed to be a Demon. When Urban Grandier was led to the ſtake, a large fly ſettled on his head: a Monk,

a Monk, who had heard that Beelzebub ſignifies in Hebrew the God of Flies, reported that he ſaw this ſpirit come to take poſſeſſion of him. Mr. De Langear, a French miniſter, who employed many ſpies, was frequently accuſed of a diabolical communication. Sixtus the Fifth, Marechal Faber, Roger Bacon, Cæſar Borgia, his ſon Alexander VI. and others, like Socrates, had their diabolical attendant.

Cardan was believed to be a magician. The fact is, that he was for his time a very able naturaliſt; and he who happened to know ſomething of the arcana of nature was immediately ſuſpected of magic.

Petrarch was leſs deſirous of the laurel for the honour, than for the hope of being ſheltered by it from the thunders of prieſts, by whom both he and his brother poets were continually threatened. They could not imagine a poet, without ſuppoſing him to hold an intercourſe with ſome Demon. This was, as Abbe Reſnel obſerves in a Memoir of the French Academy, having a moſt exalted idea of poetry, though a very bad one of poets. A certain Dominican was famous for perſecuting all thoſe who dared

to

to make verſes; and the power of which he attributed to the effects of *hereſy* and *magic*.

The great Deſcartes was horridly perſecuted in Holland, when he firſt publiſhed his opinions to the world. Voetius, a bigot of great power at Utrecht, accuſed him of atheiſm; and had even projected in his mind to have him condemned without allowing him to make his defence, and to have him burnt at Utrecht in an extraordinary fire, which, kindled on an eminence, might be obſerved by all the provinces!

In the preſent day, when the lights of philoſophy have become ſo generally expanded, we perceive the little foundation of all theſe accuſations of magic. What a dreadful chain muſt there have been of perjuries and conſpiracies! One is willing to imagine, for the honour of human nature, that ſo deep a malignity, and ſo ſedate a cruelty, could not have tainted the heart of man; but the ſimple recital of hiſtory forms, too often, the ſevereſt ſatire on human nature.

Our great Roger Bacon, by a degree of penetration

penetration which perhaps has never been equalled, diſcovered ſome of the moſt occult ſecrets in Nature. She ſeems, indeed —if I may ſo expreſs myſelf—to have ſtood naked before him. His honours have been ſtolen from him by more modern authors, who have appeared inventors when they were copying Bacon. Yet, for the reward of all his intenſe ſtudies, the holy brethren, and the infallible Majeſty of Rome, occaſioned him to languiſh in priſon during the greater part of his life.

The catalogue of the Perſecuted Learned is indeed voluminous. We need not waſte our tears on fictitious ſorrows, while the remembrance of theſe men ſhall exiſt!

THE POVERTY OF THE LEARNED.

FORTUNE has rarely condeſcended to be the companion of Merit. Even in theſe enlightened times, men of letters have lived in obſcurity, while their reputation was widely ſpread; and have periſhed in poverty,

ty, while their works were enriching the bookſellers.

Homer, poor and blind, reſorted to the public places to recite his verſes for a morſel of bread.

The facetious poet, Plautus, gained a livelihood by aſſiſting a miller.

Xylander ſold his Notes on Dion Caſſius for a dinner. He tells us, that at the age of eighteen he ſtudied to acquire glory, but at twenty-five he ſtudied to get bread.

Aldus Manutius was ſo wretchedly poor, that the expence of removing his library from Venice to Rome made him inſolvent.

To mention thoſe who left nothing behind them to ſatisfy the undertaker, were an endleſs taſk.

Agrippa died in a workhouſe; Cervantes is ſuppoſed to have died with hunger; Camoens was deprived of the neceſſaries of life, and is believed to have periſhed in the ſtreets.

The great Taſſo was reduced to ſuch a dilemma, that he was obliged to borrow a crown from a friend to ſubſiſt through the week. He alludes to his diſtreſs in a pretty Sonnet, which he addreſſes to his Cat, en-

treating her to aſſiſt him, during the night, with the luſtre of her eyes—

'*Non avendo candele per iſcrivere i ſuoi verſi!*'

having no candle by which he could ſee to write his verſes!

Arioſto bitterly complains of poverty in his Satires: when at length the liberality of Alphonſo enabled him to build a ſmall houſe, it was moſt miſerably furniſhed! When he was told that ſuch a building was not fit for one who had raiſed ſo many fine palaces in his writings, he anſwered, that the ſtructure of *words* and that of *ſtones* was not the ſame thing. The reader may be pleaſed to have his own expreſſions—'*Che porvi le pietre, e porvi le parole non è il medeſimo!*'

The illuſtrious Cardinal Bentivoglio, the ornament of Italy and of literature, languiſhed, in his old age, in the moſt diſtreſsful poverty; and, having ſold his palace to ſatisfy his creditors, left nothing behind him but his reputation.

Le Sage reſided in a little cottage on the borders of Paris, and while he ſupplied the world

world with their moſt agreeable Romances, never knew what it was to poſſeſs any moderate degree of comfort in pecuniary matters.

Du Ryer, a celebrated French poet, was conſtrained to labour with rapidity, and to live in the cottage of an obſcure village. His bookſeller bought his Heroic Verſes for one hundred ſols the hundred lines, and the ſmaller ones for fifty ſols.

Vaugelas, the moſt poliſhed writer of the French language, whoſe life was paſſed in giving it all it's perfection, and who, it is ſaid, devoted thirty years to his tranſlation of Quintus Curtius, (a circumſtance that modern tranſlators can have no conception of) poſſeſſed nothing valuable but his precious manuſcripts.

It is recorded of this ingenious ſcholar, that he left his corpſe to the ſurgeons, for the benefit of his creditors.

Louis the Fourteenth honoured Racine and Boileau with a private monthly audience. One day, the king aſked what there was new in the literary world? Racine anſwered, that he had ſeen a melancholy

ſpectacle

ſpectacle in the houſe of Corneille, whom he found dying, deprived even of a little broth! The king preſerved a profound ſilence: and ſoon afterwards he ſent for the uſe of the dying man a ſum of money.

There are kings who would have imitated Louis in keeping, on this occaſion, ſo profound a ſilence; and perhaps there is but *one*, who, like him, would have recollected to relieve the unhappy poet.

Dryden, for leſs than three hundred pounds, ſold Tonſon ten thouſand verſes, as may be ſeen by the agreement which has been publiſhed.

Purchas, who, in the reign of our Firſt James, had ſpent his life in travels and ſtudy to form his *Relation of the World*; when he gave it to the public, for the reward of his labours was thrown into priſon, at the ſuit of his printer. Yet this was the book which, he informs us in his Dedication to Charles the Firſt, his father read every night with great profit and ſatisfaction.

John Stow quitted the occupation of a taylor for that of an antiquary; but his ſtudies placing him in embarraſſed circumſtances,

ſtances, he acted wiſely in reſuming the ſhears. Afterwards he was ſo fortunate as to meet a patron in Archbiſhop Parker.

It appears by the Harleian MS. 7524, that Ruſhworth, the author of 'Hiſtorical 'Collections,' paſſed the laſt years of his life in jail, where indeed he died. After the Reſtoration, when he preſented to the king ſeveral of the privy council's books, which he had preſerved from ruin, he received for his only reward, the *thanks of his Majeſty!*

Dr. Dee, in the reigns of Elizabeth and James, the celebrated mathematician, (whoſe intercourſe with inviſible ſpirits the reader may recollect) was a very learned man. After having collected a library of 4000 volumes, and enriched it with mathematical inſtruments and MSS. and even in poſſeſſion of a wide reputation, died in extreme poverty.

Rymer, the collector of the Fœdera, muſt have been ſadly reduced, by the following letter, addreſſed by Peter le Noire, Norroy to the Earl of Oxford, preſerved in the Britiſh Muſeum—

'I am deſired by Mr. Rymer, hiſtorio-'grapher, to lay before your lordſhip the

'circumſtances of his affairs. He was forced 'ſome years back to part with all his choice 'printed books to ſubſiſt himſelf; and now, 'he ſays, he muſt be forced, for ſubſiſtence, 'to ſell all his MSS. Collections to the beſt 'bidder, without your lordſhip will be 'pleaſed to buy them for the queen's library. 'They are fifty volumes, in folio, of public 'affairs, which he hath collected, but not 'printed. The price he aſks is five hun-'dred pounds.'

Simon Ockley, a moſt learned ſcholar in oriental literature, addreſſes a letter to the ſame Earl, in which he paints his diſtreſſes in colours not leſs juſt than they are glowing. After having devoted his life to Aſiatic reſearches, then not leſs uncommon than they were valuable, he had the ſatisfaction of dating his preface to his great work from Cambridge Caſtle, where he was confined for debt; and he does this with an air of triumph, as a martyr feels enthuſiaſm in the cauſe for which he periſhes.

Spenſer—amiable poet!—languiſhed out his life in miſery. 'The queen,' ſays Dr. Granger, 'was far from having a juſt ſenſe

'of

'of his merit: and Lord Burleigh, who 'prevented her giving him a hundred 'pounds, ſeems to have thought the loweſt 'clerk in his office a more deſerving perſon. 'He died in want of bread.' Mr. Malone has lately ſhewn that Spenſer had a ſmall penſion, but his information has more of ingenuity than certainty.

Savage, in the preſſing hour of diſtreſs, ſold that eccentric poem, *The Wanderer*, which had occupied him ſeveral years, for ten pounds.

Even our great Milton, as every one knows, ſold his immortal work for ten pounds to a bookſeller, being too poor to undertake the printing it on his own account; and Otway, and Butler, and Chatterton, it is ſufficient to name. The latter, while he ſupplied a variety of monthly Magazines with their chief materials, found 'a penny tart a luxury;' and a luxury it was to him who could not always get bread to his water.

Samuel Boyce, whoſe poem on Creation ranks high in the poetic ſcale, was abſolutely famiſhed to death; and was found dead

in a garret, with a blanket thrown over his ſhoulders, faſtened by a ſkewer, with a pen in his hand!

Who ſhall purſue important labours when they read theſe anecdotes? Dr. Granger relates of Dr. Edmund Caſtle, that a great part of his life was ſpent in compiling his *Lexicon Heptaglotton*, on which he beſtowed incredible pains, and expended on it no leſs than 12,000l. and broke his conſtitution, and exhauſted his fortune. At length it was printed, but the copies remained *unſold* on his hands.

On this ſubject what an admirable obſervation has Bayle made. After having informed us, that the wife and the daughter of Druſius, an eminent ſcholar, were left deſtitute, and hardly ſubſiſted by the caſual contributions of a few friends, he exclaims, 'What a pity is it, that the only daughter 'of ſuch an author ſhould have been re-'duced to this great miſery, while the poſte-'rity of ſo many fools diſplay ſuch ſplendid 'equipages!'

I wiſh every man of letters could apply to himſelf the concluding lines of this beautiful

tiful epitaph, which a friend of Le Sage compoſed for this ingenious writer.

Sous ce tombeau git LE SAGE abattu
Par le ciſeau de la Parque importune ;
S'il ne fut pas ami de la fortune,
Il fut toujours ami de la vertu.

Beneath this tomb LE SAGE has found repoſe,
Who well the gay and ſerious powers could blend ;
Tho' not of FORTUNE'S FRIENDS, he gave his vows
To other hopes, and ſtill was VIRTUE'S FRIEND.

In a book, entitled *De Infortunio Litteratorum*, may be found many other examples of the miſeries of literary men.

THE IMPRISONMENT OF THE LEARNED.

IMPRISONMENT ſeems not much to have diſturbed the man of letters in the progreſs of his ſtudies.

It was in priſon that Boethius compoſed his excellent book on the Conſolations of Philoſophy.

Grotius wrote, in his confinement, his Commentary on Saint Matthew, with other works. See article GROTIUS.

Buchanan, in the dungeon of a monaſtery in Portugal, compoſed his excellent Paraphraſes of the Pſalms of David.

Peliſſon, during five years confinement for ſome ſtate affairs, purſued with ardour his ſtudies in the Greek language, in Philoſophy, and particularly in Theology; and produced ſeveral good compoſitions.

Michael Cervantes compoſed the beſt and moſt agreeable book in the Spaniſh language during his captivity in Barbary.

Fleta, a well known and very excellent little law production, was written by a perſon confined in the Fleet priſon for debt, but whoſe name has not been preſerved.

There is another work which derives its title from the Fleet-priſon. It is 'Fleta Mi-'nor, or the Laws of Art and Nature in 'knowing the Bodies of Metals, &c.' It is written by Sir John Pettus, in folio, 1683. He gave it this title becauſe he tranſlated it from the German during his confinement in this priſon.

Louis the Twelfth, when he was Duke of Orleans, being taken priſoner at the battle of St. Aubin, was long confined in the Tower of Bourges; and applying himſelf

to his ſtudies, which he had hitherto neglected, he became in conſequence an able and enlightened monarch.

Margaret, queen of Henry the Fourth, king of France, confined in the Louvre, purſued very warmly the ſtudies of elegant literature, and compoſed a very ſkilful Apology for the irregularities of her conduct.

Charles the Firſt, during his cruel confinement at Holmſby, wrote that excellent book, entitled *The Portrait of a King*; which he addreſſed to his ſon, and where the political reflections will be found not unworthy of Tacitus. This work has, however, been attributed by his enemies to Dr. Gawden, who was incapable of writing a ſingle paragraph of it. In Mr. Nichols's Life of Bowyer, the reader will find an accurate ſtatement of this diſputable point; which, however, will not now admit of diſpute amongſt the candid and the judicious. If Gawden wrote any thing, it could only have been the affected title, which is in his own vitious ſtyle. The penetrating Hume, and the acute Smollet, make no difficulty of giving this work to the Royal author; yet a writer (a Puritan poſſibly) honoured me

with his copious abuſe, becauſe I wrote what I believed.

Queen Elizabeth, while confined by her ſiſter Mary, wrote ſome very charming poems, which we do not find ſhe ever could equal after her enlargement: and Mary, Queen of Scots, during her long impriſonment by Elizabeth, produced many pleaſing poetic compoſitions.

Sir Walter Ralegh—according to his own orthography—produced, in his confinement, his Hiſtory of the World. Of him it is obſerved, to employ the language of Hume, 'they had leiſure to reflect on the hardſhip, not to ſay the injuſtice, of his ſentence. They pitied his active and enterprizing ſpirit, which languiſhed in the rigours of confinement. They were ſtruck with the extenſive genius of the man, who, being educated amidſt naval and military enterprizes, had ſurpaſſed, in the purſuits of literature, even thoſe of the moſt recluſe and ſedentary lives; and they admired his unbroken magnanimity which, at his age, and under his circumſtances, could engage him to undertake and execute ſo great a work as his Hiſtory of the World.'

The

The plan of the *Henriade* was ſketched, and the greater part compoſed, by Voltaire, during his impriſonment in the Baſtile.

Howel, the author of Familiar Letters, &c. wrote the chief part of them, and almoſt all his other works, during his long confinement in the Fleet-priſon; ſome ſay for debts which his irregular living had occaſioned, and others, for political reaſons. This is certain, that he uſed his pen for ſubſiſtence in that impriſonment, and there produced one of the moſt agreeable works in the Engliſh language.

Cardinal Polignac formed the deſign of refuting the arguments of the Sceptics which Bayle had been renewing in his Dictionary; but his public occupations hindered him. Two exiles at length fortunately gave him the leiſure; and the Anti-Lucretius is the fruit of the court diſgraces of its author.

Freret, when impriſoned in the Baſtile, was permitted only to have Bayle for his companion. He got his Dictionary almoſt by heart, and likewiſe his principles. It was from this circumſtance that he formed himſelf in his ſchool, and has attacked religion in his works, with all the powers of Scepticiſm, while others ſay, of Atheiſm.

Sir

Sir William Davenant finiſhed his poem of Gondibert during his confinement by the rebels in Cariſbroke Caſtle.

De Foe, when impriſoned in Newgate for a political pamphlet, began his Review; a periodical paper, which was extended to nine thick volumes in quarto, and was, ſays Mr. Chalmers, the model of the celebrated papers of Steele. He alſo compoſed there the greateſt part of his Jure Divino.

Wicquefort's curious work on ambaſſadors, I obſerve is dated from his priſon, where he had been confined for ſtate affairs. He ſoftened the rigour of thoſe heavy hours by ſeveral hiſtorical works.

AMUSEMENTS OF THE LEARNED.

Men of letters, for a relaxation from literary fatigue—a fatigue which is more unſufferable than that which proceeds from the labours of the mechanic—form amuſements, ſometimes, according to their profeſſional character; but more frequently according to their whim.

Tycho Brahe diverted himſelf with poliſhing

liſhing glaſſes for all kinds of ſpectacles, and making mathematical inſtruments.

D'Andilly, the tranſlator of Joſephus, one of the moſt learned men of his age, after ſeven or eight hours of ſtudy every day, amuſed himſelf in cultivating trees; Barclay, in his leiſure hours, was a floriſt; Balzac amuſed himſelf with making paſtils; Peireſc found his amuſement amongſt his medals and antiquarian curioſities; the Abbé de Maroles with his engravings; and Politian in ſinging airs to his lute.

Conrad ab Uffenbach, who was one of the moſt learned ſcholars of Germany, recreated his mind, after ſevere ſtudies, with a collection of prints of eminent perſons, methodically arranged. The paſſion of collecting portraits he retained to the time of his death. Such a collection refreſhes the memory, and kindles the imagination.

Rohault wandered from ſhop to ſhop to obſerve the mechanics labour.

The great Arnauld read, in his hours of relaxation, any amuſing romance that fell into his hands. This alſo did the critical Warburton.

Galileo read Arioſto; and Chriſtina, queen of Sweden, Martial and other Latin authors.

authors. Not a day paſſed but ſhe read a portion of Tacitus. This author, difficult to the learned, was familiar to her. She confeſſed, however, that his works were rather one of her ſerious readings than her amuſing ones.

Guy Patin wrote letters to his friends: an uſual relaxation amongſt men of letters, and very agreeable to their correſpondents, when they are worth the poſtage.

Others have found amuſement in compoſing treatiſes on odd ſubjects. Seneca wrote a Burleſque Narrative on Claudian's Death. Pierrius has written an Eulogium on Beards.

Virgil ſported prettily with a gnat; Homer with frogs and mice.

Holſtein has written an Eulogium on the North Wind; Heinſius, on the Aſs; Menage, the Tranſmigration of the Paraſitical Pedant to a Parrot; and alſo the Petition of the Dictionaries.

Eraſmus compoſed—I think it was to amuſe himſelf when travelling in a poſt-chaiſe—his Panegyric on *Moria*, or Folly; which, authorized by the pun, he dedicated to Sir Thomas More.

Sallengre,

Sallengre, who would amuſe himſelf like Eraſmus, wrote, in imitation of his work, a panegyric on *Ebriety*; and it is for this reaſon that he ſays, in his preface, that he is willing to be thought as drunken a man as Eraſmus was a fooliſh one. When it was tranſlated into the Dutch language, many *Germans* were offended.

Syneſius compoſed a Greek panegyric on *Baldneſs*, which, Warton obſerves, was brought into great vogue by Eraſmus's *Moriæ Encomium*.

It ſeems (Johnſon obſerves in his Life of Sir Thomas Browne) to have been in all ages the pride of Art to ſhew how it could exalt the low, and amplify the little. To this ambition perhaps we owe the frogs of Homer; the Gnat and the Bees of Virgil; the Butterfly of Spenſer; the Shadow of Wowerus; and the Quincunx of Browne.

Montaigne found a very agreeable playmate in his cat.

Cardinal de Richelieu, amongſt all his great occupations, found a recreation in violent exerciſes; and he was once diſcovered jumping with his ſervant, to try who could reach the higheſt ſide of a wall. De Grammont,

Grammont, obſerving the cardinal to be jealous of his powers in this reſpect, offered to jump with him; and, in the true ſpirit of a courtier, having made ſome efforts which nearly reached the cardinal's, confeſſed he was ſurpaſſed by him. This was jumping like a politician; and it was by this means, it is ſaid, he ingratiated himſelf with the miniſter.

Dr. Samuel Clarke was fond of robuſt exerciſe; and the ſcholar has been found leaping over tables and chairs.

What ridiculous amuſements paſſed between Dean Swift and his friends, in Ireland, his diſcerning editors have kindly revealed to the public. We are aſtoniſhed to ſee a great mind ſuffering itſelf to be levelled to trifles which even our very Magazines conſider as diſgraceful to *their* pages!

The life of Shenſtone was paſſed in an amuſement which was to him an eternal ſource of diſappointment and anguiſh. His favourite *ferme ornée*, while it diſplayed all the taſte and elegancies of the Poet, diſplayed alſo his characteriſtic poverty. His feeling mind was often pained by thoſe invidious compariſons which the vulgar were perpetually

petually making with the ſtately ſcenes of Hagley's neighbouring magnificence.

If Dr. Johnſon ſuffered his great mind to deſcend into trivial amuſements, it was—to borrow the image of a friend—like the elephant, who ſometimes gives a ſhock to armies, and ſometimes permits himſelf to be led by a naked infant.

The amuſements of the great Dagueſſeau, Chancellor of France, conſiſted in the ſevereſt ſtudies: in a word, all his relaxations were only changes of labour. In the age of the paſſions, ſays Thomas, his only paſſion was ſtudy.

The ſame writer obſerves, 'The great 'Leibnitz, hiſtorian, lawyer, philoſopher, 'and ſublime geometrician, after having met 'Newton in the paths of Infinity, came 'ſometimes amongſt the Muſes to reanimate 'his genius, and unbend it's ſprings.'

The great Deſcartes paſſed his afternoons in the converſation of a few friends, and in the cultivation of his little garden: in the morning occupied by the Syſtem of the World, he relaxed his profound ſtudies by amuſing himſelf in rearing his flowers.

THE REPUBLIC OF LETTERS.

In the preſent article I am little more than the tranſlator of the lively and ingenious Vigneul Marville.

The Republic of Letters is of an ancient date. It appears by the pillars Joſephus has noticed, on which were engraven the principles of the ſciences, that this republic exiſted before the Deluge; at leaſt, it cannot be denied that, ſoon after this great cataſtrophe, the ſciences flouriſhed.

Never was a republic greater, better peopled, more free, or more glorious: it is ſpread on the face of the earth, and is compoſed of perſons of every nation, of every rank, of every age, and of both ſexes. They are intimately acquainted with every language, the dead as well as the living. To the cultivation of letters they join that of the arts; and mechanics are alſo permitted to occupy a place. But their religion cannot boaſt of uniformity; and their manners, like thoſe of every other republic, form

form a mixture of good and of evil: they are ſometimes enthuſiaſtically pious, and ſometimes inſanely impious.

The politics of this ſtate conſiſt rather in words, in vague maxims and ingenious reflections, than in actions, or their effects. This people owe all their ſtrength to the brilliancy of their eloquence, and the ſolidity of their arguments. Their trade is perfectly intellectual, and their riches very moderate; they live in one continued ſtrife for glory, and for immortality. Their dreſs is by no means ſplendid; yet they affect to deſpiſe thoſe who labour through the impulſe of avarice or neceſſity.

They are divided into many ſects, and they ſeem to multiply every day. The ſtate is ſhared between the Philoſophers, the Phyſicians, the Divines, the Lawyers, the Hiſtorians, the Mathematicians, the Orators, the Grammarians, and the Poets, who have each their reſpective laws.

Juſtice is adminiſtered by the Critics, frequently, with more ſeverity than juſtice. The people groan under the tyranny of theſe governors, particularly when they are capricious and viſionary. They reſcind, they

eraſe, or add, at their will and pleaſure, much in the manner of the Grand Monarque —*Car tel eſt notre plaiſir*; and no author can anſwer for his fate, when once he is fairly in their hands. Some of theſe are ſo unfortunate, that, through the cruelty of the treatment they receive, they loſe not only their temper, but their ſenſe and wits.

Shame is the great caſtigation of the guilty; and to loſe one's reputation, among this people, is to loſe one's life. There exiſt, however, but too many impudent ſwindlers, who prey upon the property of others; and many a vile ſpunger, who ſnatches the bread from the hands of men of merit.

The public are the diſtributors of glory; but, too often, the diſtribution is made with blindneſs, or undiſcerning precipitation. It is this which cauſes loud complaints, and excites ſuch murmurs throughout the republic.

The predominating vices of this ſtate are preſumption, vanity, pride, jealouſy, and calumny. There is alſo a diſtemper peculiar to the inhabitants, which is denominated

hunger,

hunger, and which occaſions frequent deſolations throughout the country.

This republic, too, has the misfortune to be infected with numerous Plagiariſts; a ſpecies of banditti who rifle the paſſengers. The corrupters of books, and the forgers, are not leſs formidable; nor do there want impoſtors, who form rhapſodies and beſtow pompous titles on unimportant trifles, who levy heavy contributions on the public.

There are alſo found an infinite number of illuſtrious Idlers and Voluptuaries; who, only ſeeking for thoſe volumes that afford amuſement, draw all their ſubſiſtence from the ſtate, without contributing any thing either to it's advantage or it's glory. There are alſo Miſanthropes, born with an hatred of men: Pedants, who are the terror of ſchool-boys, and the enemies of urbanity and amiable manners.

I will not notice the licentious Geniuſes of the republic, who are in an eternal hoſtility of ſentiments, and a warfare of diſputes; nor thoſe faſtidious minds, who are too delicate not to be offended every moment; nor thoſe Viſionaries, who load their imagination with crude and falſe ſyſtems.

All theſe may be ſuppoſed to exiſt in a republic ſo vaſt as that of Letters; where it is permitted to every one to reſide, and to live according to his own inclinations.

THE PORTRAITS OF ANCIENT AUTHORS.

WITH the ancients, it was undoubtedly a cuſtom to place the portraits of Authors before their works. Martial will ſerve as a teſtimony in this caſe. The hundred and eighty-ſixth Epigram of his fourteenth Book is a mere play on words, concerning a little volume which contained the works of Virgil, and which had his portrait prefixed to it. The volume and the characters muſt have been very diminutive. Antiquity records many ſuch penmen, whoſe glory conſiſted in writing in ſo ſmall a hand, that it was not legible to the naked eye. One wrote a verſe of Homer on a grain of millet; and another, more trifling and indefatigable, tranſcribed the whole Iliad in ſo confined a ſpace, that it could be incloſed in a nut ſhell. Menage ſays, that theſe things

things are not ſo improbable as they ſeem. This trifling art is not loſt in modern times. He ſays, he has read whole ſentences which were not perceptible to the eye without the aſſiſtance of the microſcope. He has even ſeen *portraits* and *pictures* of the ſame kind; and, which ſeems wonderful, what appeared lines and ſcratches thrown down at random, were letters in capitals: and the lineaments of Madame la Dauphine's face were preſerved with the moſt pleaſing delicacy, and with correctneſs of reſemblance. He read alſo an Italian poem, in *praiſe* of this princeſs, which contained *ſome thouſands* of verſes; [I tranſcribe his words.] It was written, by an officer, in a ſpace of a foot and a half.

There is preſerved in the Britiſh Muſeum, a drawing repreſenting the *portrait of Queen Anne*; it is not much above the ſize of the *hand*. On this drawing appear a number of lines and ſcratches, which, the librarian aſſures the wondering ſpectator, includes the entire contents of a thin *folio*, which, on this occaſion, he always carries in his hand. It anſwers exactly to the above-mentioned piece.

Martial is not the only writer who takes notice of the ancients prefixing their portraits to their works. Seneca, in his ninth chapter on the Tranquillity of the Soul, complains of many of the luxurious great, who—like ſo many of our own—poſſeſſed libraries as they did their eſtates and equipages. 'It is melancholy to obſerve,' he continues, 'how the portraits of men of genius, and 'the works of their divine intelligence, but 'ſerve as the luxury and the ornaments of 'their walls.'

Pliny has nearly the ſame obſervation, *Lib.* xxxv. *cap.* 2. he remarks, that the cuſtom was rather modern in his time; and attributes to Aſinius Pollio the honour of having introduced it into Rome. 'In con-'ſecrating,' he ſays, 'a library with the por-'traits of our illuſtrious authors, you have 'formed, if I may ſo expreſs myſelf, a re-'public of the intellectual powers of men.'

Amongſt the various advantages which attend a collection of the portraits of illuſtrious characters, are theſe. Mr. Oldys ſays, that they not only ſerve as matters of entertainment and curioſity, and preſerve the different modes or habits of the fa-

ſhions

ſhions of the time, but that they become of infinite importance, by ſettling our floating ideas upon the true features of famous perſons; that they fix the chronological particulars of their birth, age, death, &c. and the ſhort characters of them, beſides the names of painter, deſigner, and engraver. It is thus a ſingle print, by the hand of a ſkilful artiſt, may become a rich and plenteous banquet. To this Dr. Granger adds, that in a collection of engraved portraits, the contents of many galleries are reduced into the narrow compaſs of a few volumes; and the portraits of eminent perſons who diſtinguiſhed themſelves, for a long ſucceſſion of ages, may be turned over in a few hours.

'Another advantage,' he continues, 'attending ſuch an aſſemblage is, that the 'methodical arrangement has a ſurprizing 'effect upon the memory. We ſee the ce-'lebrated contemporaries of every age al-'moſt at one view; and the mind is inſenſi-'bly led to the hiſtory of that period. I may 'add to theſe, an important circumſtance, 'which is, the power that ſuch a collection 'will have in *awakening Genius*. A ſkilful 'preceptor will preſently perceive the true

'bent of the temper of his pupil, by his be-
'ing ſtruck with a Blake or a Boyle, a Hyde
'or a Milton.'

How rarely are portraits to be depended on; Goldſmith was a ſhort thick man, with wan features and a vulgar appearance, but looks very faſhionable in an elegant wig, &c. Bayle's portrait does not reſemble him, as I have read.—One of Rouſſeau's, in his Montero cap, was not like him. Shakeſpeare's portrait was drawn from that of another perſon.

TARTARIAN LIBRARIES.

CARDINAL Perron, in the Perroniana has the following curious article of intelligence: 'In that part of Tartary which be-
'longs to the kingdom of Perſia, there ex-
'iſts a flouriſhing univerſity, where the Arabs
'cultivate literature. Gioan Baptiſta Re-
'mondi, who was the firſt who cauſed books
'in the Arabic language to be printed in Eu-
'rope, and who had even ſtudied in this uni-
'verſity, has pretended to ſay, that there
'were

'were a number of Arabic books tranſlated
'from many Greek authors who remain un-
'known to the Europeans. It was the Ara-
'bians who preſerved a book of Archi-
'medes: with many authors who have writ-
'ten on mathematics; as well as Apollonius
'Pergeæus, and even Ariſtotle, Hippocrates,
'and Galen.'

To this account may be added that which Bell has given us in his Travels to Tartary. It is—'That in Siberia there exiſts an un-
'common library, the rooms of which are
'filled with ſcrolls of glazed paper, fairly
'wrote, and many of them in gilt characters.
'The language in which they are written is
'that of the Tonguſts, or Calmucs. Per-
'haps,' he adds, 'they may contain ſome
'valuable pieces of antiquity, particularly
'ancient hiſtory.'

At Mount Athos, Mr. Andrews, in his Anecdotes, informs us, 'That travellers
'agree there are ſeveral monaſteries with
'libraries full of books, which are illegible
'to thoſe holy brotherhoods, but whoſe con-
'tents are probably well worth inſpection.'

Every captain, who can write his own log-book, has of late obtruded his diſcove-

ries

ries of every ten yards of land he has happened to obſerve, and worked up into pathos his account of ſtorms and ſhort proviſions. If theſe literary navigators would, in their voyages, endeavour to bring ſome information, or ſome materials of this kind, to Europe, a new ſource of knowledge would be opened to our contemplation; many books, which are now loſt, might probably be recovered; Science might be enlarged, and Amuſement gratified.

THE BIBLIOMANIA.

SHOULD ever the idea thrown out in the preceding article be put in practice, the learned muſt be careful, in their zeal, of not becoming the dupes of the artful illiterate. The preſent anecdote may ſerve as a beacon.

The Bibliomania, or the collecting an enormous heap of books, has long been the rage with ſome who would fain paſs themſelves upon us for men of vaſt erudition. Some, indulging this luxury of literature,

deſirous of forming an immenſe and curious library, have ſcoured all Europe, and ſent out travellers to the Indies to diſcover ancient books, or ſcarce manuſcripts. This has occaſioned many cheats and impoſitions. Towards the end of the laſt century, ſome ignorant or knaviſh men ſent to Paris a number of Arabic manuſcripts, in excellent condition and clear characters. They were received with all imaginable reſpect by the eager collectors of books; they were rapidly purchaſed at a high price: but, lo! when they were examined by the connoiſſeurs, theſe manuſcripts, which were held ſo ineſtimable, were diſcovered to be books of accounts and regiſters, cleanly tranſcribed by certain Arabian merchants.—*Riſum teneatis, Amici!*

A ſimilar impoſition was practiſed on the great Peireſc. It was reported, that the Ethiopians were in poſſeſſion of a book written by Enoch. Many literati in Europe had long ardently deſired to inſpect it, as they imagined it would contain many valuable ſecrets and unknown hiſtories. Upon this, ſome impoſtor having got an Ethiopic book into his hands, he wrote for the title,

'*The*

'*The Prophecies and Hiſtory of Enoch*,' upon the front page. M. Peireſc no ſooner heard of it, than he purchaſed it of the impoſtor for a conſiderable ſum of money. Being afterwards placed in Cardinal Mazarine's library, there Ludolf, famous for his ſkill in Ethiopic literature, had acceſs to it; when, lo! this Hiſtory of Enoch was diſcovered to be nothing more than a Gnoſtic Treatiſe upon the Myſteries of Heaven and Earth, but which did not mention one word concerning Enoch.

Another inſtance is furniſhed by the Rev. Mr. Granger. Having mentioned Edward Seymour, Duke of Somerſet, who defeated the Scots at the memorable battle of Muſſelburgh, (an overthrow ſo fatal they could never recover it) he gives us this anecdote—

'There is a very ſcarce pamphlet of his 'expedition into Scotland, which hath been 'ſold for four guineas, though the whole of 'it is printed in Hollinſhed. I mention 'this as an inſtance of literary inſanity.'

The family of the Fuggers had long accumulated an ineſtimable collection of books. Wolfius, Bayle informs us, has

written ſome Greek verſes on this celebrated library. He there tells us, that this Bibliotheque was furniſhed with as many *books* as there were *ſtars* in the heavens; and that it was a *Literary Garden*, in which he paſſed entire days in gathering fruits and flowers, in amuſing and inſtructing himſelf. This paſſion, when hereditary in illuſtrious families, ceaſes to be a *mania*; it then claims our admiration and our love.

THE DESTRUCTION OF BOOKS.

It is remarkable that conquerors, in the moment of victory, or in the unſparing devaſtation of their rage, have not been ſatisfied with deſtroying *men*, but have even carried their vengeance to *books*.

The Romans burnt the books of the Jews, of the Chriſtians, and the Philoſophers: the Jews burnt the books of the Chriſtians and the Pagans; and the Chriſtians burnt the books of the Pagans and the Jews.

The greater part of the books of Origen, and

and the other Heretics, were continually burnt by the Orthodox party.

The Poems of the ancient Pagans were frequently deſtroyed at the inſtigation of the Monks.

Cardinal Ximenes, at the taking of Grenada, condemned to the flames five thouſand Alcorans.

The Puritans burnt every thing they found which bore the veſtige of Popiſh origin. We have on record many curious accounts of their holy depredations; of their maiming images, and eraſing pictures. The heroic expeditions of one Dowſing, a fanatic Quixote are well known. Cromwell zealouſly ſet fire to the library at Oxford, which was the moſt curious in Europe.

The moſt violent perſecution which ever the Republic of Letters has undergone, is that of the Caliph Omar. After having it proclaimed throughout the kingdom, that the Alcoran contained every thing which was uſeful to believe and to know, he cauſed to be gathered together whatever books could be found in his wide realms, and diſtributed

tributed them to the owners of the baths, to be uſed in heating their ſtoves; and it is ſaid that they employed no other materials for this purpoſe during a period of ſix months!

At the death of the learned Peireſc, it is ſaid in the Menagiana, a chamber in his houſe, filled with letters from the moſt eminent ſcholars of the age, was diſcovered. Such was the diſpoſition of his niece, who inherited his eſtates, that, although repeatedly entreated to permit them to be publiſhed, ſhe preferred employing them to other purpoſes; and it was her ſingular pleaſure to regale herſelf occaſionally with burning theſe learned epiſtles, to ſave the expence of firing!

I obſerve ſince this anecdote has been printed, that Johnſon notices it in one of the Idlers. However, the Earl of Buchan has lately informed the learned world that many of theſe Letters have been preſerved; and that he has projected their publication.

Even the civilization of the eighteenth century could not preſerve from the ſavage and deſtructive fury of a diſorderly mob, in the moſt poliſhed city of Europe, the valuable

able papers of the Earl of Mansfield, which were madly conſigned to the flames during the diſgraceful riots of June 1780.

In the year 1599, (Warton writes) the hall of the ſtationers underwent as great a purgation as was carried on in Don Quixote's library. He gives a liſt of the beſt writers who were ordered for immediate conflagration, by the prelates Whitgift and Bancroft. Like thieves and outlaws, they were ordered *to be taken whereſoever they may be found.*—' It was alſo decreed that no Satires or Epigrams ſhould be printed for the future. No plays were to be printed without the inſpection and permiſſion of the archbiſhop of Canterbury and the biſhop of London; nor any *Engliſhe Hiſtoryes*, (I ſuppoſe novels and romances) without the ſanction of the privy-council. Any pieces of this nature, unlicenſed, or now at large and wandering abroad, were to be diligently ſought, recalled, and delivered over to the eccleſiaſtical arm at London-houſe.'

Menage juſtly obſerves, on a friend having had his library deſtroyed by fire, in which ſeveral valuable MSS. had periſhed, that ſuch a loſs is one of the greateſt misfortunes

tunes that can happen to a man of letters. This gentleman afterwards conſoled himſelf with compoſing a little treatiſe, *De Bibliothecæ incendio.* It muſt have been ſufficiently curious. Even in the preſent day men of letters are ſubject to ſimilar misfortunes; for though the London Aſſurance will inſure books from fire, I am afraid they will not allow *authors* to *value their own manuſcripts.*

The ſufferings of an author for the loſs of his manuſcripts is no where ſo ſtrongly deſcribed as in an anecdote of Anthony Urceus. He was one of the moſt learned and the moſt unfortunate ſcholars of the fifteenth century. The loſs of his papers ſeems immediately to have been followed by madneſs. I ſhall give the horrid blaſphemies he uttered on the occaſion. He had prepared an important work for publication; he lived at Forli, and had an apartment in the palace. His room was ſo dark, that he generally wrote by candle-light. Having gone out, he left the candle burning; the papers were ſoon kindled, and his library reduced to aſhes. As ſoon as he heard the news, he ran furiouſly to the

palace, and knocking his head violently againſt the door, he uttered this blaſphemous language. 'Jeſus Chriſt, what great crime have I done! who of thoſe who believed in you, have I ever treated ſo cruelly? Hear what I am ſaying, for I am in earneſt, and am reſolved. If by chance I ſhould be ſo weak as to addreſs myſelf to you at the point of death, don't hear me, for I will not be with you, but prefer hell and its eternity of torments.' (To which by the bye he gave no credit.) Thoſe who heard theſe ravings, tried to conſole him, but they could not. He quitted the town, and lived franticly, wandering about the woods!

Caſtelvetro, the Italian Commentator on Ariſtotle, having heard that his houſe was on fire, ran through the ſtreets exclaiming to the people, *alla poetica! alla poetica! To the Poetic! to the Poetic!* He was then writing his commentary on the Poetic of Ariſtotle.

Several men of letters have been known to have riſen from their death-bed, to deſtroy their manuſcripts. So ſolicitous have they been not to venture their poſthumous reputation

reputation in the hands of undiſcerning friends and malignant critics. Marmontel relates a pleaſing anecdote of Colardeau, a charming verſifier, who obtained conſiderable reputation by his verſion of Pope's epiſtle of Eloiſa to Abelard, and other poems.

This writer had not yet deſtroyed what he had written of a tranſlation of Taſſo. At the approach of death, he recollected this unfiniſhed labour; he knew that his friends would not have the courage to annihilate one of his works; this was reſerved for him. Dying, he raiſed himſelf, and as if animated, ſays Marmontel, by an honourable action, he dragged himſelf along, and with trembling hands, ſeized his papers and conſumed them in one ſacrifice. I recollect another inſtance of a man of letters, of our own country, who acted the ſame part. He had paſſed his life in conſtant ſtudy, and it was obſerved that he had written ſeveral folio volumes, which his modeſt fears would not permit him to expoſe to the eye even of his critical friends. He promiſed to leave his labours to poſterity; and he ſeemed ſometimes with a

glow on his countenance to exult, that they would not be unworthy of their acceptance. At his death his ſenſibility took the alarm; he had the folios brought to his bed; no one could open them, for they were cloſely locked. At the ſight of his favourite and myſterious labours, he pauſed; he ſeemed diſturbed in his mind, while he felt at every moment his ſtrength decaying; ſuddenly he raiſed his feeble hands as if by an effort of uncommon reſolution, burnt his papers, and ſmiled as the greedy Vulcan ſwallowed every page. The taſk exhauſted his remaining ſtrength, and he ſoon afterwards expired. Theſe are inſtances of what may be called the heroiſm of authors.

CRITICISM.

EARLY after the re-eſtabliſhment of letters, (Huet writes) Criticiſm formed the chief occupation of thoſe who applied themſelves to their cultivation. This was very neceſſary, after ſo many ages of ignorance.

rance. They were obliged, if we may ſo expreſs ourſelves, to diſperſe the duſt, to efface the mouldy ſpots, and to kill the worms that gnawed and disfigured thoſe manuſcripts which had eſcaped the fury of the Barbarians, and the depredations of Time.

It was thus the art of criticiſm flouriſhed in all its vigour, and was diſtinguiſhed by it's uſeful labours, during two centuries. The ſupreme degree of erudition, conſiſted in bringing to light the ancient authors; in the correction of the errors of the ſcribes through whoſe hands they had paſſed, either by collating them with the beſt copies, or exerting their own judgment and learning to the reſtoring of thoſe paſſages which were evidently corrupt. At length, this avocation degenerated into a low and obſcure ſtudy, the chief merit of which conſiſted in the recovery and collation of the beſt manuſcripts. This was the employment of Gruter during his whole life. Thoſe to whom theſe aſſiſtances failed, employed their critical acumen and literature to give the ancient writers in all their purity; but, not infrequently, they diſmembered that which

before was entire, and occaſioned an infinity of labours to the critics, their ſucceſſors, who were ſomewhat more judicious than themſelves in reſtoring the paſſages to their original ſtate, and in healing thoſe wounds and unmerciful lacerations which they had undergone.

Amongſt theſe latter critics, Caſaubon, Salmaſius, and Gronovius, are diſtinguiſhed.

Now that the beſt authors are no more ſcarce, but multiplied without end by the invention of printing, verbal criticiſm, the chief merit of which is to catch ſyllables, deſerves no longer our eſteem. Critics of this kind may, not unaptly, be compared to weeders; they eradicate the worthleſs plants, and leave to more ſkilful cultivators the art of gathering and diſtinguiſhing the more valuable ones.

ON THE PHRASE—'THE LAW AND THE PROPHETS.'

JESUS CHRIST calls the five books of Moſes, *The Law*, becauſe of Deuteronomy; and

and the books of the Prophets, or their Prophecies, *The Prophets*. All the other books are called *Holy Writings*. Hence the phraſe of, 'The Law and the Prophets,' ſo much uſed by St. Jerome, and the other fathers of the church, is frequently made uſe of in their writings.

THE SIX FOLLIES OF SCIENCE.

NOTHING is ſo capable of diſordering the intellects as an intenſe application to one of theſe ſix things; the Quadrature of the Circle; the Multiplication of the Cube; the Perpetual Motion; the Philoſophical Stone; Magic; and Judicial Aſtrology. While we are young, we may exerciſe our imagination on theſe curious topics, merely to convince us of their impoſſibility; but it ſhews a great defect in judgment to be occupied on them in an advanced age. 'It is proper, however,' Fontenelle remarks, 'to apply one's ſelf to theſe enquiries; becauſe we find, as we proceed, many valuable diſcoveries of which we were before

ignorant.' The ſame thought Cowley has applied, in an addreſs to his miſtreſs, thus—

'Altho' I think thou never wilt be found,
Yet I'm reſolv'd to ſearch for thee:
The ſearch itſelf rewards the pains.
So, tho' the chymiſt his great ſecret miſs,
(For neither it in art or nature is)
Yet things well worth his toil he gains;
And does his charge and labour pay
With good unſought experiments by the way.'

The ſame thought is in Donne. Perhaps Cowley did not ſuſpect, that he was an imitator. What is certain, Fontenelle could not have read either; and perhaps, only ſtruck out the thought by his own reflection.

Maupertius, in a little volume of Letters written by him, obſerves, on the *Philoſophical Stone*, that we cannot prove it is impoſſible to be attained, but we can eaſily ſee the folly of thoſe who employ their time and money in ſeeking for it. For it's price is too great to counterbalance the little probability of ſucceeding in it.—Of the *Perpetual Motion*, he ſhews the impoſſibility at leaſt in the ſenſe in which it is generally received.

received. On the *Quadrature of the Circle*, he ſays he cannot decide, if this problem is reſolvable or not: but he obſerves, that it is very uſeleſs to ſearch for it any more; ſince we have arrived by approximation to ſuch a point of accuracy, that on a large circle ſuch as the orbit which the earth deſcribes round the ſun, the Geometrician will not miſtake by the thickneſs of a hair!

FRIAR BACON.

My zeal for the memory of this illuſtrious ſcholar impels me to tranſcribe, which it will be found I ſeldom do, from a book that is in every body's hands. From the faithful and laborious Henry, have I collected what follows concerning Roger Bacon—

'We cannot but lament that Friar Bacon met with ſo many diſcouragements in the purſuit of uſeful knowledge. If he had lived in better times, or if he had even been permitted to proſecute that courſe of enquiries and experiments in which he engaged

ged after his return from Paris, it is highly probable that the world would have many valuable diſcoveries that are ſtill unknown.

'An excellent modern writer, Dr. Friend, having enumerated ſome of Bacon's diſcoveries, adds—"Theſe are wonderful diſcoveries for a man to make in ſo ignorant an age, who had no maſter to teach him, but ſtruck it all out of his own brain: but it is ſtill more wonderful that ſuch diſcoveries ſhould lie ſo long concealed; till, in the next ſucceeding centuries, other people ſhould ſtart up, and lay claim to thoſe very inventions to which Bacon alone had a right."

'Bacon diſcovered the art of making Reading glaſſes, the Camera Obſcura, Microſcopes, Teleſcopes, and various other mathematical and aſtronomical inſtruments. He diſcovered a method of performing all the chymical operations that are now in uſe. He combined the mechanical powers in ſo wonderful a manner, that it was for this he was accuſed of magic. His diſcoveries in medicine were by no means unimportant. That the ingredients of gunpowder, and the art of making it, were well known

known to him, is now undeniable: but the *humane philoſopher*, dreading the conſequences of communicating this diſcovery to the world, tranſpoſed the letters of the Latin words which ſignify Charcoal, which made the whole obſcure. It was done thus—*Luru mope can vbre, (carbonum pulvere.)* By this means he rendered it difficult to diſcover this dangerous ſecret by the peruſal of his works: and, at the ſame time, ſecured to himſelf the honour of having known it, by ſpecifying the other ingredients, if it ſhould be diſcovered by any other perſon. This accordingly happened after Bacon's death; for, about the beginning of the fourteenth century, one Barthold Schwartz, a German monk and chymiſt, accidentally diſcovered gunpowder, as he was pounding ſalt-petre, ſulphur and charcoal, in a mortar, for ſome other purpoſe.'

To this we may add, that the Chineſe employed gunpowder in their wars; and were familiar with the art of printing, probably, ſome centuries before we made uſe of them in Europe.

Though Bacon is mentioned, in this article,

ticle, as the inventor of optical glaſſes, Marville gives a curious piece of information. He ſays, that 'it is generally known, that James Metius, a Dutchman, invented, in 1609, *ſpectacles* and *teleſcopes*; and that Galileo, being at Venice, imitated as well as he could a teleſcope, and aſtoniſhed the learned Venetians from the tower of St, Mark with this novel invention.' He adds—'But there are *few* who know that the *principles* of optics, on which teleſcopes are formed, are to be found in *Euclid*, and in the ancient geometricians; and that it is through want of reflection that this wonderful invention, *as well as many others*, have remained ſo long concealed in the majeſty of Nature, as Pliny expreſſes it, till chance has drawn them out.'

Voltaire writes, that the excellent ſecret of aſſiſting the enfeebled ſight, by means of *ſpectacles*, was found out by Alexander Spina, towards the end of the thirteenth century.—The fact is indeed not clear. They were known probably before the thirteenth century—Many rude efforts had been made before the days of Galileo to form teleſcopes; the invention was known, but he greatly

greatly perfected them. Our ſublime Milton has perhaps added to the immortality of Galileo, by this beautiful ſimile taken from his teleſcope.

> As when by night the GLASS
> Of GALILEO, leſs aſſur'd, obſerves
> Imagined lands and regions in the moon——

It is proper to remind the reader, that Galileo during his impriſonment was viſited by Milton, who tells us, that he was then *poor and old!*

DESCARTES AND HARVEY.

VIGNEUL Marville, in his Melanges de Literature, Vol. II. page 348, has ventured to publiſh the following two literary anecdotes.

'One Claudian Mamert, who flouriſhed in the fifth century, has compoſed a treatiſe on the ſoul; in which are found the greater part of thoſe principles which Deſcartes made uſe of to eſtabliſh his new ſyſtem. It is alſo ſaid, that his opinion concerning

cerning the ſouls of brutes is to be found in St. Auguſtine.'

'It is ſaid, that the religious of St. Vanne's have diſcovered, in St. Ambroſe, the doctrine of the circulation of the blood, which has been thought to be a modern diſcovery by Harvey.'

I am fearful this anecdote was dictated in the uncharitable ſpirit of criticiſm; perhaps, to deprive our great phyſician of the honour of its diſcovery.

Since this article has been written, I have found, in a letter addreſſed to Bayle, the paſſage alluded to in St. Auguſtine. The opinion of Deſcartes on the ſouls of animals is found in St. Auguſtine, *de quantitate animæ*. chap. 30.

'Quod autem tibi viſum eſt non eſſe animam, incorpore viventis animantis, quamquam videatur abſurdum, non tamen doctiſſimi homines, quibus id placuit *defuerunt*, neque nunc arbitror *Deeſse*.'

The paſſage in *Servetus*, to which Harvey ſtands indebted for his great diſcovery, has been reprinted by Woolſton. Voltaire poſitively aſſures us, that Servetus made

the

the diſcovery long before our countryman, who is conſidered abroad, not as the firſt who *diſcovered* the circulation of the blood, but the firſt who *demonſtrated* it.

Servetus's book, has for title, '*Chriſtianiſmi Reſtitutio.*' Sixty years afterwards Harvey clearly demonſtrated the circulation of the blood. This, if not a *diſcovery*, very much *reſembles one.*

Upon ſuch vague reports little is to be relied. Sometimes when our aſſiduity has diſcovered the paſſages alluded to, they are only found to contain ſome fancied reſemblance; and frequently no reſemblance at all. It is thus that Law, the tranſlator of the myſtical Behmen, imagined that the great Newton took the firſt conceptions of his philoſophy from the German Cobler's *nonſenſe.*

CURIOUS SCHOLASTIC DISQUISITIONS.

Amongſt the ſubjects for the diſquiſitions of the learned, in the eleventh century, were the following ones; Of the ſubſtantial

form of Sounds—Of the Eſſence of Univerſals.

The following queſtion was a favourite topic; and, after having been diſcuſſed by thouſands of the acuteſt logicians, through the courſe of a whole century,

'With all the raſh dexterity of wit,'

remained unreſolved—'When a hog is carried to market with a rope tied about it's neck, which is held at the other end by a man; whether is the hog carried to market by the *rope*, or by the *man*?

Menage ſays, that the ſcholaſtic queſtions were called *Queſtiones Quodlibeticæ*, and they were generally ſo ridiculous, that we have retained the word *Quodlibet*, in our vernacular language, to expreſs ſomething ridiculouſly ſubtile.

TASTE.

Is it in vain to account for the operations of Taſte? Is it an unſubſtantial form? a ſhadow, which may be ſeen, but not graſped? It's mutations, ſometimes have been wonderful.

wonderful. I am at a loſs to account on what principles the preſent inſtance took place. Vigneul Marville ſupplies me with this anecdote—

Brebeuf, when he was young, felt an enthuſiaſtic inclination for the works of Horace. His friend Gautier, on the contrary was infected with a taſte for Lucan. This preference frequently occaſioned diſputes. To terminate theſe endleſs controverſies, it was agreed that each of them ſhould read the favourite poet of his friend; that they ſhould examine with critical acumen, and decree with candour. The conſequences are ſingular. Gautier read Horace, became enamoured of his verſes, and never after quitted them: while Brebeuf was ſo charmed with Lucan, that he grew intoxicated with the Pharſalia; and, in tranſlating this epic, out-lucan'd Lucan himſelf in his bombaſtic and tumid verſes.

That Gautier ſhould reject Lucan, after a ſtudious peruſal of Horace, is not ſurprizing: the wonder is, how Brebeuf could forget ſo ſuddenly the graces and the rules of his maſter, Horace, to give into Lucan's corrupted taſte.

Mr. Burke, in his elegant Eſſay on the Sublime and Beautiful, ſays, that ‘ what is called *Taſte*, in it's moſt general acceptation, is not a ſimple idea, but is partly made up of a perception of the primary pleaſures of ſenſe; of the ſecondary pleaſures of the imagination; and of the concluſions of the reaſoning faculty concerning the various relations of theſe, and concerning the human paſſions, manners, and actions. All theſe are requiſite to form Taſte; and the ground-work of all theſe is the ſame in the human mind: for, as the ſenſes are the great originals of all our ideas, and conſequently of all our pleaſures, if they are not uncertain and arbitrary, the whole ground-work of Taſte is common to all; and, therefore, there is a ſufficient foundation for a concluſive reaſoning for theſe matters.’

In another place he obſerves—‘ *Senſibility* and *Judgment*, which are the qualities that compoſe what is commonly called a *Taſte*, vary exceedingly in various people. From a defect in the former of theſe qualities ariſes a want of Taſte: a weakneſs in the latter conſtitutes a wrong or a bad one.’

If this account is juſt, the ſenſibility and the

the judgment of Brebeuf, of which the one was ſo lively, and the other ſo vigorous, when in his youthful days he was attached to Horace, muſt have undergone a total change when he became ſtudiouſly fond of Lucan. Yet this is not to be conceived: for it is poſſible to enlarge and to ſtrengthen our judgment; but, ſurely, not to eradicate a correct one; at leaſt, when a man is in the vigour of life and health.

Bayle ſays, in the preface to his Republic of Letters, 'TASTES differ ſo much, even among the wits, and even among thoſe who paſs for the moſt intelligent connoiſſeurs, that one ſhould not be ſurprized, nor be vexed, not to have the approbation of all who are good judges.'

It was in a cloudy hour that *Gray* gave ſo harſh a deciſion on the enchanting Eloiſa of *Rouſſeau*. Inſtead of contemplating the fine illuſions of the imagination, and the poetic richneſs of the ſtyle, he only examined it on the inferior merit of *plot* and *incident*.

Men of a corrected taſte frequently err, by not obſerving the temper of their mind at the moment of their examination of a pro-

duction of Taſte. By contemplating a ſtatue in *one* point of view, we become inſenſible to thoſe beautiful exertions, which perhaps the ſculptor may have given on *the other ſide*. Voltaire defines a good Taſte to be the perfection of good ſenſe, and the habit of quick deciſion in a mind well formed; a habit which exerciſed in topics of literature, may afterwards be applied to other and higher purpoſes.

IMITATORS.

THERE are ſome writers, and in general they will be found to be pedants, who imagine they can ſupply by the labours of induſtry the deficiencies of nature. It is recorded of Paulus Manutius, that he frequently ſpent a month in writing a ſingle letter. He affected to imitate Cicero. The conſequences are, that he has attained to ſomething of the elegance of his ſtyle; but he is ſtill deſtitute of the native graces of a flowing and unaffected compoſition.

Laurent le Brun, a Jeſuit, was a moſt ſingular

gular inſtance of ſuch an unhappy imitation. He was a Latin poet, and his ſubjects were religious. He formed a moſt extravagant project; he attempted to become a *Virgil* and an *Ovid*, by merely imitating the titles of their works. His *Chriſtian Virgil* conſiſts, like the Pagan Virgil, of *Eclogues*, *Georgics*, and of an *Epic* of twelve books, with this difference, that devotional ſubjects are ſubſtituted for fabulous ones. His *Chriſtian Ovid* is in the ſame taſte; every thing wears a new face. The *Epiſtles* are pious ones; the *Faſti* are the ſix days of the Creation; the *Elegies* are the Lamentations of Jeremiah; a poem on *the Love of God* is ſubſtituted for the *Art of Love*; and the hiſtory of ſome *Converſions* ſupplies the place of the *Metamorphoſes!*

May not ſuch writers be ſaid to create beautiful forms, without the power of beſtowing on them animation?

CICERO.

'I SHOULD,' ſays Menage, 'have received a great pleaſure to have converſed with

Cicero, had I lived in his time. He muſt have been a man very agreeable in converſation, ſince even Cæſar carefully collected his *Bon Mots*. Cicero has boaſted of the great actions he has done for his country, becauſe there is no vanity in exulting in the performance of our duties; but he has not boaſted that he was the moſt eloquent orator of his age, though he certainly was; becauſe nothing is more diſguſtful than to exult in our intellectual powers.'

I muſt confeſs myſelf no admirer of the witticiſms of Cicero; for, in general, they are but meagre puns, ſuch as theſe—he ſaid to a Senator who was the ſon of a taylor, '*Rem acu tetigiſti.*' To the ſon of a cook, '*Ego quoque tibi jure favebo.*' To underſtand this, we muſt recollect that the Latin was pronounced differently in the days of Cicero than it is at preſent. Thus, they pronounced *coce* and *quoque* like *co-ke*, which alludes to the Latin word *cocus*, cook.

THERE is ſomething original, and very juſt, in Montaigne's cenſure of this great man. I tranſcribe it from Cotton's tranſlation:

tion: a tranſlator who has not ill expreſſed the peculiarities of his author.

'As to *Cicero*, I am of the common opinion, that (learning excepted) he had no great natural parts. He was a good citizen, of an affable nature, as all fat, heavy men, ſuch as he was, uſually are; but given to eaſe, and had a mighty ſhare of vanity and ambition. Neither do I know how to excuſe him for thinking his poetry fit to be publiſhed. 'Tis no great imperfection to make ill verſes; but it is an imperfection not to be able to judge how unworthy his verſes were of the glory of his name. For what concerns his eloquence, that is totally out of compariſon, and I believe it will never be equalled.'

PREFACES.

A PREFACE being the porch, or the entrance, to a book, ſhould be perfectly beautiful. It is the elegance of a porch which announces the ſplendor of an edifice. I have obſerved, that ordinary readers ſkip

over theſe little elaborate compoſitions. Our fair ladies conſider them as ſo many pages loſt, which might better be employed in the addition of a pictureſque ſcene, or a tender letter to their novels. For my part, I always gather amuſement from a Preface, be it aukwardly or ſkilfully written; for dulneſs, or impertinence, may raiſe a laugh for a page or two, though they become inſufferable throughout a whole volume. A preface is frequently a ſuperior compoſition to the work itſelf; for, long before the days of Johnſon, it has been a cuſtom with many authors to ſolicit for this department of their work the ornamental contribution of a man of genius. A good Preface is as eſſential to put the reader into good humour, as a good Prologue is to a Play, to ſoothe the auditors into candour, and even into partiality. The Italians call the Preface *La ſalſa del Libro*, ; the ſauce of the book. Marville ſays, that if well ſeaſoned it creates an appetite in the reader to devour the book itſelf. A preface badly compoſed, frequently revolts the reader's taſte, and prejudices him againſt the work itſelf. Good authors are not equally fortunate in theſe little introductions,

troductions, ſome can write books but not prefaces; and others prefaces, but not books.

Authors ſhould be careful to date their Prefaces, as theſe become leading and uſeful circumſtances in literary hiſtory.

THE ANCIENTS AND MODERNS.

FREQUENT and violent diſputes have ariſen on the ſubject of the preference which is to be given to the Ancients, or the Moderns. With the Battle of Books, by Swift, the reader is well acquainted. The controverſy of Perrault and Boileau makes a conſiderable figure in French Literature; the laſt of whom, I think, ſaid that the Ancients had been Moderns, but that it was by no means clear the Moderns would become Ancients. Yet, ſurely, it had been better if theſe acrid controverſies had never diſgraced the Republic of Letters. The advice of Sidonius Appollinaris is excellent: he ſays, that we ſhould read the Ancients with *reſpect*, and the Moderns without *envy*.

FINE THOUGHTS.

APULEIUS calls thoſe Neck-kerchiefs ſo glaſſy fine, (may I ſo expreſs myſelf?) which, in veiling, diſcover the beautiful boſom of a woman, *ventum textilem*; which may be tranſlated, *woven air*. It is an expreſſion beautifully fanciful.

A Greek poet wrote this inſcription for a ſtatue of Niobe—

'The Gods, from living, cauſed me to become ſtone. Praxiteles, from ſtone, has reſtored me to life.'

P. Commire, a pleaſing writer of Latin verſe, has many elegant deſcriptions interſperſed in his fables. He ſays of the flight of a butterfly,

Florem putares nare per liquidum æthera.

It FLIES, and ſeems a *flower* that floats in air!

Voiture, in addreſſing Cardinal Richelieu, ſays—How much more affecting is it to hear one's praiſes from the mouth of the *People*, than from that of the *Poets!*

Cervantes, with an elevation of ſentiment, obſerves,

obſerves, that one of the greateſt advantages which princes poſſeſs above other men, is that of being attended by ſervants as great as themſelves.

——— Luſuſque ſaleſque,
Sed lectos pelago, quo Venus orta, ſales.

This is written by a modern Latin Poet; but is to be found in Plutarch, in his compariſon of Ariſtophanes and Menander; theſe are his words. 'In the comedies of Menander there is a natural and divine ſalt, as if it proceeded from that ſea where Venus took her birth.' This beautiful thought, obſerves Monnoye, has been employed by ſeven or eight modern writers.

Seneca, amongſt many tortured ſentiments and trivial points, has frequently a happy thought. This on *anger* is eminently ſo—'I wiſh,' he ſays, 'that the ferocity of this paſſion could be ſpent at it's firſt appearance, ſo that it might injure but *once*: as, in the caſe of the Bees, whoſe ſting is deſtroyed for ever at the firſt puncture it occaſions.'

Ariſtenetus ſays of a Beauty, that ſhe ſeemed moſt beautiful when *dreſſed*; yet appeared not leſs beautiful when *undreſſed*.

Of *two* Beauties he ſays, 'they yielded to the *Graces* only in *number*.'

Menage has theſe two terſe and pointed lines on the portrait of a lady—

'Ce portrait reſſemble à la Belle;
Il eſt inſenſible comme elle.'

Which a friend has thus imitated—

'In this portrait, my Fair, thy reſemblance I ſee;
An inſenſible charmer it is—juſt like thee!'

A French poet has admirably expreſſed the inſtantaneous ſympathy of two lovers. A princeſs is relating to her *confidante* the birth of her paſſion; and ſays—

'Et comme un jeune cœur eſt bientot enflammé,
Il me vit, il m'aima, je le vis, je l'aimai.'

Soon is the youthful heart by paſſion mov'd:
He ſaw, and lov'd me—him I ſaw, and lov'd.

I recollect a ſimilar paſſage in a Spaniſh play of Calderon; but it partakes, I think, too much of what Boileau calls '*Le clinquant*;' for it is well obſerved, by the ſame critic, 'that nothing is beautiful which is falſe.' The paſſage I allude to runs thus—

'I ſaw and I loved her ſo nearly together, that I do not know if I ſaw her before I loved her, or loved her before I ſaw her.'

It was ſaid of Petronius, that he was *pura impuritas*;

impuritas; purely impure. *Pura*, becauſe of his ſtyle; *impuritas*, becauſe of his obſcenities.

Quam multa! Quam paucis! is a fine expreſſion, which was employed to characteriſe a conciſe ſtyle pregnant with meaning.

How exquiſitely tender does Taſſo, in one verſe, deſcribe his Olindo! So much love, and ſo much modeſty, however beautiful they may appear in poetry, the leſs romantic taſte of the modern fine lady may not probably admire—

'Brama aſſai, poco ſpera, nulla chiede.'

Which Fairfax has thus given, with his accuſtomed ſpirit and fidelity—

——'He, full of baſhfulneſs and truth,
Loved much, hoped little, and deſired nought.'

This line is not preſerved in the verſion of Hoole.

It was ſaid of an exquiſite portrait, that to judge by the eye it did not want ſpeech; this only could be detected by the ear.

Manca il parlar; di vivo altro non chiedi:
Ne manca queſto ancor, S'agli occhi credi.

Perrault has very poetically informed us, that the ancients were ignorant of the circulation of the blood—

'——Igno-

'——Ignoroit juſqu'aux routes certaines
Du meandre vivant qui coule dans les veines.'

Unknown to them what devious courſe maintains
The live meander flowing in their veins.

An Italian poet makes a lover, who has ſurvived his miſtreſs, thus ſweetly expreſs himſelf—

'Piango la ſua morte, e la mia vita.'

Much I deplore her death, and much my life.

It has been uſual for poets to ſay, that rivers flow to convey their tributary ſtreams to the ſea. This figure, being a mark of ſubjection, proved offenſive to the patriotic Taſſo; and he has ingeniouſly ſaid of the River *Po*, becauſe of it's rapidity—

'Pare
Che porti guerra, e non tributo al mare.'

See rapid *Po* to Ocean's empire bring
A *war*, and not a *tribute*, from his ſpring!

I would diſtinguiſh theſe paſtoral verſes for their elegant ſimplicity: they diſplay—at leaſt, in the original—that amiable, light, and artleſs ſtyle, which ſhould characteriſe this enchanting, though neglected, branch of poetry—

'Avec l'email de nos prairies,
Quand on le ſçait bien faconner
On peut auſſi-bien couronner,
Qu'avec l'or et les pierreries'

Th'

Th' enamell'd flowers our meads diſcloſe,
If the ſkill'd ſhepherd graceful frame,
A crown more precious can compoſe
Than the bright diamond's coſtlier flame.

The enſuing tranſlation is by a friend, in which the original thought is almoſt literally preſerved, and the ſtructure of the verſe ſcrupulouſly adhered to. Alternate rhimes, in our language, will certainly be preferred by a correct Engliſh ear—

With flowers th' enamell'd meads unfold,
By ſkilful hands in chaplets bound,
As nobly may deſert be crown'd,
As with rich gems, and burniſh'd gold.

EARLY PRINTING.

When firſt the Art of Printing was diſcovered, they only made uſe of one ſide of a page: they had not yet found out the expedient of impreſſing the other. When their editions were intended to be curious, they omitted to print the firſt letter of a chapter, for which they left a blank ſpace, that it might be painted or illuminated, at the option of the purchaſer. Several ancient

cient volumes of theſe early times have been found, where theſe letters are wanting, as they neglected to have them painted.

When the Art of Printing was firſt eſtabliſhed, it was the glory of the learned to be correctors of the preſs to the eminent printers. Phyſicians, lawyers, and biſhops themſelves, occupied this department. The printers then added frequently to their names thoſe of the correctors of the preſs; and editions were then valued according to the abilities of the corrector.

Robert Stephens, one of the early printers, ſurpaſſed in correctneſs thoſe who exerciſed the ſame profeſſion. His Treaſure of the Latin Tongue is ſtill a valuable work. It is ſaid, that, to render his editions immaculate, he hung up the proofs in public places, and generouſly recompenſed thoſe who were ſo fortunate as to detect any typographical errors.

Plantin, though a learned man, is more famous as a printer. His printing-office claims our admiration: it was one of the wonders of Europe. This grand building was the chief ornament of the city of Antwerp. Magnificent in it's ſtructure, it preſented

ſented to the ſpectator an infinite number of preſſes, characters of all figures and all ſizes, matrixes to caſt letters, and all other printing materials; which Baillet aſſures us amounted to immenſe ſums.

In Italy, the three Manutii were more ſolicitous of correctneſs and illuſtrations, than of the beauty of their printing. It was the character of the ſcholar, not of the printer, of which they were ambitious.

So valuable an union of learning and printing did not, unfortunately, laſt. The printers of the ſeventeenth century became leſs charmed with glory than with gain. Their correctors, and their letters, evinced as little delicacy of choice.

In the productions of early printing, may be diſtinguiſhed the various ſplendid editions they made of *Primers*, or *Prayer-books*. They were embelliſhed with cuts finiſhed in a moſt elegant taſte: many of them were *ludicrous*, and ſeveral were *obſcene*. In one of them an angel is repreſented crowning the Virgin Mary, and God the Father himſelf aſſiſting at the ceremony. Sometimes St. Michael is ſeen overcoming Satan; and ſometimes St. Anthony appears attacked by

various devils of moſt hideous forms. *The Prymer of Saliſbury*, 1531, is full of cuts: at the bottom of the title page there is the following remarkable prayer—

God be in my Bede.
And in my Underſtandynge.
God be in my Eyen,
And in my Lokynge.
God be in my Mouthe,
And in my Spekynge.
God be in my Herte,
And in my thinkinge.
God be at myn ende,
And at my departynge.

ERRATA.

BESIDES the ordinary errors, or *errata*, which happen in printing a work, there are others which are purpoſely committed, that the *errata* may contain what is not permitted to appear in the body of the work.

Thus, for inſtance, wherever the Inquiſition has any power, particularly at Rome, obſerves Menage, it is not allowed to employ the word *fatum*, or *fata*, in any book.

An author, deſirous of uſing the latter word,

word, adroitly invented this ſcheme: he had printed in his book *facta*; and, in the *errata*, he put, for *facta*, read *fata*.

Scarron has done nearly the ſame thing, but on another occaſion. He had compoſed ſome verſes, at the head of which he placed this dedication—*A Guillemette, Chienne de ma Soeur*; but, having a quarrel with his ſiſter, he maliciouſly put into the *errata*, inſtead of *Chienne de ma Soeur*, read *ma Chienne de Soeur*.

Lully at the cloſe of a bad prologue ſaid, the word *fin du prologue* was an *erratum*, it ſhould have been *fi du prologue*.

In a book, there was printed *le docte Morel*. A wag put into the *errata*, for *le docte Morel*, read *le docteur Morel*. This *Morel* was certainly not the firſt *docteur* who was not *docte*.

When a fanatic publiſhed a myſtical work full of unintelligible raptures, and which he entitled, *Les Delices de L'Eſprit*, a wit ſaid he ſhould print in his errata, for *Delices* read *Delires*.

In the year 1561, there was printed a work, entitled, The Anatomy of the Maſs. It is a thin octavo, of 172 pages, and it is

accompanied by an *Errata* of 15 pages! The editor, a pious Monk, informs us, that a very ſerious reaſon induced him to undertake this taſk: for it is, ſays he, to foreſtal the *artifices of Satan.* He ſuppoſes that the Devil, to ruin the fruit of this work, employed two very malicious frauds: the firſt before it was printed; by drenching the manuſcript in a kennel, and thus having reduced it to a moſt pitiable ſtate, rendered it in ſeveral parts illegible: the ſecond, in obliging the printers to commit ſuch numerous blunders; never yet equalled in ſo ſmall a work. To combat this double machination of Satan, he was obliged carefully to re-peruſe the work, and to form this ſingular liſt of the blunders of the printers, who were under the influence of the Devil. All this he relates in an advertiſement prefixed to the *Errata.*

There was a moſt dreadful controverſy, which aroſe between two famous ſcholars from a very laughable *Erratum,* occaſioned by the blunder of the printer; and which ſeemed to threaten very ſerious conſequences to one of the parties. Flavigny wrote two letters, criticiſing rather freely a polyglot

glot Bible, edited by Abraham Ecchellenſis. As this learned editor had ſometimes cenſured the labours of a profeſſor who was the friend of Flavigny, this latter applied to him the third and fifth verſes of the ſeventh chapter of Saint Matthew.

Theſe verſes he printed in Latin. Ver. 3. *Quid vides feſtucam in* OCULO *fratris tui, et trabem in* OCULO *tuo non vides.* Ver. 5. *Ejice primùm trabem de* OCULO *tuo, et tunc videbis ejicere feſtucam de* OCULO *fratris tui.* Ecchellenſis being compelled to anſwer, began with accuſing Flavigny of an *enormous crime* committed in this paſſage: not only of attempting to correct the ſacred text of the Evangeliſt, but with daring to reject a word, and to ſupply its place by one, which was not leſs *impious* than *obſcene!* This crime he exaggerates with all the virulence of an angry declaimer. But it is too long to tranſcribe. There are ſwelling phraſes, and a moſt dreadful accuſation. His morals are attacked, and Flavigny ſees all his reputation overturned by an accuſation which the other ſeems poſitive is juſt. And yet all this terrible reproach is only founded on an *Erratum!* The whole

evil aroſe from the printer having negligently ſuffered the *firſt letter* of the word *Oculo* to have dropped from the form, when he happened to touch a line with his finger which did not ſtand ſtraight! He publiſhed another letter to do away the imputation of Ecchellenſis; but it is ſaid, that thirty years afterwards his rage againſt the negligent printer was not extinguiſhed: indeed, certain wits were always reminding him of it.

A blunder in printing, obſerves a very acute critic, gives an author of ſenſibility and taſte, more uneaſineſs than four letters full of panegyric can give him pleaſure.

ON THE NOTES VARIORUM.

THE *Notes Variorum* were, originally, only a compilation of notes drawn from thoſe numerous critics who had laboured on the beſt authors, or had explained them in other works. The firſt collections were very indifferent, their ſelectors poſſeſſing no powers of diſcrimination. Frequently, they have

have choſen the worſt: they bring no proofs from the authors whom they have abridged; and they are continually maiming their ideas. To make their collections bulky, they have written as much on the clear as on the obſcure paſſages, and have ſwelled them with very frivolous digreſſions.

The later editions of the *Notes Variorum* have been made by more able compilers. As they are ſo much the more preferable to the preceding ones, the public has received them with favour; and ſcholars have been glad to have compleat collections of the moſt valued criticiſms, to conſult them at their need.

ON THE EDITIONS OF THE CLASSICS, IN USUM DELPHINI.

THE Scholiaſts, or the Interpreters of the Dauphin, *in uſum Sereniſſimi Delphini*, were undertaken under the conduct of Meſſieurs De Montauſieur, Boſſuet, and Huet. To a correct text, they have added a clear and conciſe paraphraſe of the text, with

notes. The diſſimilarity of the genius, and the peculiar characters, of all theſe authors, have been one great cauſe that they have not all been treated with the ſame ability, and with equal felicity: but ſtill, it muſt be allowed, they form the moſt beautiful body in literature that the public has ever been gratified with.

Another critic preſents us with a more ſatisfactory account of this celebrated edition of the Claſſics. The greater part of theſe interpreters have but indifferently executed their employment: they have followed, in their text, the inferior editions, inſtead of making uſe of the beſt; and they have left in the notes thoſe ſame faults which were ſo much cenſured in the Dutch editions, with the Notes Variorum. There is, however, one thing valuable in the Paris editions—a Verbal Index, by which any paſſage may be found on recollecting a few words. However, it muſt be confeſſed, the munificent patronage of a great monarch has not produced adequate effects. The project was excellent, but the performance was bad.

I cannot conclude this article without obſerving what benefits the ſtudent derives from

from *Verbal Indexes*. He not only ſaves a great expence of time, which is ſquandered in the examination for paſſages; but he may more eaſily trace the imitations of others, when they happen to catch the words of the original. I have received ſuch ſervices from Newton's edition of Milton, which is enriched with a Verbal Index, that I cannot recollect them without gratitude. If a Verbal Index was formed to Johnſon's edition of the Poets, it would *then* become invaluable; and I am ſure there are *porters* enough in literature, *unemployed*, who deſire nothing better than to bear this burthen on their ſhoulders.

PATRONS.

AUTHORS have too frequently received ill treatment even from thoſe to whom they dedicated their works.

Theodoſius Gaza had no other recompence for having inſcribed to Sixtus the Fourth his Tranſlation of the book of Ariſtotle on the Nature of Animals, than the

the price of the binding, which this charitable father of the church munificently beſtowed upon him.

Theocritus fills his Idylliums with loud complaints of the neglect of his patrons; and Taſſo was as little ſucceſsful in his Dedications.

Arioſto, in preſenting his Orlando Furioſo to the Cardinal d'Eſte, was gratified with the bitter ſarcaſm of—'*Dove diavolo avete pigliato tante coglionerie?*' Where the devil have you found all this nonſenſe?

When the French Hiſtorian, Dupleix, whoſe pen was indeed fertile, preſented his book to the Duke d'Epernon, this Mecenas, turning to the Pope's Nuncio, who was preſent, very coarſely exclaimed—'Cadedis! ce Monſieur a un flux enragé, il chie un livre toutes les lunes!'

It was Thomſon, I believe, the amiable author of the Seaſons, who, having extravagantly praiſed a perſon of rank, afterwards appearing to be undeſerving of any eulogiums, very properly employed his pen in a ſolemn recantation of his error. This is a very different behaviour from that of Dupleix, who always ſpoke highly of Queen Margaret

Margaret of France, for a little place he held in her houſhold: but after her death, and when his place was extinct, he ſpoke of her with all the freedom of ſatire. Such is too often the character of men of letters, who only dare to reveal the truth when they have no intereſt to conceal it.

Poor Mickle, to whom we are indebted for ſo beautiful a verſion of Camoen's Luſiad, having dedicated this work, the continued labour of five years, to a certain lord, had the mortification to find, by the diſcovery of a friend, that he had kept it in his poſſeſſion three weeks before he could collect ſufficient intellectual deſire to cut open the firſt pages!

'Every man believes,' writes Dr. Johnſon, in a letter to Baretti, 'that miſtreſſes are unfaithful, and patrons are capricious. But he excepts his own miſtreſs, and his own patron.'

Bayle has preſerved an anecdote which may be inſerted here with ſufficient propriety, and may ſerve to ſhew in what manner a Patron is ſometimes obtained. Benſerade attached himſelf to Cardinal Mazarine; but his friendſhip produced nothing but civility.

The

The Poet every day indulged his eaſy and charming vein of amorous and panegyric poetry, while all the world read and admired his verſes. One evening the cardinal, in converſation with the king, mentioned his mode of life when he reſided at the papal court. He ſaid he loved the ſciences; but that his chief occupation was the belles lettres, and compoſing little pieces of poetry; and that he was then in the court of Rome what Benſerade was now in that of France. Some hours afterwards the friends of the poet related to him the converſation of the cardinal. He heard, and quitted them abruptly. He ran to the apartment of his Eminence, and knocked with all his force, that he might be certain of being heard. The cardinal had juſt gone to bed. It was in vain that he was informed of this circumſtance; he perſiſted to enter; and as he continued making a moſt terrible diſturbance, they were compelled to open the door. He ran to his Eminence, fell upon his knees, almoſt pulled off the ſheets of his bed in rapture, implored a thouſand pardons for thus diſturbing him, but ſuch was his joy in what he had juſt heard, (which he repeated) that he

he could not refrain from immediately giving vent to his gratitude and his pride, to have been compared with his Eminence for his poetical talents. He ſaid, that had the door not been immediately opened, he ſhould have expired. It is true, he was not rich, but he ſhould now die contented. The Cardinal was pleaſed with his *ardour*, and probably never ſuſpected his *flattery*. He aſſured him of his protection; and ſix days afterwards rewarded him with a handſome penſion!

On the Cardinal Richelieu, another of his patrons, he gratefully made this Epitaph—

Cy giſt, ouy giſt par la mort bleu
Le Cardinal de Richelieu,
Et ce qui cauſe mon ennuy
Ma PENSION avec lui.

Here lies, egad, 'tis very true,
The illuſtrious Cardinal Richelieu;
My grief is genuine—void of whim;
Alas! my *penſion* lies with him.

POETS, PHILOSOPHERS, AND ARTISTS, MADE BY ACCIDENT.

ACCIDENT has frequently occaſioned the moſt eminent geniuſes to diſplay their powers. Father Mallebranche will ſerve for an example. Having compleated his ſtudies in philoſophy, and theology, without any other intention than devoting himſelf to ſome religious order, he little expected to become of ſuch celebrity as his works have made him. Loitering, in an idle hour, in the ſhop of a bookſeller, in turning over a parcel of books, *L'Homme de Deſcartes* fell into his hands. Having dipt into ſome parts, he was induced to peruſe the whole. It was this circumſtance that produced thoſe profound contemplations which gave birth to ſo many beautiful compoſitions in Phyſics, Metaphyſics, and Morality, which have made him paſs for the Plato of his age.

Cowley became a poet by accident. In his mother's apartment he found, when very young, Spenſer's Fairy Queen; and, by a continual

continual ſtudy of Poetry, he became ſo enchanted of the Muſe, that he grew irrecoverably a Poet.

We owe to the deformities of Pope's perſon the inimitable beauties of his elaborate verſe.

Dr. Johnſon informs us, that the late great Painter of the preſent age, had the firſt fondneſs for his art excited by the peruſal of Richardſon's Treatiſe.

Helvetius furniſhes me with the following additional inſtances.

M. Vaucanſon diſplayed an uncommon genius for Mechanics. His taſte was firſt determined by this accident; he, when very young, frequently attended his mother to the reſidence of her confeſſor; and while ſhe wept with repentance, he wept with wearineſs! In this ſtate of diſagreeable vacation he was ſtruck with the uniform motion of the pendulum of the clock in the hall. His curioſity was rouſed; he approached the clock caſe, and ſtudied it's mechaniſm; what he could not diſcover, he gueſſed at. He then projected a ſimilar machine; and gradually his genius produced a clock. Encouraged by this firſt

ſucceſs, he proceeded in his various attempts; and the genius which thus could form a clock, in time formed a fluting automaton.

It was a chance of the ſame kind which inſpired our great Milton to write his Epics. Milton, '*fallen on evil days*,' was happy to be enabled to retire; and it was in the leiſure of retreat and diſgrace he executed the poem which he had projected in his youth; and which has enabled our nation to boaſt of a work which is rivalled by none, if we except the Italians.

'If Shakeſpeare's imprudence had not obliged him to quit his wool trade, and his town; if he had not engaged with a company of actors, and at length, diſguſted with being an indifferent performer, he had not turned author; the prudent woolſeller had never been the celebrated poet.'

'Accident determined the taſte of Moliere for the ſtage. His grandfather loved the theatre, and frequently carried him there. The young man lived in diſſipation: the father obſerving it, aſked, in anger, if his ſon was to be made an actor. 'Would to God,' replied the grandfather, 'he was as

good an actor as Montroſe.' The words ſtruck young Moliere; he took a diſguſt to his tapeſtry trade; and it is to this circumſtance France owes her greateſt Comic writer.'

'Corneille loved; he made verſes for his miſtreſs, became a Poet, compoſed Melite, and afterwards his other celebrated pieces. The diſcreet Corneille had remained a lawyer.'

'Thus it is, that the devotion of a mother, the death of Cromwell, deer-ſtealing, the exclamation of an old man, and the beauty of a woman, have given five illuſtrious characters to Europe,'

'I ſhould never have done, (this great man concludes) if I would enumerate all the writers celebrated for their talents, and who owed thoſe talents to ſimilar incidents.'

It is alſo well known, that we owe the labours of the immortal Newton to a very trivial accident. 'When, in his younger days, he was a ſtudent at Cambridge, he had retired during the time of the plague into the country. As he was reading under an apple-tree, one of the fruit fell, and ſtruck him a ſmart blow on the head. When he obſerv-

ed the ſmallneſs of the apple, he was ſurprized at the force of the ſtroke. This led him to conſider the accelerating motion of falling bodies; from whence he deduced the principles of gravity, and laid the foundation of his philoſophy.'

Granger obſerves on Ignatius Loyola, that he was a Spaniſh gentleman, who was dangerouſly wounded at the ſiege of Pampaluna. Having heated his imagination by reading the Lives of the Saints, which were brought to him in his illneſs, inſtead of a romance, he conceived a ſtrong ambition to be the founder of a religious order. This is well known by the appellation of the ſociety of Jeſus, or the Jeſuits.

J. J. Rouſſeau found his eccentric powers firſt awakened by the advertiſement of the ſingular annual ſubject which the Academy of Dijon propoſed for that year, in which he wrote his celebrated Declamation againſt the Arts and Sciences. It was this circumſtance which determined his future literary efforts.

La Fontaine, at the age of 22, had not taken any profeſſion, or devoted himſelf to any purſuit. Having accidentally heard ſome

verſes of Malherbe, he felt a ſudden impreſſion, which gave an eternal direction to his future life. He immediately bought a Malherbe, and was ſo exquiſitely delighted with this Poet, that after paſſing the nights in treaſuring his verſes in his memory, he would run in the day-time to the woods, and there concealing himſelf, he would recite his verſes to the ſurrounding Dryads.

Our celebrated Aſtronomer, Flamſteed, was an Aſtrologer by accident. He was taken from ſchool on account of his illneſs. In the narrative of his life he ſays, that Sacroboſco's Book de Sphæra, having been lent to him, he was ſo pleaſed with it, that he immediately began a courſe of Aſtronomic ſtudies. Mr. Pennant, in his life, tells us, that his firſt propenſity to Natural Hiſtory, was the pleaſure he received from an accidental peruſal of Willoughby's work on birds.

INEQUALITIES OF GENIUS.

We obſerve frequently ſingular Inequalities in the labours of Genius; and particularly in thoſe which admit great enthuſiaſm,

as in Poetry, in Painting, and in Muſic. But, ſurely, this is not difficult to be accounted for! Faultleſs *mediocrity* Induſtry can preſerve in one continued degree; but *excellence* is only to be attained, by human faculties, by ſtarts.

Our Poets who poſſeſs the greateſt Genius, with, perhaps, the leaſt Induſtry, have at the ſame time the moſt ſplendid and the worſt paſſages of poetry. Shakeſpeare and Dryden are at once the greateſt and the leaſt of our Poets.

The imitative powers of Pope, who poſſeſſed more Induſtry than Genius—though his Genius was *nearly* equal to that of the greateſt Poets—has contrived to render every line faultleſs: yet it may be ſaid of Pope, that his greateſt fault conſiſts in having none.

Carrache ſarcaſtically ſaid of Tintoret—*Ho veduto il Tintoretto hora eguale a Titiano, hora minore del Tintoretto*—'I have ſeen Tintoret now equal to Titian, and now leſs than Tintoret.'

Trublet very juſtly obſerves—The more there are *beauties*, and *great beauties*, in a work, I am the leſs ſurprized to find *faults*, and *great faults*. When you ſay of a work

—that

—that it has many faults; that decides nothing: and I do not know by this, whether it is execrable, or excellent. You tell me of another—that it is without any faults; if your account be juſt, it is certain the work cannot be excellent.

CONCEPTION AND EXPRESSION.

THERE are men who have juſt thoughts on every ſubject; but it is not perceived, becauſe their expreſſions are feeble. They conceive well, but they produce badly.

Eraſmus acutely obſerved—alluding to what then much occupied his mind—that one might be apt to ſwear that they had been taught, in the Confeſſional Cell, all they had learnt; ſo ſcrupulous are they of diſcloſing what they know. Others, again, conceive ill, and produce well; for they expreſs with elegance, frequently, what they do not know.

It was obſerved of one pleader, that he *knew* more than he *ſaid*; and of another, that he *ſaid* more than he *knew*.

BOOKS OF LOVE AND DEVOTION.

THE agreeable Menage has this acute obſervation on the writings of Love and Religion.—' Books of Devotion, and thoſe of Love, are alike bought. The only difference I find is, that there are more who read books of Love, than buy them; and there are more who buy books of Devotion, than read them.'

GEOGRAPHICAL DICTION.

THERE are many Sciences, ſays Menage, on which we cannot, indeed, write in a florid or elegant diction—ſuch as Geography, Muſic, Algebra, Geometry, &c. Cicero, who had been intreated by Atticus to write on Geography, excuſed himſelf; and obſerved, that it's ſcenes were more adapted to pleaſe the eye, than ſuſceptible of the rich ornaments of a poliſhed ſtyle. However,

ever, in theſe kinds of ſcience, we muſt ſupply, by ſome little words of *erudition*, the abſence of the flowers of elegant diction.

Thus if we are to notice ſome inconſiderable place: for inſtance; *Woodſtock*, in adding that it was the reſidence of *Chaucer*, the parent of our poetry, this kind of erudition pleaſes even more than all the flowery ornaments of rhetoric.

SAINTS CARRYING THEIR HEADS IN THEIR HANDS.

ILLITERATE perſons have imagined, that the repreſentation of a Saint in this manner, was meant to ſhew a miracle of this kind. But we muſt do juſtice to theſe Saints, by wiping away the obloquy of endeavouring to impoſe on us this ſupernatural action.

It was the cuſtom of the Painters, when they drew Saints who had ſuffered decapitation, to *place their heads in their hands*, to mark the ſpecies of martyrdom they ſuffered; and the headleſs trunk, at the ſame time, would have had a very repulſive effect.

It is ſaid, that when a Lord, in the rebellion of 1745, was committed to priſon, on ſuſpicion of correſponding with the Pretender, he cauſed himſelf to be painted in the character of St. Denis carrying his head in his hand.

LEGENDS.

THE origin of ſo many fables and intolerable abſurdities, which have been entitled *Legends*, ariſes from this circumſtance—

Before any colleges were eſtabliſhed in the monaſteries where the ſchools were held, the profeſſors in rhetoric frequently gave their ſcholars the life of ſome ſaint for a trial of their talent at *amplification*. The ſtudents, being conſtantly at a loſs to furniſh out their pages, invented theſe wonderful adventures. The good fathers of that age, whoſe ſimplicity was not inferior to their devotion, were ſo delighted with theſe flowers of rhetoric, that they were induced to make a collection of theſe miraculous compoſitions; not imagining that, at

ſome

ſome diſtant period of time, they would become matters of faith. Yet, when James de Voraigne, (Vicar-general of the Jacobins) Peter Nadal, and Peter Ribadeneira, wrote the Lives of the Saints, they ſought for their materials in the libraries of the monaſteries; and, awakening from the duſt theſe manuſcripts of amplification, imagined they made an invaluable preſent to the world, by laying before them theſe bulky abſurdities. The people received them with all imaginable ſimplicity; and, in the laſt century, it was dangerous for a man to dare even to ſuſpect the reality of theſe pious fictions. We are indebted to Tillemont, to Fleury, Baillet, Launoi, and Bollandus, for having cleared much of this rubbiſh; and, rejecting what was falſe, by an enlightened criticiſm, have made that probable, which before was doubtful.

'What has been called *The Golden Legend*, which is the compilation of the above Voraigne,' obſerves Patin, 'is a book replete with the moſt ridiculous and ſilly hiſtories imaginable.' Melchior Canus, who was a learned Dominican, greatly diſapproves of this legend; and has ſaid, that 'it

'it is a narrative at once unworthy of the Saints, and every honeſt Chriſtian. I do not know why it ſhould be called *golden*, compoſed as it is by a man who had a mouth of *iron*, and a heart of *lead*.'

Bayle ſays, that Canus juſtly obſerved, that the lives of the ancient philoſophers were compoſed with more judgment than thoſe of the ſaints of Chriſtianity. When the world began to be more critical in their reading, the Monks gave another turn to their narratives: not ſo many abſurdities were committed; but there remains ſufficient ſtill to bear abundant pruning.

It will, probably, be agreeable to the reader, to inſpect a ſpecimen of theſe legends. To gratify his curioſity, I have ſelected the following; and, that he may not complain of the tedious length of this article, it ſhall not be given to him in the heavy ſtyle of James de Voraigne, or of myſelf, but embelliſhed by the luminous diction of Mr. Gibbon—

'Among the inſipid legends of Eccleſiaſtical Hiſtory, I am tempted to diſtinguiſh the memorable fable of *The Seven Sleepers*; whoſe imaginary date correſponds with the reign

reign of the younger Theodoſius, and the conqueſt of Africa by the Vandals. When the Emperor Decius perſecuted the Chriſtians, ſeven noble youths of Epheſus concealed themſelves in a ſpacious cavern, on the ſide of an adjacent mountain; where they were doomed to periſh by the tyrant, who gave orders that the entrance ſhould be firmly ſecured with a pile of ſtones. They immediately fell into a deep ſlumber, which was miraculouſly prolonged, without injuring the powers of life, during a period of one hundred and eighty-ſeven years. At the end of that time, the ſlaves of Adolius, to whom the inheritance of the mountain had deſcended, removed the ſtones, to ſupply materials for ſome ruſtic edifice. The light of the ſun darted into the cavern, and the Seven Sleepers were permitted to awake. After a ſlumber, as they thought, of a few hours, they were preſſed by the calls of hunger; and reſolved that Jamblichus, one of their number, ſhould ſecretly return to the city, to purchaſe bread for the uſe of his companions. The youth—if we may ſtill employ that appellation—could no longer recognize the once familiar aſpect

of

of his native country; and his ſurprize was increaſed by the appearance of a large croſs, triumphantly erected over the principal gate of Epheſus. His ſingular dreſs and obſolete language confounded the baker, to whom he offered an ancient medal of Decius, as the current coin of the empire; and Jamblichus, on the ſuſpicion of a ſecret treaſure, was dragged before the judge. Their mutual enquiries produced the amazing diſcovery, that two centuries were almoſt elapſed ſince Jamblichus and his friends had eſcaped from the rage of a Pagan tyrant. The biſhop of Epheſus, the clergy, the magiſtrates, the people, and, it is ſaid, the Emperor Theodoſius himſelf, haſtened to viſit the cavern of the Seven Sleepers; who beſtowed their benediction, related their ſtory, and at the ſame inſtant peaceably expired.

'This popular tale,' Mr. Gibbon adds, 'Mahomet learned when he drove his camels to the fairs of Syria; and he has introduced it, as a *divine revelation*, into the Koran.'—The ſame ſtory has been adopted and adorned by the nations, from Bengal

to

to Africa, who profeſs the Mahometan religion.

ARABIC PROVERBS.

There are perſons who ſet out vigorouſly, but ſoon flag, and go back; like a ſtar which promiſes rain, and immediately leaves the ſky clear. This poetical thought Schultens interprets of ſuch as make large promiſes, and even deſign to execute them, but fall ſhort, for want of conſtancy and reſolution.

Every one living is cut down by Death: happy the man who is mowed down green! This beautiful ſentiment requires no illuſtration.

Why are you diſpleaſed at the words of one who adviſes with ſincerity; ſince ſuch a perſon mends your torn cloaths? Here it is obſerved, that *mending what is torn*, is applied, in a figurative ſenſe, to the ill condition of the mind.

The cure of a proud man is performed by driving out his buzzing fly, and taking Satan out of his noſtrils. Here Schultens remarks, that

that the noiſy boaſtings of the haughty man are beautifully repreſented by the troubleſome and inſignificant buzzing of a large fly.

The dam of the roaring BEAST *is not very prolific*; *but the dam of the* barking BEAST *produces many whelps*. By the *roaring Beaſt*, is here meant the *Lion*; by the *barking Beaſt*, the *Dog*. The ſenſe of the proverb is—That perſons of great and elevated accompliſhments are but few; thoſe of a contrary character, very numerous.

THE FATHERS OF THE CHURCH.

THE preſent criticiſm is drawn from the Abbé Longuerue.

He, of all the Fathers of the ancient Chriſtians who beſt have compoſed in Latin, is *Sulpicius Severus*, particularly in his Hiſtory.

Lactantius has many ſplendid paſſages ſcattered in his works.

St. Auguſtine, who had ſtudied Cicero very attentively, has not, however, taken him

him for his model in his writings; or rather, could never approach him in any degree.

St. Jerome has ſometimes paſſages which may be read with pleaſure; but he is ſtrangely unequal.

St. Ambroſe has endeavoured to imitate Cicero; but there is a wide difference betwixt them.

Saints are ſometimes Plagiariſts.—It is a ſtrong trait in the character of the piety of Pope Gregory the Seventh, that he cauſed the greater part of the moſt finiſhed compoſitions of the ancients to be deſtroyed; doubtleſs, becauſe the authors of them were Pagans. It was this Pope who burnt the works of Varro, the learned Roman, that *Saint Auguſtine* ſhould not be accuſed of plagiariſm; for this Saint owes to the labours of Varro his books of *The City of God.*

The learned authors of the Literary Hiſtory of France obſerve, Vol. IX. p. 406, that *Saint Ambroſe* has made *very free uſe* of the writings of Didymus. It will be allowed, at leaſt, that *their* criticiſm is fair. They are liberal writers; but as Benedictines, they will, as much as they can, veil the nakedneſs

neſs of the Fathers of the Church. That *Saints* ſhould condeſcend to imitate the compoſitions of profane authors, is rather wonderful; nor leſs wonderful is it that they ſhould attempt, with all the rage of mere human envy, to conceal their depredations in a way, that, in any other perſon than a *Saint*, we could not ſufficiently reprobate.

SEVERE CRITICISM.

An unmerciful Critic obſerves, that there are few books to which an Author can prefix *his name*, without treſpaſſing upon his veracity: for there is not one work which is the labour of a ſingle perſon.

When a Poet was reproached for his *Plagiariſms*, (which he probably called *Claſſical Imitations*) he defended himſelf in this manner.—That a painter was not leſs a painter, nor an architect leſs an architect, becauſe the one purchaſed his *colours*, and the other his *building materials*. 'It is all pouring out of one bottle into another,' exclaimed Sterne;—who himſelf ſtole this thought, with

with others, from Burton's Anatomy of Melancholy. The *original Sterne* is himſelf frequently a Plagiariſt; but the plagiariſms of a man of genius ceaſe to be ſuch. He is not a little indebted to Gallic authors.

An ingenious writer juſtly enough obſerves, that *the ancients had ſtolen all his beſt thoughts from him.*

Another exclaims —*Pereant, qui ante, nos noſtra dixerunt!* Periſh thoſe, who, before us, have ſaid, what we ſay!

All is ſaid, (writes La Bruyere) and we come too late; ſince it is more than ſeven thouſand years that ſo many men have reflected. We only *glean* after the Ancients, and the moſt ſkilful of the Moderns.

D'Ablancourt was an admirable tranſlator; his verſions were free, and maſterly. He who reads the copy, has the pleaſure of taſting the original. This lively and elegant writer, confined himſelf to tranſlation, though he poſſeſſed talents which would have diſtinguiſhed him as an original author. To one who aſked him, why he, who wrote ſo well, ſhould prefer to be a Tranſlator rather than an Author? he anſwered—'That the greater part of modern works were only repetitions

of the ancients; and that, to be ſerviceable to his country, it was better to tranſlate good books, than to make new ones, which in general convey no new information.' This criticiſm of D'Ablancourt is not leſs *juſt* than *ſevere*.

THE BELLES LETTRES.

It ſeems to be the fate of the Belles Lettres, an ingenious French writer obſerves, that they break out in all their ſplendour during ſome ages, and then are again doomed to decline into total neglect.

Athens long preſerved a correct taſte in Eloquence, in Philoſophy, and in Poetry. At the ſame time the Fine Arts flouriſhed in all their beauty; but a frightful barbariſm ſoon ſucceeded the refinement and the ſcience of this ingenious nation.

The Romans, having vanquiſhed the Greeks, awakened the Muſes from their lethargy; and the Auguſtan age was for Italy what that of Pericles had been for Greece. The decline of that empire ſoon occaſioned

that

that of the Belles Lettres; and the invaſions of thoſe people who diſmembered the Roman Empire threw all again into barbariſm and ignorance. Charlemagne attempted to revive the ſciences: he rewarded the learned; and he eſtabliſhed ſchools in the principal cities of the empire. It was his command, that a number of volumes ſhould be tranſcribed, to be diſperſed throughout the kingdom.

Our illuſtrious Alfred began the ſame reformation in England. Engaged as he was in one continued war with the Danes, nothing could diſturb the deſigns he had formed for the reſtoration of letters. He laments the ignorance of the times with all the indignation of the philoſopher, and the reſentment of a patriot prince.

The attempts of theſe great monarchs availed little: the claſh of arms taught a melancholy ſilence to the Muſes. Since thoſe times, as the monarchical government became more firmly eſtabliſhed, the Belles Lettres inſenſibly revived.

But it was chiefly under the pontificate of Leo the Tenth, that munificent patron of literature, that they ſprung up in all

their richeſt luxuriance. Aſſiſted by the art of printing, which had been diſcovered ſome time before, they made thoſe immenſe progreſſes, and formed thoſe heroes of literature, who ſo forcibly claim our warmeſt admiration.

ON TEACHING THE CLASSICS.

THOSE, ſays Marville, who undertake the inſtruction of youth, and who read the ancients with their ſcholars, ſhould point out to their obſervation the characteriſtic *trait* of each of theſe authors. This manner of teaching might inſpire them to emulate theſe perfect models of compoſition.

Xenophon, for inſtance, and Quintilian, are excellent to form the education of young ſcholars.

Plato will fill the mind with great notions, and elevate them into a contemplation of the ſublimeſt metaphyſics.

Ariſtotle will inſtruct them acutely to analyſe the principles of compoſition, and to decide on the beauties of the works of imagination.

Cicero

Cicero will ſhew them how to ſpeak and to write with grace: Seneca to philoſophiſe.

The elder Pliny opens the mind to a great diverſity of knowledge. Æſop and Phædrus, in an amuſing way, will form their manners.

Epictetus, and the Emperor Antoninus, will afford them advice and counſels in every ſtation of human life.

Plutarch offers the nobleſt examples of antiquity, and furniſhes excellent matter for attic converſations.

Homer diſplays man in every poſſible ſituation, and paints him always great.

Virgil inculcates piety towards the gods, and filial tenderneſs towards our parents.

In Salluſt, the portraits of the great may be contemplated; in Plautus and Terence, thoſe of individuals; in Horace, and the Younger Pliny, the delicate eulogiums which may be adminiſtered to kings.

But, before theſe great models are
to the ſtudy of our youth, as they
maturity of judgment, let them f
tiated by ſome elementary wr

NOBLEMEN TURNED CRITICS.

I OFFER to the contemplation of thoſe unfortunate mortals, who are neceſſitated to undergo the criticiſms of *Lords*, this pair of anecdotes—

A cardinal having cauſed a ſtatue to be made at Rome, by the great *Angelo*, when it was finiſhed came to inſpect it; and having, for ſome time, ſagaciouſly conſidered it, poring now on the face, then on the arms, the knees, the form of the leg, and, at length, on the foot itſelf; the ſtatue being of ſuch perfect beauty, he found himſelf at a loſs to diſplay his powers of criticiſm, but by laviſhing his praiſe. But he recollected, that only to praiſe, might appear as if there had been an obtuſeneſs in the keenneſs of his criticiſm. He trembled to find a fault, but a fault muſt be found. At length, he ventured to mutter ſomething concerning the noſe; it might, he thought, be ſomething more Grecian. *Angelo* differed from his Grace, but he ſaid

he

he would attempt to gratify his taſte. He took up his chiſſel, and concealed ſome marble-duſt in his hand; and, feigning to retouch the part, he adroitly let fall ſome of the duſt he held concealed. The cardinal obſerving it as it fell, tranſported at the idea of his critical acumen, exclaimed—'Ah, *Angelo!* you have now given to it an inimitable grace!'

When *Pope* was firſt introduced to read his Iliad to Lord Halifax, the noble Critic did not venture to be diſſatisfied with ſo perfect a compoſition: but, like the cardinal, this paſſage, and that word, this turn, and that expreſſion, formed the broken cant of his criticiſms. The honeſt Poet was ſtung with vexation; for, in general, the parts at which his lordſhip heſitated, were thoſe of which he was moſt ſatisfied. As he returned home with Sir Samuel Garth, he revealed to him the anxiety of his mind. 'Oh,' replied Garth, laughing, 'you are not ſo well acquainted with his lordſhip as myſelf; he muſt criticiſe. At your next viſit, read to him thoſe very paſſages as they now ſtand; tell him that you have recollected his criticiſms; and I'll warrant you of

his approbation of them. This is what I have done a hundred times myſelf.' *Pope* made uſe of this ſtratagem: it took, like the marble-duſt of *Angelo*; and my lord, like the cardinal, exclaimed—' Dear *Pope*, they are now inimitable!'

THE ART OF CRITICISM.

AN eminent French writer has thus very ingeniouſly traced the origin of Criticiſm.

The Art of Criticiſm is by no means a modern invention; but it muſt be confeſſed, that in the laſt age alone it hath reached it's preſent degree of perfection.

According to Dion Chryſoſtom, *Ariſtotle* is the inventor of Criticiſm, it is, at leaſt, certain that it appeared about his time.

Ariſtarchus, who flouriſhed at Samos, about one hundred and fifty years before the Chriſtian Æra, wrote nine books of Corrections of the Iliad and Odyſſey, and ſpread a general alarm amongſt the race of Authors; inſomuch that, to the preſent day, a *Critic*, and an *Ariſtarchus*, are ſynonimous words.

As

As the Sciences were, for a long time, neglected, Criticiſm ſhared the ſame fate. There were, however, even in the moſt barbarous ages, a few learned men who cultivated it. At the reſtoration of Letters, Criticiſm, by the efforts of many celebrated ſcholars, ſprung up with new vigour. But two important events contributed equally to the revival of Letters and of Criticiſm: the taking of Conſtantinople, by the Turks, which occaſioned ſeveral of the learned to retire into Italy and France; and the invention of Printing, which was diſcovered about that time.

As ſoon as this admirable Art was made public, they applied themſelves to publiſhing excellent editions of all the good authors, according to the moſt correct manuſcripts. They were indefatigable in their reſearches for the moſt ancient copies, and they collated them with the modern ones, by the ſtricteſt rules of Criticiſm.

Some formed *Dictionaries* and *Grammars* of different languages; and ſome *Commentaries*, for illuſtrating the text. Others compoſed *Treatiſes* on Fabulous Hiſtory, on the Religion, Government, and the Military

litary Operations of the Ancients. They dwelt on the minuteſt particulars which concerned their Manners, their Apparel, their Repaſts, their Amuſements, &c. In a word, they neglected nothing which, after ſo wide an interval, might throw new lights on what remained of the Grecian and the Roman Compoſitions.

The learned of the ſixteenth century made new efforts, not only to clear the uncultivated lands of the Republic of Letters, which had remained unexplored by their predeceſſors, but alſo to improve thoſe they had inherited. They prided themſelves in the freeſt diſcuſſions; they rumaged every library, to bring to light unnoticed manuſcripts; they compared them together: they arranged thoſe hiſtorical facts which were neceſſary to reſtore the texts, and to fix the dates; and they were careful, above all things, not to decide on the ſenſe of a paſſage without a mature examination, and a laborious collation.

Yet, after the immenſe labours of Juſtus Lipſius, the Scaligers, Turnebus, Budæus, Eraſmus, and ſo many other learned men, Criticiſm ſtill remained imperfect; and it is

only in the laſt age that it attained to the height which it has now reached.

This perfection of Criticiſm is owing to the eſtabliſhment of ACADEMIES, particularly thoſe of the French and the Belles Lettres Academies. In their labours may be found thoſe numerous and judicious remarks, which had eſcaped the penetration of the firſt ſcholars in Europe.

I cannot quit this article without obſerving, that it is much to the diſhonour of the national character, no Academy, dedicated to the BELLES LETTRES, has ever been eſtabliſhed. To raiſe ſuch an ACADEMY, is a glory ſtill reſerved for an Auguſtan Monarch.

Louis XIV, has all his foibles forgiven by poſterity, when they contemplate the munificent patronage he beſtowed on Men of Letters. The ſplendours of Royalty, and the trophies of Ambition, may elevate the voice of Adulation; but they expire with the Hero and the Monarch. The beneficial influence of Literature is felt through ſucceſſive ages; and they, indeed, are the Benefactors of mankind, who beſtow on poſterity their

their moſt refined pleaſures, and their moſt uſeful ſpeculations.

Voltaire, indeed, confeſſes, that the great characters of the Literary Republic were formed without the aid of Academies. For what then, he aſks, are they neceſſary?—To preſerve and nouriſh, he ſays, the fire which great geniuſes have kindled.

IMPOSITIONS OF AUTHORS.

THERE have been ſome Authors who have practiſed ſingular Impoſitions on the public. Varillas, the French hiſtorian, enjoyed for ſome time a great reputation in his own country for his hiſtoric compoſitions. When they became more known, the ſcholars of other countries deſtroyed the reputation he had unjuſtly acquired. 'His continual profeſſions of ſincerity prejudiced many in his favour, and made him paſs for a writer who had penetrated into the inmoſt receſſes of the cabinet: but the public were at length undeceived, and were convinced that

that the hiſtorical anecdotes, which Varillas put off for authentic-facts, had no foundation, being wholly his own inventing!—though he endeavoured to make them paſs for realities, by affected citations of titles, inſtructions, letters, memoirs, and relations, all of them imaginary!'

Melchiſedec Thevenot, librarian to the French king, was never out of Europe; yet he has compoſed ſome folio volumes of his 'Voyages and Travels,' by information and memoirs, which he collected from thoſe who had travelled. 'Travels,' obſerves the compiler of the Biographical Dictionary, 'related at ſecond-hand, can never be of any great authority or moment.' Aſſuredly not; but they may be pregnant with errors of all kinds.

Gemelli Carreri, a Neapolitan gentleman, who, for many years, never quitted his chamber, being confined by a tedious indiſpoſition, amuſed himſelf with writing a voyage round the world; giving characters of men, and deſcriptions of countries, as if he had really viſited them. Du Halde, who has written ſo voluminous an account of China, compiled it from the Memoirs of the Miſſion-

Miſſionaries, and never travelled ten leagues from Paris in his life; though he appears, by his writings, to be very familiar with the Chineſe ſcenery.

This is an excellent obſervation of an anonymous author:—'*Writers* who never viſited foreign countries, and *Travellers* who have run through immenſe regions with fleeting pace, have given us long accounts of various countries and people; evidently collected from the idle reports and abſurd traditions of the ignorant vulgar, from whom only they could have received thoſe relations which we ſee accumulated with ſuch undiſcerning credulity.'

When the Abbé Fleury began to write his Eccleſiaſtical Hiſtory, he had never made any ſtudies in Chronology or Hiſtoric Criticiſm. He ſtudied every day for what he was to write; and when he wrote the hiſtory of one year, he was ignorant of what paſſed the following one. It is thus his Hiſtory (obſerves Longerue) is very meagre.

Gregorio Leti is an hiſtorian of much the ſame ſtamp as Varillas. He wrote with great facility, and hunger generally quick-

ened

ened his pen. He took every thing too lightly; yet his works are rather eſteemed for many curious anecdotes of Engliſh hiſtory which are to be found in them, and which are not met with elſewhere. But his great aim was always to make a book, ſo that he ſwells his volumes with a thouſand idle digreſſions; and, with a view of amuſing his readers, interſperſes many low and ridiculous ſtories; and gives to illuſtrious characters all the repartees and good things he collected from old novel writers.

Moſt of our old tranſlations from the Greek and Latin Authors, were taken from French verſions.

Some Authors have practiſed the ſingular impoſition of publiſhing a variety of titles of works, as if ready for the preſs, but of which nothing but the titles have been written. Paſchal, hiſtoriographer to France, forged ſuch titles, that his penſion for writing on the Hiſtory of France might be continued. When he died, all his hiſtorical works did not exceed ſix pages!

A living author aſſures me, that when a *certain hiſtorian* was employed on his hiſtory, he pointed out to him a collection of manu-

manuſcripts, which would have afforded him ample and *new* materials for his work; but he anſwered, in all the pride of a *modern author*—'*I have too much to write, to be enabled to read.*' It is thus, that in the preſent day *Novels* are written like *Hiſtories*, and *Hiſtories* like *Novels*.

THE PORT ROYAL SOCIETY.

EVERY lover of Letters muſt have heard of the Port Royal Society, many have benefitted by the labours of theſe learned men: but, perhaps, few have attended to their origin, and to their diſſolution.

The Society of the *Port Royal des Champs*—that was the original title—took this name from a valley about ſix leagues from Paris.

In the year 1637, *Le Maitre*, a celebrated Advocate, renounced the bar, and reſigned the honour of being *Conſeiller d'Etat*, which his uncommon merit had obtained him, though then only twenty-eight years of age. His brother, *De Sericourt*, who had followed the military profeſſion, quitted it at the

ſame time. Both conſecrating themſelves to the ſervice of God, they retired into a little houſe near *the Port Royal* of Paris. Their brothers, *De Sacy*, *De St. Elme*, and *De Valmont*, joined them. Arnauld, one of their moſt illuſtrious aſſociates, was induced to enter into the Janſenian Controverſy. It was then they had to encounter the powerful perſecution of the Jeſuits. They were conſtrained to remove themſelves from that ſpot, and they then fixed their reſidence at *Port Royal des Champs*. There again the Court diſturbed them, after a reſidence of little more than two months; but, about a year afterwards, they again returned.

With theſe illuſtrious Recluſes many perſons of diſtinguiſhed merit now retired: and it was this community which has been ſince called *the Society of Port Royal*.

Here were no rules, no vows, no conſtitution, and no cells formed. Prayer and ſtudy were their only occupations. They applied themſelves to the education of young men, and initiated the riſing generation into ſcience, and into virtue.

It was here *Racine* received his educa-

tion; and, on his death-bed, deſired to be buried in the cemetery of the Port Royal, at the feet of M. Hamon. An amiable inſtance, this, of the Poet's ſenſibility!

Anne de Bourbon, a princeſs of the blood-royal, erected a houſe near the Port Royal, and was, during her life, the powerful patroneſs of theſe ſolitary and religious men: but her death happening in 1679, gave the fatal ſtroke which diſperſed them for ever.

The envy and the fears of the Jeſuits, and their rancour againſt *Arnauld*, who with ſuch ability had expoſed their deſigns, occaſioned the deſtruction of the Port Royal Society.

Theſe were men (De Juvigny writes in his Diſcourſe on the Progreſs of Literature in France) whom the love of retirement united, to cultivate Literature in Peace, in the midſt of ſolitude and piety. They formed a ſociety of learned men, amongſt whom a fine taſte for Letters and ſound Philoſophy reigned. Alike occupied on the holy as well as on the profane writers, they edified while they enlightened the world. It was by their writings the French lan-

guage

guage was fixed. It is by the example of theſe Solitaries, we may obſerve how retirement is favourable to penetrate into the ſanctuary of the Muſes; and that it is by meditating in ſilence on the Oracles of Taſte, we may attain to imitate, and even to equal them.

An intereſting anecdote is related of Arnauld on the occaſion of the diſſolution of this ſociety. The diſperſion of theſe great men, and their young ſcholars, was lamented by every one but their enemies. Many perſons of the higheſt rank participated in their ſorrows. The excellent Arnauld, in that moment, was as cloſely purſued as if he had been an highwayman. A pleaſing anecdote is related of the Ducheſs of Longueville, who was the great patroneſs of Janſeniſm. When Arnauld lay concealed in an obſcure lodging, he fell ill: a phyſician was called; and, in the courſe of their converſation, Arnauld aſked what was new at Paris?—'Nothing very intereſting,' replied the doctor; 'only it is ſaid that Mr. Arnauld is committed to priſon.'—'Oh, as for that news,' replied the philoſopher, too

quickly, 'I don't believe it; for I am Arnauld himſelf?' The doctor, aſtoniſhed, pointed out his imprudence—'Fortunately, he added, 'I am a man of honour.' He went to inform the ducheſs, his patroneſs, who, alarmed, immediately had him conveyed to her palace. She there gave him an apartment; concealed him in her chamber, and perſiſted to attend him herſelf.—'Aſk,' ſhe ſaid, 'what you want of the ſervant, but it ſhall be myſelf who ſhall bring it to you.'

How cauſtic was the retort courteous which Arnauld gave the Jeſuits—'I do not fear,' ſaid he, 'your *pen*, but your *pen knife*.'

THE PROGRESS OF OLD AGE IN NEW STUDIES.

SOCRATES learnt to play on muſical inſtruments in his old age: Cato, at eighty, thought proper to learn Greek; and Plutarch, almoſt as late in life, Latin.

Theophraſtus began his admirable work on

on the Characters of Men at the extreme age of ninety. He only terminated his literary labours by his death.

Peter Ronſard one of the fathers of French Poetry, applied himſelf late to ſtudy; but by the acuteneſs of his genius, and continual application, he rivalled thoſe poetic models which he admired.

One John Gelida, a Spaniard, commenced the ſtudies of polite literature at forty.

Henry Spelman, having neglected the Sciences in his youth, cultivated them at fifty years of age, and produced good fruit.

Fairfax, after having been General of the parliamentary forces, retired to Oxford to take his degrees in law.

Colbert, the famous French miniſter, almoſt at ſixty, returned to his Latin and law ſtudies.

Tellier, the Chancellor of France, learnt logic, merely for an amuſement, to diſpute with his grand-children.

Dryden's moſt pleaſing productions were written in his old age. Dr. Johnſon applied himſelf to the Dutch language but a few years before his death. But on this head, the Marquis de Saint Aulaire may be

regarded as a prodigy: at the age of ſeventy he began to court the Muſes, and they crowned him with their ſweeteſt flowers. His verſes are full of fire, of delicacy, and ſweetneſs. Voltaire ſays, that Anacreon, leſs old, produced leſs charming compoſitions.

Chaucer's Canterbury Tales, were the compoſition of his lateſt years: they were begun in his fifty-fourth year and finiſhed in his ſixty-firſt,: it is on theſe works his fame is eſtabliſhed, at leaſt they are thoſe which are moſt adapted to attract all claſſes of poetical readers.

The celebrated Boccaccio was thirty-five years of age when he began his ſtudies in polite Literature. He has, however, excelled many whoſe whole life has been devoted to this branch of letters. Such is the privilege of genius.

Ludovico Monaldeſco, at the extraordinary age of 115, wrote the Memoirs of his time. This ſingular exertion is noticed by Voltaire, who quotes the work; which muſt be curious, were it only for having been written by ſuch a perſon.

Koornhert began at forty to learn the Latin

Latin and Greek languages, of which he became a maſter. See Bayle.

Accorſo, a great lawyer, being aſked why he began the ſtudy of the Law ſo late, anſwered, that indeed he began it late, but ſhould therefore maſter it the ſooner.

Dryden's complete works form the largeſt body of Poetry from the pen of one writer in the Engliſh language; yet he gave no public teſtimony of poetical abilities till his 27th year. In his 68th year he propoſed to tranſlate the whole Ilias.

Michael Angelo preſerved his creative genius even in extreme old age; for he worked almoſt to his laſt day; and he reached his 90th year.

SPANISH POETRY.

PERE BOUHOURS obſerves, that the Spaniſh poets diſplay an extravagant imagination, which is by no means deſtitute of *wit*; but which evinces little taſte or judgment.

Their verſes are much in the ſtyle of our Cowley—trivial Points, monſtrous Metaphors, and forced Conceits. A true poetical taſte is not pleaſed with ſuch wild chimeras, but requires the fine touches of Nature and Paſſion.

Lopes de Vega, in deſcribing an afflicted Shepherdeſs, in one of his paſtorals, who is repreſented weeping near the ſea-ſide, ſays —'That the Sea joyfully advances to gather her tears; and that, having encloſed them in ſhells, it converts them into pearls.'

'Y el mar como imbidioſo
A tierra por las lagrimas ſalia,
Y alegre de cogerlas
Las guarda en conchas, y convierte en perlas.'

Gongora, whom the Spaniards ſo greatly admire, and whom they diſtinguiſh, amongſt their poets, by the epithet of *The wonderful*, is full of theſe points and conceits.

He imagines that a nightingale, who enchantingly varied her notes, and ſung in different manners, had a hundred thouſand other nightingales in her breaſt, which alternately ſung through her throat—

'Con

'Con diferencia tal, con gracia tanta,
A quel ruyſenor llora, que ſoſpecho
Que tiene otros cien mil dentro del pecho,
Que alterna ſu dolor por ſu garganta.'

Of a young and beautiful lady he ſays, that ſhe has but a few *years* of life, but many *ages* of beauty.

Muchos ſiglos de hermoſura
En pocos anos de edad.

This thought, as Bouhours juſtly obſerves, is falſe. Many ages of beauty does not preſent a fine idea: this can only ſignify a ſuperannuated beauty; one whoſe charms muſt be effaced by time. A face of two or three ages old could have but few charms.

He calls the *Giraſole*, which he imagines (though a botaniſt tells me falſely) laſts longer than the generality of flowers, '*Mathuſalen de las floras*;' becauſe Methuſalem lived to a greater age than the other Patriarchs.

In one of his Odes, he gives to the River of Madrid the title of the *Duke of Streams*, and the *Viſcount of Rivers*—

'Mança-

'Mançanares, Mançanares,
Os que en todo el aguatiſmo,
Eſtois *Duque* de Arroyos,
Y *Viſconde* de los Rios.'

He did not venture to call it a *Spaniſh Grandee*, for, in fact, it is but a ſhallow and dirty ſtream; and, as Quevedo informs us —'*The Mançanares* is reduced, during the ſummer-ſeaſon, to the melancholy condition of the wicked Rich Man, who aſks for water in the depths of hell.'

Concerning this River a pleaſant witticiſm is recorded. A Spaniard paſſing it, one day, when it was perfectly dry, and obſerving that the ſuperb bridge, which Philip the Second had built over it, ſerved to very little purpoſe, archly remarked—'That it would be proper that the bridge ſhould be ſold, to purchaſe water.' *Es meneſter, vender la puente por comprar agua.*

SAINT EVREMOND.

THE portrait of St. Evremond, delineated by his own hand, will not be unacceptable to many readers.

A French

A French critic has obſerved of this writer, that he had great wit, and frequently has written well; but there is a ſtrange inequality throughout his works.

The compariſons which he has formed betwixt ſome of the illuſtrious Ancients, are excellent; the Criticiſms which he has given on ſeveral authors are valuable; but, in the greater part of his works, he ſinks to mediocrity. His poetry is inſipid, and not the compoſition of genius, but ſtudy. His proſaic ſtyle is too full of points: the Antitheſis was his favourite figure, and he is continually employing it.

This laſt cenſure, I am fearful, may reach the preſent character which he has given of himſelf: but ſtill it is ingenious, and offers a lively picture to the imagination—

'I am a Philoſopher, as far removed from ſuperſtition as from impiety; a Voluptuary, who has not leſs abhorrence for debauchery than inclination for pleaſure; a Man, who has never known want or abundance. I occupy that ſtation of life, which is deſpiſed by thoſe who poſſeſs every thing; envied by thoſe who have nothing, and only reliſhed by thoſe who make their felicity to conſiſt in

in the exerciſe of their reaſon. Young, I hated diſſipation; convinced that a man muſt poſſeſs wealth to provide for the comforts of a long life: old, I diſliked œconomy; as I believed that we need not greatly dread want, when we have but a ſhort time to be miſerable. I am ſatisfied with what Nature has done for me; nor do I repine at Fortune. I do not ſeek in men what they have of evil, that I may cenſure; I only find out what they have ridiculous, that I may be amuſed. I feel a pleaſure in detecting their follies; I ſhould feel a greater in communicating my diſcoveries, did not my prudence reſtrain me. Life is too ſhort, according to my ideas, to read all kinds of books, and to load our memory with an infinite number of things, at the coſt of our judgment. I do not attach myſelf to the ſentiments of ſcientific men, to acquire Science; but to the moſt rational, that I may ſtrengthen my reaſon. Sometimes, I ſeek for the more delicate minds, that my taſte may imbibe their delicacy; ſometimes, for the gayer, that I may enrich my genius with their gaiety: and, although I conſtantly read, I make it leſs my occupation than my pleaſure.

pleaſure. In Religion, and in Friendſhip, I have only to paint myſelf ſuch as I am—in friendſhip, more tender than a philoſopher; and, in religion, as conſtant, and as ſincere, as a Youth who has more ſimplicity than experience. My Piety is compoſed more of juſtice and charity, than of penitence. I reſt my confidence on God, and hope every thing from His benevolence. In the boſom of Providence I find my repoſe, and my felicity.'

MEN OF GENIUS DEFICIENT IN CONVERSATION.

THE Student, who may, perhaps, ſhine a luminary of Learning and of Genius, in the pages of his volume, is found, not rarely, to lie obſcured beneath a thick cloud in colloquial diſcourſe.

It is the Superficial Mind that reflects little, but ſpeaks fluently, that appears to the vulgar (who are better judges of the quantity than of the quality of words) a conſtellation of abilities.

If you love the Man of Letters, ſeek him in

in the privacies of his ſtudy; or, if he be a Man of Virtue, take him to your boſom. It is in the hour of confidence and tranquillity, his Genius may elicit a ray of intelligence, more fervid than the labours of poliſhed compoſition.

The great Peter Corneille, whoſe genius reſembled that of our Shakeſpeare, and who has ſo forcibly expreſſed the ſublime ſentiments of the Hero, had nothing in his exterior manners that indicated his genius: on the contrary, his converſation was ſo inſipid, that it never failed of wearying his auditors. Nature, who had laviſhed on him the extraordinary gifts of Genius, had forgotten, or rather diſdained, to blend with them her more ordinary ones. He did not even *ſpeak*, correctly, that language, of which he was ſuch a maſter.

When his friends repreſented to him, in the trite cant of the vulgar, how much more he might pleaſe, by not diſdaining to correct theſe trivial errors, he would ſmile, and ſay—'*I am not the leſs Peter Corneille!*'

The deficiencies of Addiſon, in converſation, are well known. He preſerved a rigid ſilence amongſt ſtrangers; but, if he was ſilent,

ſilent, it was the ſilence of meditation. He probably, at that moment, laboured more in his reflections, than had he been in his ſtudy. It was this ſilence that enlightened a whole nation diurnally.

The vulgar may *talk*; but it is for Genius to *obſerve*.

The 'prating Mandeville,' pert, frothy, and empty, in his Miſanthropic Compoſitions, compared Addiſon, after having paſſed an evening in his company, to 'a ſilent Parſon in a tye-wig.' It is no ſhame for an *Addiſon* to receive the cenſures of a *Mandeville:* he has only to bluſh when he calls down thoſe of a *Pope*.

Virgil, we are told, was very heavy in converſation, and reſembled more an ordinary man than an enchanting poet.

La Fontaine (ſays La Bruyere) appeared coarſe, heavy, and ſtupid; he could not ſpeak or deſcribe what he had juſt ſeen: but when he wrote, he was the model of Poetry. All is lightneſs, elegance, fine natural ſentiments, and delicacy of expreſſion, throughout his works.

It is very eaſy, ſaid a humorous obſerver, (in ſpeaking concerning La Fontaine) to be

a man of wit, or a fool; but to be both, and that too in the extreme degree, is indeed admirable, and only to be found in him.

Iſocrates, celebrated for his beautiful oratorical compoſitions, was of ſo timid a diſpoſition, that he never ventured to ſpeak in public. He compared himſelf to the whetſtone, which will not cut, but enables other things to do this: for his productions ſerved as models to other orators.

Dryden ſays of himſelf, 'my converſation is ſlow and dull, my humour ſaturnine and reſerved. In ſhort, I am none of thoſe who endeavour to break jeſts in company, or make repartees.'

VIDA.

WHAT a conſolation muſt it be for an aged parent to ſee his child, by the efforts of his own merits, attain, from the humbleſt obſcurity, to diſtinguiſhed eminence! What a tranſport muſt it yield to the man of ſenſibility to return to the obſcure dwelling of

his parent, and to embrace him, adorned with public honours! Poor *Vida* was deprived of this ſatisfaction; but he is placed higher in our eſteem by the preſent anecdote, than even by that claſſic compoſition, which rivals the Art of Poetry of his great maſter.

Jerome Vida, after having long ſerved two Popes, had at length attained to the Epiſcopacy. Arrayed in the robes of his new dignity, he prepared to viſit his aged parents, and felicitated himſelf with the raptures which the old couple would feel, in embracing their ſon as their Biſhop. When he arrived at their village, he learnt, that it was but a few days ſince they were no more! His ſenſibilities were exquiſitely pained. The Muſe, elegantly querulous, dictated ſome Elegiac Verſe; and, in the ſweeteſt pathos, deplored the Death and the Diſappointment of his parents.

METAPHORS.

CARDINAL PERRON has a very judicious criticiſm on *Metaphors*. Cicero compares

them to Virgins, who ſhould not too familiarly ſhew themſelves, and who muſt appear without affectation. We frequently meet with many that are not only vicious, but diſguſtful, and have nothing of that by which Cicero is deſirous they ſhould be diſtinguiſhed.

Is it poſſible that ſome authors are ignorant that *Style* is meant to delight? And, if they write vicious and diſguſtful *Metaphors*, ſhould they even convey to the reader their meaning, they muſt offend?—Such as thoſe which a fanatical Preacher employed, when he called on the Lord to wipe his lips with the *napkin* of his love; and when he talked of the *lamp* of love; and the *candle* of divine grace.

Du Bartas, who was a famous poet in *his* day, calls the Sun, *the Lord of Candles*—the Winds, *the Poſtillions of Æolus*—Thunder, *the Drum of the gods*. Theſe wretched metaphors aroſe from that total want of taſte, which both the poet and his age evinced. Notwithſtanding theſe vicious thoughts, I have read ſome fine verſes in his Weeks.

All the lay preachers in Cromwell's time abounded with ſuch metaphors: the titles of

of their works are ſufficient proofs. One Saltmarſh publiſhed a book, entitled—*The Smoke in the Temple*; and this was immediately anſwered by a congenial genius, with —*A Flaming Fire in Zion!*

Biſhop Latimer preached, in the year 1527, a ſermon, in which he ſays—'Now, ye have heard what is meant by this *firſt card*, and how ye ought to *play*: I purpoſe again to *deal* unto you another *card* of the ſame *ſuit*; for they be of ſo nigh affinity, that one cannot be *well played* without the other.'

About the middle of the ſeventeenth century, a country miniſter—Fuller informs us —imitated theſe ridiculous alluſions of Latimer; but the congregation, now ſomewhat more refined than in the good biſhop's time, could not refrain from immoderate peals of laughter.

Perron obſerves, that in employing *Metaphors*, we muſt not deſcend from the *general* to the *particular*: we may be allowed to ſay—the *flames* of love, but not the *candle*, the *lamp*, and the *wick* of love. Saint Anſelm exclaims—'*Draw* me, O Lord! that

I may *run* after thee; faſten me with the *cords* of thy Love!' The *Metaphor* is a little ſimilitude, or an abridgment of a ſimilitude—it muſt paſs quick; we muſt not dwell upon it; when it is too far continued, it is vicious, and degenerates into an *Enigma*.

Pere Bouhours alſo obſerves, that Metaphors muſt not be continued too far, and that when they are thus overſtrained, they become trifling and frigid. Theſe two inſtances will explain what is here meant—

An Italian, on his return from Poland, ſaid, that the perſons of that country were as white as their ſnows; but, that they were even colder than they were white; and that frequently, from their converſations, he caught a *cold*.

Coſtar ſays, that the Lectures of Malherbe were ſatiating and cloying to a degree—ſo as to deſtroy the *appetite* of thoſe who heard them, and to ſave them the expence of a *dinner*.

Of the firſt it is to be obſerved, that *Cold*, as a figure, is an eſtabliſhed Metaphor; but that from this cold we are likely to catch one, is what paſſes the juſt limits of the Metaphor;

taphor; as well as thoſe lectures, which cloyed till they occaſioned a loſs of appetite, and ſaved the expence of a dinner.

It was ſaying enough, that they were ſatiating and diſagreeable, without adding the reſt, which goes to ſuch an extreme, and which is not likely. This, however, muſt be underſtood, when the author ſpeaks in a ſerious ſtyle: for, if he means to employ ſuch Metaphors jocularly, they would then not ſhock us; becauſe, when we laugh, we may be allowed great latitude; and, according to Ariſtotle and Quintilian, whenever we joke, the falſeſt thoughts have, in ſome meaſure, a true ſenſe.

To illuſtrate this criticiſm. Let us try theſe two thoughts; which, however carried far, have great merit, when we reflect on the manner in which they muſt be underſtood.

An ancient ſatiriſt ſays, that if we wiſh to temper an overheated bath, we have only to beg a certain rhetorician to enter; becauſe he was remarkable for frigidity in his diſcourſes. A modern ſatireſt declares, he was lately frozen at reading a certain

Elegy of a miſerable poetaſter; and that the polar froſts do not, by many degrees, approach it.

GIBBON.

A FRIEND obſerves, that he had remarked, in reading Gibbon, two matters, in which he has been groſsly miſtaken. One was, the Standard of our Engliſh Coin, when he compares it, in a note, with that of ſome Foreign Coin he had to eſtimate. The other point was, when, in ſpeaking of a religious ſect who uſed to faſt on certain days, he adds—'They probably derived this cuſtom from that of the Jews faſting on their ſabbath.' This is a flagrant error; ſince it has always been their cuſtom, rather to indulge in feſtal enjoyments on that day. It is, with them, a rule to obſerve no Faſt on the Sabbath, though it might be the anniverſary of the moſt remarkable event. The day of Expiation is the only Faſt permitted to be kept on the Seventh day.

The

The paſſages here alluded to have not yet been diſcovered. I inſert this ſlight criticiſm, merely for the information reſpecting the Jews.

ABELARD.

ALTHOUGH Abelard, an author ſo famous for his writings, and his amours with Eloiſa, or rather Heloiſe, is ranked not among the Orthodox, but the Heretics, becauſe he ventured to publiſh opinions concerning the Trinity, which were in thoſe times thought too ſubtle and too bold; yet it is probably owing to his ſuperior genius that he appeared ſo culpable in the eyes of his enemies. The cabal formed againſt him diſturbed the earlier part of his life with a thouſand perſecutions; till at length they perſuaded Bernard, his old *friend*, but who had now turned *ſaint*, that poor Abelard was what their malice deſcribed him to be. Bernard, enflamed againſt him, condemned, unheard, the unfortunate ſcholar. But it is remarkable, that the book which

was burnt as unorthodox, and as the compoſition of Abelard, was in fact written by Peter Lombard, Biſhop of Paris; a work which has ſince been *canonized* in the Sorbonne, and on which is founded the ſcholaſtic theology. We may add alſo, that becauſe Abelard, in the warmth of honeſt indignation, had reproved the Monks of St. Denis, in France, and St. Gildas de Ruys, in Bretagne, for the horrid incontinence of their lives, they joined his enemies, and aſſiſted to embitter the life of this ingenious ſcholar; who, perhaps, was guilty of no other crime than that of feeling too ſenſibly an attachment to one who not only poſſeſſed the enchanting attractions of the ſofter ſex, but, what indeed is very unuſual, a congeniality of diſpoſition, and an enthuſiaſm of imagination.

'Is it, in heaven, a crime to love too well?'

It appears by a letter of Peter de Cluny to Eloiſa, which Marville ſays, is amongſt thoſe of Abelard's, that ſhe had ſolicited for his abſolution; this Abbot gave it to her. It runs thus, Ego Petrus cluniacencis Abbas, qui Petrum Abælardum in monachum cluni-

cluniaſenſem recepi, & corpus ejus furtim delatum Heloiſſæ abbatiſſæ & monialio Paracleti conceſſi, auctoritate omnipotentis Dei & omnium ſanctorum abſolvo eum pro officio ab omnibus peccatis ſuis.

In an ancient Chronicle of Tours, it is given as a fact, that when they depoſed the body of the Abbeſs Eloiſa in the tomb of her lover Peter Abelard, who had been there interred twenty years; this faithful huſband raiſed his arms, ſtretched them, and cloſely embraced his beloved Eloiſa. It is probable that this poetic fiction was invented to ſanctify, by a miracle, the frailties of their youthful days. This is not wonderful; but it is ſtrange, that Andrew Du Cheſne, who has been honoured with the title of the Father of French Hiſtory, and who, indeed, was a writer whoſe learning was equal to his great induſtry, relates this anecdote. And though it is only an abſurd fable of the ancient chroniclers, he not only gives it as an incident well authenticated, but alſo maintains it's poſſibility, by various other examples; but which, unfortunately, are taken from ſimilar authorities.

Bayle

Bayle tells us, that *billets doux* and *amorous verſes* are two powerful machines to employ in the aſſaults of Love; particularly when the paſſionate ſongs that the poetical lover compoſes are ſung by himſelf. This ſecret was well known to the elegant Abelard. Abelard (ſays Bayle) ſo touched the ſenſible heart of Eloiſa, and infuſed ſuch fire into her frame, by employing his *fine pen* and his *fine voice*, that the poor woman never recovered from the attack. She herſelf informs us, that he diſplayed two qualities, which are rarely found in philoſophers, and by which he could inſtantly win the affections of the female;—he *wrote* well, and he *ſung* well. He compoſed *love-verſes* ſo beautiful, and *ſongs* ſo agreeable, as well for the *words* as the *airs*, that all the world got them by heart, and the name of his miſtreſs was ſpread from province to province.

What a gratification to the enthuſiaſtic, the amorous, the vain Eloiſa!

ARISTOTLE AND PLATO.

Of all men of letters who have appeared, perhaps there never was one on whom ſo much praiſe and ſo much cenſure have been laviſhed as on Ariſtotle: but he had this advantage, of which ſome of the moſt eminent ſcholars have been deprived, that he enjoyed during his life a ſplendid reputation. Philip of Macedon muſt have felt a ſtrong conviction of his merit, when he wrote to him in theſe terms, on the occaſion of the birth of Alexander:—'I receive from the gods, this day, a ſon; but I thank them not ſo much for the favour of his birth, as his having come into the world in a time when you can have the care of his education; and that, through you, he will be rendered worthy of being my ſon.'

Diogenes Laertius deſcribes the perſon of the Stagyrite, by informing us, that his eyes were little, and his legs lank; that he ſtammered, and was fond of a magnificent dreſs, and wore coſtly rings. He had a miſtreſs whom

whom he loved paſſionately, and for whom he frequently acted inconſiſtent with the philoſophic character: a thing as common with philoſophers as with other men.

Ariſtotle had ſtudied under the divine Plato: but the diſciple and the maſter could not poſſibly agree in their doctrines; they were of oppoſite taſtes and talents. Plato was the chief of the Academic ſect, and Ariſtotle of the Peripatetic. Plato, ſays the author of Querelles Litteraires, (a work which is ſuppoſed to have received many finiſhing ſtrokes from the hand of Voltaire) was ſimple, modeſt, frugal, and of auſtere manners; a good friend, and a zealous citizen; but a very bad politician: a lover indeed of benevolence, and deſirous of diffuſing it amongſt men, but knowing little of them; as chimerical in his ideas as Rouſſeau, or our Sir Thomas Moore in his Utopia.

Ariſtotle had nothing of the auſterity of the philoſopher: he was open, pleaſant, and even charming in his converſation; fiery and volatile in his pleaſures; magnificent in his dreſs. They deſcribe him as fierce, diſdainful, and ſarcaſtic. He joined to a taſte for profound erudition, that of an

elegant diſſipation. His paſſion for luxury occaſioned him ſuch expences, when he was young, that he conſumed all his property.

Rapin has ſketched an ingenious parallel of theſe two celebrated philoſophers. The works of this critic are now ſo little read, that the reader will not be diſpleaſed to find it here.

The genius of Plato is more poliſhed, and that of Ariſtotle more vaſt and profound. Plato has a lively and abundant imagination; fertile in invention, in ideas, in expreſſions, and in figures; diſplaying a thouſand different turns, a thouſand new colours, all agreeable to their ſubject: but, after all, it is nothing more than imagination. Ariſtotle is hard and dry in all he ſays; but what he ſays is all reaſon, though it is expreſſed drily: his diction, pure as it is, has ſomething uncommonly auſtere; and his obſcurities, natural or affected, diſguſt and fatigue his readers. Plato is equally delicate in his thoughts and in his expreſſions. Ariſtotle, though he may be more natural, has not any delicacy: his ſtyle is ſimple and even, but cloſe and nervous; that of Plato is grand and elevated, but looſe

looſe and diffuſe. Plato always ſays more than he ſhould ſay: Ariſtotle never ſays enough, and leaves the reader always to think more than he ſays. The one ſurpriſes the mind, and charms it by a flowery and ſparkling character: the other illuminates and inſtructs it, by a juſt and ſolid method. Plato communicates ſomething of genius, by the fecundity of his own; and Ariſtotle ſomething of judgment and reaſon, by that impreſſion of good ſenſe which appears in all he ſays. In a word, Plato frequently only thinks to expreſs himſelf well; and Ariſtotle only thinks, to think juſtly.'

An intereſting anecdote is related of theſe philoſophers.—Ariſtotle became the rival of Plato. Literary diſputes long ſubſiſted betwixt them. The diſciple ridiculed his maſter, and the maſter treated contemptuouſly his diſciple. To make his ſuperiority manifeſt, Ariſtotle wiſhed for a regular diſputation before an audience, where erudition and reaſon might prevail. But this ſatisfaction was denied.

Plato was always ſurrounded by his ſcholars, who took a lively intereſt in his glory. Three of theſe he taught to rival Ariſtotle; and

and it became their mutual intereſt to depreciate his merits. Unfortunately, one day, Plato found himſelf in his ſchool without theſe three favourite ſcholars. Ariſtotle flies to him: a crowd gathers, and enters with him. The idol whoſe oracles they wiſhed to overturn was preſented to them. He was then (ſays the Abbé Iraild) a reſpectable old man; the weight of whoſe years had enfeebled his memory. The combat was not long. Some ſophiſms made rapidly, embarraſſed Plato. He ſaw himſelf ſurrounded by the inevitable traps of the ſubtleſt logic; and he only anſwered by theſe words, which reproached his ancient ſcholar —'He has kicked againſt us, as a colt againſt it's mother.'

Soon after this humiliating adventure, he ceaſed to give public lectures. Ariſtotle remained maſter in the field of battle. He quickly raiſed a ſchool, and devoted himſelf to render it the moſt famous one in Greece. But the three favourite ſcholars of Plato, zealous to avenge the cauſe of their maſter, and to make amends for their imprudence in having quitted him, armed themſelves againſt the uſurper. Xenocrates,

 the

the moſt ardent of the three, attacked Ariſtotle; confounded the logician, and re-eſtabliſhed Plato in all his rights. Since that time the Academic and Peripatetic ſects, animated by the ſpirits of their ſeveral chiefs, avowed an eternal hatred for each other.

MARTIN LUTHER AND CALVIN.

To oppoſe the Church of Rome in their idea of Prayers addreſſed to the Saints, *Luther denied the immortality of the ſoul.* He ſaid it expired with the body, but that God revived both. So that, according to his opinion, no one could enter into the viſible preſence of God till this operation had taken place. The Romiſh Church holding a contrary opinion, he treated as impious what it inculcates concerning the immortality of the ſoul. Theſe are dreadful ſhifts for men who pretend to act by an impulſe of the Divinity!

Calvin was originally named *Cauvin.* His ſtipend, as miniſter at Geneva, was as miſerable

ſerable as the income of a Welch curate. He was ſubject to *eleven* different maladies, which, continually afflicting him, irritated his diſpoſitions. He had, indeed, ſo much acerbity in his temper, that he became unſupportable to thoſe who were near him. It was this that occaſioned many Germans to ſay—'that they preferred being in hell with Beza, to being in paradiſe with Calvin.' Every day he taught theology, preached, and held various conferences; yet, in ſpite of all his occupations, he contrived to leave behind him, as an author, nine ponderous folios! He died at Geneva, in 1594, aged fifty-five. He was a learned man; but he has cauſed a world of woe. He ſtrove ambitiouſly to overturn every thing. He was cruel and vindictive: he occaſioned the perſecution of Michael Servetus, who was ſo cruelly put to death in the name of a Chriſtian Religion, and by the hands of men who profeſs Evangelical gentleneſs; and all this for a difference about the Trinity!

TERTULLIAN.

TERTULLIAN, a father of the Primitive Church, was an African. He is a moſt terrible author, and does not yield eaſily to the hand of the tranſlator. He is all nerves; his pen pierces like a graver: his ſtyle would appear ſhocking to the preſent race of readers.

With him *Diſcipline* means the Rights of Religion; *Faith*, it's Theory; and *God* and *Diſcipline*, mean God and his Worſhip. He calls the Chriſtians *Little Fiſh*, becauſe they are regenerated in the *waters* of Baptiſm: thoſe who are baptized, *Candidatos Baptiſmi*; alluding to the White Robes the baptized wore till the ſucceeding Sunday, which was therefore called the White Sunday. This is ſurely burleſquing the rites of baptiſm. In this ſtyle are all his works compoſed; and there have been many writers on Sacred topics who greatly admire theſe flouriſhes of his pen. We may approve of their religious zeal, but not of their

their taſte in compoſition. Balzac, who pretends to be his admirer, gives a very ingenious reaſon for it: he ſays—'It muſt be confeſſed that his ſtyle is obſcure; but that, like the richeſt ebony, through it's exceſs of darkneſs, it is bright.' An idle conceit, like this, offers but a weak apology for the defects of a writer.

Lactantius cenſures him for his inelegance and harſhneſs.

Malebranche ſays, that—'his manner of writing dazzles the underſtanding; and that, like certain authors whoſe imaginations are vivid, he perſuades us without the aid of reaſon. But he was a viſionary, and deſtitute of judgment. His fire, his raptures, and his enthuſiaſm, upon the moſt trivial ſubjects, plainly indicate a diſordered imagination. What hyperboles! What figures!'

Salmaſius, the acuteſt commentator of the moderns, when he undertook to examine his writings, declared, that certainly no one ever ſhall underſtand him.

Yet this is one of the fathers who eſtabliſhed Chriſtianity; and I am pained to obſerve, that a candid criticiſm on ſo *bad a*

writer will be looked upon as committing an impiety towards Chriſtianity, by certain zealots of religion, who ſeem in their notions to be at leaſt ſome centuries remote from the enlightened ſpirit of this age. But let it be conſidered, that I preſume not to decide on matters of religious faith, but only on thoſe which concern the four-and-twenty letters of the Alphabet. Beſides, we have ſo many other inſtances in men of all religions, who have proved very *good ſaints*, though they have been otherwiſe ſingularly *illiterate*. *Inſpiration* has nothing to do with *Knowledge*. The *Bible* has little relation with the *Cyclopædia*. Had *Whitefield* and *Weſley* applied themſelves to *Literature*, (ſo very mean were their abilities) we ſhould not have heard of their names. But devoting themſelves to *Inſpiration*, they have been followed by thouſands of the *Canaille*.

MADEMOISELLE DE SCUDERY.

Bien heureux SCUDERY, dont la fertile plume
Peut tous les mois ſans peine enfanter un volume.

IT is Boileau who has written the above couplet on the Scuderies, the brother and ſiſter, both famous in their day for compoſing Romances, which they ſometimes extended to ten or twelve volumes. It was the favourite literature of that period, as much as the *Novels* of the preſent times; or, to be more correct, of the preſent hour. Our nobility not infrequently condeſcended to tranſlate theſe voluminous compoſitions.

The diminutive ſize of our modern novels is undoubtedly an improvement; but, in reſembling the ſize of *Primers*, it were to be wiſhed that their contents had alſo reſembled their inoffenſive page. Our great grandmothers were incommoded with overgrown folios; and, inſtead of finiſhing the eventful hiſtory of two lovers at one or two ſittings, it was ſometimes ſix months, *includ-*

ing Sundays, before they could get quit of their Clelias, their Cyrus's, and Parthenissas.

Mademoiselle Scudery, Menage informs us, had composed *ninety volumes!* the materials of which were entirely drawn from her own fertile invention. She had even finished another Romance; but which she would not give the public, whose taste, she saw, no more relished these kinds of works.

'What a pleasing description,' he elsewhere observes, 'has Mademoiselle Scudery made, in her Cyrus, of the Little Court at Rambouillet! There are a thousand things in the Romances of this learned lady that render them inestimable. She has drawn from the ancients their happiest passages, and has even improved upon them. Like the prince in the fable, whatever she touches becomes gold. We may read her works with great profit, if we possess a correct taste, and wish to gather instruction. Those who censure their *length*, only shew the littleness of their judgment; as if Homer and Virgil were to be despised, because many of their books are filled with episodes and incidents that necessarily retard the conclusion.

ſion. It does not require much penetration to obſerve, that *Cyrus* and *Clelia* are ſpecies of the *Epic* poem. The Epic muſt embrace a number of events to ſuſpend the courſe of the narrative; which only taking in a part of the life of the hero, would terminate too ſoon to diſcover the ſkill of the poet. Without this artifice, the charm of uniting the greater part of the Epiſodes to the principal ſubject of the Romance would be loſt. Mademoiſelle de Scudery has ſo well treated them, and ſo aptly introduced a variety of beautiful paſſages, that nothing in this kind is comparable to her productions. If we except ſome expreſſions, and certain turns, which have become ſomewhat obſolete, all the reſt will laſt for ever, and outlive the criticiſms they have undergone.'

Menage has here certainly uttered a falſe prophecy. Few know her Romances but by their names: and this *critique* muſt be allowed to be given rather in the ſpirit of friendſhip than of true criticiſm.

I ſhall add to this article the ſentiments of a modern French writer, who has diſplayed great ingenuity in his ſtrictures.

'The misfortune of her having written too abundantly has occaſioned an unjuſt contempt. We confeſs there are many heavy and tedious paſſages in her voluminous Romances; but if we conſider that, in the Clelia and the Artamene, are to be found inimitable delicate touches, and many ſplendid parts which would do honour to ſome of our living writers, we muſt acknowledge that the great defects of all her works ariſe from her not writing in an age when taſte had reached the acmé of cultivation which it now has. Such is her erudition, that the French place her next to the celebrated Madame Dacier. Her works, containing many ſecret intrigues of the court and city, her readers reliſhed, on their early publication, more keenly than we can at preſent.'

Her Artamenes, or the great Cyrus, and principally her Clelia, are repreſentations of what then paſſed at the court of France. The *Map* of the *Kingdom of Tenderneſs* in Clelia, appeared, at the time, to be the effect of the happieſt invention. This celebrated *map* is an allegory which diſtinguiſhes the different kinds of tenderneſs, which are reduced to eſteem, gratitude, and inclination,

tion. It is thus the map repreſents three rivers, which have theſe three names, and on which are ſituated three towns, called Tenderneſs: Tenderneſs on *Inclination*; Tenderneſs on *Eſteem*; and Tenderneſs on *Gratitude*. *Pleaſing Attentions*, or *Petit Soins*, is a *village* very beautifully ſituated. Mademoiſelle De Scudery was extremely vain of this little allegorical map; and had a terrible controverſy with another writer about it's originality.

Some things ſimilar are invented, I think, by Mrs. Barbauld; and a Scale of Health by Dr. Lettſom. Their ingenuity has given a value to theſe literary amuſements.

THE SCALIGERS.

THE Man of Letters muſt confeſs—reluctantly, perhaps—that the literature which ſtores the head with ſo many ingenious reflections, and ſo much admirable intelligence, may at the ſame time have little or no influence over the virtues of the heart. The ſame vices, and the ſame follies, diſgrace

grace the literate and the illiterate. Who poſſeſſed a profounder knowledge of the Grecian learning, or was a more erudite critic, than *Burman?* Yet this man lived unobſervant of every ordinary decency and moral duty. Who diſplayed more acuteneſs of mind, and a wider circle of literature, than the celebrated *Scaligers?* Yet, from the anecdotes and characters I collect of them, let the reader contemplate the *men.*

The two Scaligers, father and ſon, were two prodigies of learning and of vanity. Scioppius has tore the maſk of that principality with which the father had adorned himſelf; for the elder Scaliger maintained, that he was deſcended from the *La Scalas,* princes of Verona.

Abbé Iraild, the anonymous author of a curious work, entitled 'Literary Quarrels,' (in which may be frequently traced the bold and lively touch of his patron, Voltaire) affords me ſome materials for an account of this ſingular controverſy.

Joſeph Scaliger inherited from his father, with an ardent love for ſtudy, the moſt ridiculous vanity, with a moſt cauſtic and moſt unſufferable humour. His writings

are

are a maſs of uſeful materials, and groſs invectives againſt all thoſe who would not acknowledge him to be the phœnix of authors. Intoxicated with the abſurd panegyrics of his friends, he imagined that Nature had exhauſted herſelf to produce him. He was a literary deſpot. He gloried in being converſant with thirteen languages, that is to ſay, he knew none. To the fury of his criticiſm living and dead authors were alike ſacrificed.

He gave, in 1594, a work under the title of 'A Letter from Joſeph Scaliger, on the Antiquity and Splendour of the Scaligerian Race.' Whatever Pride in all it's delirium could imagine of extravagant and chimerical in genealogy, is collected in this writing. The author attempts to prove that his family deſcended from the ancient princes of Verona. The life of his father is the moſt curious morſel. Julius is repreſented as the greateſt warrior of the age, becauſe, in his youth, it happened he was reduced to ſerve as a common ſoldier in Italy; as the moſt ſkilful phyſician in Europe, becauſe he had ſerved in an apothecary's ſhop; as a better Latiniſt than Eraſmus, and ſuperior

in every thing to Cardan, becauſe he had been the avowed enemy of both. This monument, thus haſtily reared to the glory of all the paſt and future Scaligers, appeared to Scioppius, who himſelf had ſome ridiculous pretenſions of a ſimilar nature, as an outrage to his own ideal family.

He immediately refuted the Letter from one end to the other: he even counted the lies it contains, and he very accurately tells us they amount to 499. He ſays, and he is now credited, that he was originally named Jules Burden; that he was born in the ſhop of a gilder; had paſſed ſome part of his life with a ſurgeon; and then became a cordelier. The elevation of his mind made him aſpire to honours greater than theſe: he threw off his frock, and took the degree of Doctor in Phyſic at Paris. In this character he appeared at Venice, and in Piedmont. He there attached himſelf to a prelate of the noble Houſe of Rovezza, and followed him to Agen, of which is patron was made biſhop. He married the daughter of an apothecary. Such were the parents of Joſeph Scaliger; who, finding this chimerical principality in his family, paſſed himſelf for a

prince; and, to render the impoſitions of his father more credible, he added many of his own.

What an humiliation for Scaliger, to be attacked in ſo ſenſible a part. He directly ſent forth a furious libel againſt his adverſary: it is entitled 'The Life, and the Parents, of Gaſpard Scioppius.' Never were blots in an eſcutcheon blacker. His father was pictured as a man that had aſſumed a variety of ſhapes, but always of the meaneſt and roguiſh claſs: the good lady his mother was infamous; and he purſues, without mercy, his daughters, his ſons, and his grand-children.

Scioppius (ſays the Abbé) cruſhed him in a volume, which will hardly find it's equal for foul abuſe. It was written with ſuch aſperity, that (Baillet ſays) Scioppius was more to be dreaded than the hangman. This blow the dethroned Scaliger could never recover; and, as Menage obſerves of this work, he died of the chagrin he felt on the occaſion of Scioppius's book being publiſhed, entitled *Scaliger Hypobolymæus.*'

'Yet we may,' obſerves Huet, 'ſay, with Lipſius, that if the two Scaligers were not actually

actually princes, they richly merited a principality, for the beauty of their genius and the extent of their erudition; but we can offer no apology for their ridiculous and ſingular haughtineſs.

'When a friend was delineating his character, the father wrote to him in theſe terms —"Endeavour to collect whatever is moſt beautiful in the pages of Maſiniſſa, of Xenophon, and of Plato, and you may then form a portrait which, however, will reſemble me but imperfectly."

Yet this man poſſeſſed little delicacy of taſte, as he evinces by the falſe judgments he paſſes on Homer and Muſæus; and, above all, by thoſe unformed and rude poems with which he has diſhonoured Parnaſſus. Menage ſays, that the collection of Scaliger's poems, which forms a thick octavo volume, will hardly find it's equal for bad compoſition, conſidering them as the productions of a man of letters. Of a great number of epigrams, there are but four or five which are in the leaſt tolerable.

Huet thinks that his ſon compoſed thoſe letters which paſs under his name; and, as he is an exquiſite judge of ſtyle, we ſhould credit

credit his opinion. But, though his poetry is ſo deſtitute of ſpirit or grace, his proſe, it muſt be allowed, is excellent: nothing can be more noble, higher poliſhed, or more happily turned.

The ſon poſſeſſed a finer taſte: his ſtyle is more flowing and eaſy, and yet is not the leſs noble His writings, like thoſe of the father, breathe ſingular haughtineſs and malignity. The Scaligerana will convince us that he was incapable of thinking or ſpeaking favourably of any perſon. Although he has reflected honour on his age by the extenſiveneſs of his learning, we muſt confeſs that he has not ſeldom fallen into groſs errors, even on thoſe ſubjects to which he had moſt applied. As for inſtance, Chronology, which was his favourite ſtudy; and although he imagined that he ſtretched the ſceptre over the realms of Criticiſm, no one has treated this topic with leſs felicity. It was the reform of the Calendar then pending at Rome which engaged him in this ſtudy. He wiſhed to ſhew the world that he was more capable than all thoſe who had been employed. If the ſucceſs of this labour had depended on the extent and variety

ty of erudition, he had eminently ſurpaſſed all thoſe who had applied to this taſk; but he was their inferior in the ſolidity of his judgment, in the exactneſs of his arguments, and the profundity of his ſpeculations, When he fondly believed that he had found the Quadrature of the Circle, he was corrected, and turned into ridicule, by an obſcure ſchoolmaſter; who, having clearly pointed out the paralogiſm which deceived him, made his cyclometrics vaniſh at his touch.

'Scaliger, the father, was,' ſays Patin, 'an illuſtrious impoſtor. He had never been at any war, nor at any court of the Emperor Maximilian, as he pretended. He paſſed the firſt thirty years of his life in one continued ſtudy. Afterwards, he threw off his Monk's frock, and palmed on all Europe the ſingular impoſition of his being a deſcendant of the princes of Verona, who bore the name of Scaliger.'

Julius Scaliger had this peculiarity in his manner of compoſition: he wrote with ſuch accuracy, that his manuſcript and the printed copy always correſponded page for page, and line for line. This may appear trifling infor-

information; but I am perſuaded that a habit of correctneſs in the leſſer parts of compoſition aſſiſts the higher.

I am pleaſed to find long after this was written, that the great Milton was very anxious for the correctneſs of his punctuation, and all other minutiæ of the preſs. So were Bayle, Balzac, Savage, Armſtrong, and many other eminent writers.

George Pſalmanazar, well known in the literary world, exceeded in powers of deception any of the great impoſtors of learning. His Iſland of Formoſa was an illuſion eminently bold, and maintained with as much felicity as erudition; and vaſt muſt have been that erudition which could, on ſcientifick principles, form a language and it's grammar.

DE LA ROCHEFOUCAULT.

THE maxims of this noble author are in the hands of every one. To thoſe who chuſe to derive every motive and every action from the ſolitary principle of *ſelf-love*,

they are ineſtimable. They form one continued ſatire on human nature; but they are not reconcileable to the feelings of him who trembles with the ſenſibilities of genius, or paſſes through life with the firm integrity of virtue.

The character of this author is thus given by Segrais—'The Duke de la Rochefoucault had not ſtudied; but he was endowed with a wonderful degree of diſcernment, and knew the world perfectly well. It was this that afforded him opportunities of making reflections, and reducing into maxims thoſe diſcoveries which he had made in the heart of man, of which he diſplayed an admirable knowledge.'

Cheſterfield, our Engliſh Rochefoucault, we are alſo informed, poſſeſſed an admirable knowledge of the heart of man; and he, too, has drawn a ſimilar picture of human nature. Theſe are two *noble authors*, whoſe chief ſtudies ſeem to have been made in *courts*. May it not be poſſible, allowing theſe authors not to have written a ſentence of apocrypha, that the fault lies not ſo much in *human nature* as in the *nobility* themſelves?

MAT-

MATTHEW PARIS.

A FRENCH critic has given this juſt and lively criticiſm on our hiſtorian—

'Matthew Paris, an Engliſh Monk, is a good hiſtorian, if we except his Viſions, and his Apparitions, with which his work is crouded. This is his worſt ſide. But in thoſe times, when they wrote hiſtory, it was as eſſential to recount a number of miracles, as it is in the preſent day to reject them; unleſs they are introduced to raiſe a laugh.

'Matthew Paris is, however, ſincere, and frank; and, without labouring at delineating the portraits of his heroes, he preſents us with all the ideas which are neceſſary to be given. And this is more pleaſing to me, than that vile affectation of continually drawing elaborate portraits; the great number of which diſguſt, and render the veracity of the author frequently ſuſpected.'

Will not this laſt cenſure fall heavy on the *characters* which Smollet has given us at the concluſion of every reign of our mo-

narchs? Does not the author more frequently delineate the image of Imagination, than that of hiſtoric Truth?

THE NUMERAL FIGURES.

THE Numeral Figures, 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, which we now employ, began to be made uſe of, in Europe, for the firſt time, in 1240, in the Alphonſean Tables, made by the order of Alphonſo, ſon of Ferdinand, King of Caſtile; who employed, for this purpoſe, Iſaac Hazan, a Jew ſinger, of the Synagogue of Toledo; and Abel Ragel, an Arabian. The Arabs took them from the Indians, in 900. The other Eaſtern nations received them through the means of the Spaniards, in a ſhort time after their invaſions. The firſt Greek who made uſe of them, was Plenudes, in a work dedicated to Michael Paleologus, in 1270; ſo that the Greeks had them not from the Arabs, but the Latins.

Theſe cyphers, in the indexes of French books, are frequently called *Arabic cyphers*,

to

to diſtinguiſh them from *Roman numerals*. Dr. Wallis is of opinion, that they became generally uſed in England about the year 1130. This account is diſputable.

THE ARABIC CHRONICLE.

THE Arabic Chronicle of Jeruſalem is only valuable from the time of Mahomet. For ſuch is the ſtupid ſuperſtition of the Arabs, that they pride themſelves on being ignorant of whatever has paſſed before the miſſion of their Prophet. The moſt curious information it contains, is concerning the Croiſades. The Abbé de Longerue has tranſlated ſeveral parts. He who would be verſed in the hiſtory of the Croiſades, ſhould attend to this chronicle. It ſeems to have been written with impartiality. It renders juſtice to the Chriſtian heroes, and particularly dwells on the gallant actions of the Count de Saint Gilles.

What ſeems worthy of obſervation, *our* hiſtorians chiefly write concerning *Godfrey de Bouillon*; only the learned know that the

Count *de Saint Gilles* acted there ſo important a character. The ſtories of the *Saracens* are juſt the reverſe: they ſpeak little concerning Godfrey, and eminently diſtinguiſh Saint Gilles.

Taſſo has given into the more vulgar accounts, by making the former ſo eminent, at the coſt of the other heroes, in his Jeruſalem Delivered. It was thus that Virgil tranſformed, by his magical power, the chaſte Dido into a lover; and Homer, the meretricious Penelope into a moaning matron. It is not requiſite for poets to be hiſtorians; but I wiſh that hiſtorians would not be ſo frequently poets.

PRIOR'S HANS CARVEL.

THE ſtory of the Ring of Hans Carvel which Fontaine has ſo prettily ſet off, and Prior has with ſuch gaiety and freedom related, is yet of very ancient ſtanding; but it has proved ſo much a favourite, that a number of authors have employed it. Menage

nage ſays, that Poggius, who died in 1459, has the merit of it's invention.

Rabelais, who has given it in his peculiar manner, changed it's original name of Philelphus, to that of Hans Carvel.

This tale will alſo be found in the eleventh of the One Hundred New Novels collected in 1461.

Arioſto has borrowed it, at the end of his fifth Satire; but, by his pleaſant manner of relating it, we muſt confeſs it is fairly appropriated.

An anonymous writer, who publiſhed a Collection of Novels, at Lyons, in 1555, has alſo employed it in his eleventh Novel.

Cellio Meleſpini has it again in page 288 of the Second Part of his Two Hundred Novels, printed at Venice in 1609.

Fontaine, and an anonymous writer who has compoſed it in Latin Anacreontic verſes, have conſidered it to be a ſubject worthy of their pens; and, at length, our Prior has given it to us in his beſt manner: ſo that I may venture to predict that, after Arioſto, La Fontaine, and Prior, he who again attempts it in the politer languages, will partake the diſhonourable fate of Icarus.

Voltaire, in one of his Literary Miſcellanies, has a curious Eſſay, to ſhew that moſt of our beſt modern ſtories and plots originally belonged to the Eaſtern Nations. The Amphitrion of Moliere, was an imitation of Plautus, who had borrowed it from the Greeks, who had taken it from the Indians. It is given by Dow in his Hiſtory of Hindoſtan.—The Epheſian Matron, verſified by La Fontaine, was borrowed from the Italians; it is to be found in Petronius, and Petronius had it from the Greeks. But where (ſays he) did the Greeks find it? In the Arabian Tales. And from whence did the Arabian Fabuliſts borrow it? From the Chineſe. And indeed it is to be found in Du Halde, who collected it from the Verſions of the Jeſuits.

If we were thus nicely to inveſtigate the *genealogy* of our beſt modern ſtories, we ſhould often diſcover their *illegitimate* birth.

THE ATHENIAN TRIBUNAL FOR DRAMATIC COMPOSITION.

THE Athenians eſtabliſhed a Tribunal, compoſed of five judges, to give their verdict on the merits of Compoſitions deſtined for the Theatre, and to decide if they deſerved a public repreſentation. The Romans had a ſimilar tribunal.

To give an inſtance of the critical ſeverity of theſe judges—They even arraigned at their bar *Euripides*, to make his defence for having permitted one of his dramatic characters impiouſly to ſay—'That he had made a vow with his tongue to the gods, but not with the intention of performing it.' Euripides defended himſelf, by ſupplicating the critics patiently to wait till the concluſion of the piece, when they would ſee that character broken on the wheel.

If ſuch a Tribunal of Criticiſm was eſtabliſhed at London, it would render the ſtage more inſtructive than it is at preſent; we might probably have fewer wretched operas;

ras; ſuch vapours of wit, and dregs of the imagination, would be purged away from the purity of dramatic compoſition.

THE FLORENCE PROFESSOR.

At Florence they have eſtabliſhed a Profeſſor, choſen from amongſt the moſt eminent of the Della Cruſca Academicians, who profeſſes publicly the Italian language. It was thus, alſo, the Romans eſtabliſhed a ſimilar Student, who dedicated his life to the profeſſion of their language.

I cannot but wiſh that an *Academy*, or at leaſt a *Profeſſorſhip*, were founded in England, for the preſervation of our language: they might cenſure any faulty innovations which appeared in the ſtyle of thoſe compoſitions which were likely to become extenſive in their circulation. They might detect the tinſel of Della Cruſca, the Galliciſms of Gibbon, and the Scotticiſms of Blair, on their earlieſt publication. They would compel our authors to be more vigilant;

lant; and we might thus be enabled to leave our heirs the rich inheritance of a claſſical ſtyle, who, in their gratitude, would recompenſe our labours, by delivering it down to poſterity uncontaminated.

Swift, and other good judges of the purity of the Engliſh language, have teſtified their deſire for ſuch an eſtabliſhment; and, although I have not forgotten the ſentiments of Johnſon on this occaſion, I cannot but oppoſe them. Had there been ſuch an *Academy*, or *Profeſſorſhip*, founded in the days the *Rambler* was publiſhed, poſterity would have read as many proteſts againſt the pedantic Latinity of his Engliſh as there are papers in that work. He ſeems to have been ſenſible, though ſomewhat late, of his error; for his biographical ſtyle is, indeed, a claſſical ſtandard of the Engliſh language. It was *then* he moſt cordially praiſed the Addiſonian periods. Akenſide has committed the ſame violations in *verſe* which Johnſon has in *proſe*.

THE STUDENT IN THE METROPOLIS.

A MAN of Letters, who is more intent on the acquiſitions of literature than on the plots of politics, or the ſpeculations of commerce, will find a deeper ſolitude in a populous metropolis than if he had retreated to the ſecluſion of the country. The Student, as he does not flatter the malevolent paſſions of men, will not be much incommoded with their preſence. A letter which *Deſcartes* wrote to Balzac—who, incapable as he found his great ſoul to bend to the ſervilities of the courtier, was preparing to retire from court—will illuſtrate theſe ſentiments with great force and vivacity. *Deſcartes* then reſided in the commercial city of Amſterdam; and thus writes to Balzac—

'You wiſh to retire; and your intention is to ſeek the ſolitude of the Chartreux, or, poſſibly, ſome of the moſt beautiful provinces of France and Italy. I would rather adviſe you, if you wiſh to obſerve mankind, and

and at the ſame time to be plunged into the deepeſt ſolitude, to join me in Amſterdam. I prefer this ſituation to that even of your delicious villa, where I ſpent ſo great a part of the laſt year: for, however agreeable a country-houſe may be, a thouſand little conveniences are wanted, which can only be found in a city. One is not alone ſo frequently in the country as one could wiſh: a number of impertinent viſitors are continually beſieging you. Here, as all the world, except myſelf, is occupied in commerce, it depends merely on myſelf to live unknown to the world. I walk, every day, amongſt immenſe ranks of people, with as much tranquillity as you do in your green alleys. The men I meet with make the ſame impreſſion on my mind as would the trees of your foreſts, or the flocks of ſheep grazing on your common. The buſy hum, too, of theſe merchants, does not diſturb one more than the purling of your brooks. If ſometimes I amuſe myſelf in contemplating their anxious motions, I receive the ſame pleaſure which you do in obſerving thoſe men who cultivate your land; for I reflect, that the end of all their labours

labours is to embelliſh the city which I inhabit, and to anticipate all my wants. If you ſee with delight the fruits of your orchards, which promiſe you ſuch rich crops, do you think I feel leſs in obſerving ſo many fleets, that convey to me the productions of either India? What ſpot on earth could you find, which, like this, can ſo intereſt your vanity, and gratify your taſte?'

GUY PATIN.

GUY PATIN was an author who made much noiſe in his time: but, like many others of this kind, poſterity, more temperate, as leſs intereſted in the ſcandal of the day, will not allow pertneſs to be *wit*, and multifarious anecdote, *learning*. We, as Engliſhmen, muſt peculiarly feel our indignation kindle at the ſtrictures which I ſhall notice; and which, garbage, as they are, have been haſhed up by D'Argens, Voltaire, and many a French literary *Cuiſinier*.

The work, for which he gained ſo much unmerited applauſe, conſiſts of three vo-

lumes of letters, which were written to his friends in a familiar ſtyle, replete with the anecdotes of the day—a kind of newſpaper, rather than an epiſtolary correſpondence; and, like a newſpaper, ſince time has commented on it's text, it will be found that the greater part of theſe anecdotes is falſe and malicious. They were read, however, with great avidity: but this criticiſm of Menage will be found to be juſt—

'The Letters of Guy Patin are replete with falſhoods. Mr. Bigot and I have detected ſome in every page. He was not careful in what he wrote, and he took every thing as it came.'

'Theſe Letters,' ſays Voltaire, 'were read eagerly, becauſe they contained anecdotes of ſuch things as every body likes, and ſatires which are liked ſtill more. They ſhew what uncertain guides in hiſtory thoſe writers are, who inconſiderately ſet down the news of the day. Such accounts are frequently falſe, or perverted by the malice of mankind.'

Bayle, in criticiſing them, obſerves—'It is proper the reader ſhould know all the witty ſayings and ſtories he relates are not true.

true. There are ſome places, wherein he ſhews *a terrible malice*, and *a prodigious boldneſs*, in giving a criminal turn to every thing.'

This language is indeed forcible; it is certainly juſt. The reader may judge by the extract I now make out of the Patiniana, page 17. It was written when Salmaſius finiſhed his Defence of King Charles, which was ſo nervouſly anſwered by Milton.

'The book of Mr. Salmaſius, written for the defence of the King of England, is now printed at Leyden, in French, and in Latin. This apology for a king, who has been beheaded by his people, is a delicate ſubject, and will not pleaſe every body. The *Engliſh*, who are the *worſt*, the *moſt* cruel, and the *moſt* perfidious of people, pretend that they are countenanced by their religion, and the political law; but *Religio non fert Parricidas, Eccleſia neſcit Sanguinem.* The moſt refined politics do not go ſo far as *to dare* to puniſh kings, like other malefactors, by the hand of the common hangman. The grandfather of this monarch was ſtrangled by the Puritans of Scotland. His grandmother, Mary Stuart, was

beheaded in England, in the year 1587, by the command of Queen Elizabeth. I, who *naturally* hate the Engliſh, cannot but ſhudder with horror when I think of this nation.'

I ſhall ſay nothing on this extraordinary paſſage; but only remark that, though all this paſſed ſo near the times in which Patin lived, he has committed, in this ſhort extract, a groſs hiſtorical blunder, as Mr. James Petit Andrews has detected; to whoſe labours I take this opportunity of acknowledging myſelf indebted for much pleaſurable information.

It has been a cuſtom to echo amongſt the Gallic writers, that the Engliſh nation are of the race

'—of the Cannibals that each other eat,
The Anthropophagi———'

The very executions of our malefactors at Tyburn have been urged as a proof. Hear Voltaire—

'There have been ſanguinary times in all nations; but, amongſt the *Engliſh*, more illuſtrious men have been brought to the block than *in all Europe* beſides. It was

the character of this nation to commit legal murders. The gates of London have been infected with human heads fixed to the walls.'

D'Argens, in his Philoſophical Viſions, has given the character of the Engliſh nation, under the name of the Libertines, in the ſecond Viſion. The paſſage is too long to be quoted; but the power of his pencil ſeems not inferior to that of the lively Voltaire's in drawing our portrait with a vermillion hue. 'Monſters!' as Shakeſpeare ſays,

'——— whoſe heads
Do grow beneath their ſhoulders!'——

He ſays, that a civil war is our delight, and the beheading a monarch our amuſement. This hardly deſerves the name of wit; it is certainly deſtitute of truth. I have, not infrequently, thought that theſe lively and facetious writers (for ſurely they did not mean to be *ſerious*) are ignorant of their own hiſtory: no improbable circumſtance with thoſe who probably have *written* nearly as many books as they have *read*. I maintain, that *France* has known more ſanguinary

guinary periods than England; and that *more* of their kings than of our own have come to an untimely end. Let us recollect the aſſaſſinations of Henry the Third and Fourth; the reigns of Henry the Second and Charles the Fourth; Louis the Thirteenth and Fourteenth; and let all the efforts of all the *Patins* produce a maſſacre in *England* ſo dreadful as that of St. Bartholomew in *France!*

THE TALMUD AND GEMARA.

THE *Talmud* is a collection of Jewiſh Traditions, which had been orally preſerved. It comprizes the *Miſhna*, which is the text; and the *Gemara*, it's commentary. It is a compleat ſyſtem of the barbarous learning of the Jews. They have perſuaded themſelves, that theſe traditional explications are of a Divine origin: for they tell us, that the Pentateuch was written out by their legiſlator before his death; that the number of copies was thirteen, one for each tribe, and the remaining one was depoſited in the

Ark. That the Oral Law 'was what Moſes continually taught, in his Sanhedrim, to the Elders, and the reſt of the people;' the mode of which, honeſt David Levi informs us, was thus—

'As ſoon as *Moſes* was returned to his tent from receiving the words of God, he called *Aaron* thither unto him, and firſt delivered unto him the *Text*, which was to be the Written Law; and after that, the interpretation of it, which was the *Oral Law*, in the ſame order as he received *both* from *God* in the Mount. Then Aaron ariſing, and ſeating himſelf at the right-hand of Moſes, Eleazar, and Ithamar, his ſons went in the next; and being taught both theſe Laws at the feet of the Prophet, in the ſame manner as Aaron had been, they alſo aroſe and ſeated themſelves; and then the Seventy Elders, who conſtituted the Sanhedrim, or Great Senate of the nation; and then entered all ſuch of the people as were deſirous of knowing the word of God.'

He then informs us that Moſes, Aaron, his ſons, and the Elders, made the ſame repetition before they withdrew—'So that the people having heard *both* theſe Laws repeated

ed to them four times, they all had it there-by firmly fixed in their memories; but the interpretation thereof was to be delivered down, *only by word of mouth*, to the ſucceeding generations,' for which no reaſon is alledged.

It appears afterwards, that at the end of the 40th year of their flight from Egypt, the memory of the people became treacherous, and Moſes was conſtrained to repeat, occaſionally, this ſame *Oral Law*; which (if it is not profane to ſay) had been much better *written*, as the Pentateuch was.

This hiſtory of the Talmud ſome may be inclined to ſuppoſe apocryphal. It appears that the Talmud was compiled by certain Jewiſh doctors, who were ſolicited for this purpoſe by their nation, that they might have ſomething to oppoſe to their Chriſtian adverſaries. Theſe doctors were deſcendants of the Ten Tribes of Iſrael, who were led into captivity by king Salmanazar, father of Sennacherib, in the reign of King Hoſea. This book is a mixture of the Syriac, the Hebrew, and the vulgar Hebrew, which was the language ſpoken in the ſchools of the Rabbins, and which differs as

much from the other, as the Latin of Bartolinus from that of Cicero. This work contains nothing that is valuable, but a very heavy load of pious abſurdities, of inſipid ſtories, and palpable contradictions. The only apology that has been made for theſe extravagancies and idle fictions, is, that after the completion of the Talmud, thoſe who ſucceeded in the ſchools are diſtinguiſhed by the name of *Opinioniſts*, and not by that of *Doctors*; and that no Jew is compelled to receive them as matters of faith, although we are informed that this work originated (as we have already obſerved) from the Divinity itſelf.

Chevreau, in his Hiſtory of the World, affords us a ſatisfactory account of the contents of this work. I ſhall give an abſtract of his Analyſis.

There are two Talmuds; the Jeruſalem and the Babylonian. The laſt is the moſt eſteemed, becauſe it is the moſt bulky. It contains the oral traditions from the time of Moſes, to Rabbi Jehuda Hakkodoſh, an induſtrious young man, called the Prince of the Rabbins, becauſe he moſt carefully collected their Reveries. This work is divided into

into ſix parts, of which every one which is entitled *Order*, is formed of *Treatiſes*: every *Treatiſe* is divided into *Chapters*, and every *Chapter* into *Miſhnas*, or *Aphoriſms*. In the *firſt* part, is diſcuſſed whatever relates to *Seeds*, *Fruits*, and *Trees*. In the *ſecond*, *Feaſts*. In the *third*, *Women*, their Duties, their *Diſorders*, *Marriages*, *Divorces*, *Contracts*, and *Nuptials*. In the *fourth*, are treated the Damages or Loſſes ſuſtained by Beaſts or Men; of *Things found*; *Depoſits*; *Uſuries*; *Rents*; *Farms*; *Partnerſhips* in Commerce; *Inheritance*; *Sales* and *Purchaſes*; *Oaths*; *Witneſſes*; *Arreſts*; *Idolatry*; and here are named thoſe by whom the Oral Law was received and preſerved. In the *fifth* part, are noticed what regard *Sacrifices* and *holy things*: and the *ſixth* treats on *Purifications*; *Veſſels*; *Furniture*; *Cloaths*; *Houſes*; *Leproſy*; *Baths*, and numerous other articles. All this forms the MISHNA.

This account from Chevreau is very accurate. I have compared it with the ampler analyſis of David Levi. I refer the reader to a publication of the laſt writer, which has for title, 'A ſuccinct Account of the Rites and Ceremonies of the Jews, &c. By David

Levi.' This work is the only ſatisfactory one in our language, though very inferior to Leo de Modena. If allowance is made for the author's inexperience in literature, his integrity will be found highly commendable; and an honeſt man is ſuperior to a fine writer. But why inſiſt on the *divine origin* of the Talmud?

The GEMARA, that is, the *Accompliſhment* or *Perfection*, contains the DISPUTES and the OPINIONS of the RABBINS on the oral traditions. Their laſt deciſions. Elucidating abſurdities by other abſurdities! Chevreau writes, that the Jews have ſuch veneration for this ridiculous compilement, that they compare the holy writings to *water*; the Talmud to *wine*; the text of Moſes to *pepper*; the Talmud to *aromatics*. They alſo tell us, that of the twelve hours of which the day is compoſed, *God* employs nine to ſtudy the Talmud, and only three to read the written Law!

As the reader may be curious to know one of theſe Rabbinical Reveries, I have compiled ſome notices which they have given concerning *Adam*.

Adam's *body* was made of the earth of Babylon,

Babylon, his *head* of the land of Iſrael, his *other members* of other parts of the world. R. Meir thought he was compact of the earth gathered out of the whole earth; as it is written—*Thine eyes did ſee my ſubſtance.* Now it is elſewhere written—*The eyes of the Lord are over all the earth.* R. Aha expreſsly marks the twelve hours in which his various parts were formed. His ſtature was from one end of the world to the other; and it was for his tranſgreſſion that the Creator, laying his hand in anger on him, leſſened him; for before, (ſays R. Eleazer) 'with his hand he reached the firmament.' R. Jehuda thinks his ſin was hereſy; but R. Iſaac thinks (as my author expreſſes it) that, 'it was nouriſhing his foreſkin.'

They farther inform us, that he was an Hermaphrodite, having both ſexes, and a double body: the female parts joined at the ſhoulders and back parts to the male; their countenances turned from each other. And this they prove by Moſes ſaying—'*So God created man in his image, male and female created he them, and he called their name* ADAM.' Adam, being ſolitary, cut himſelf in two, (a hint this to the Managers for their

panto-

pantomimes) and found himſelf fitted for procreation. Leo Hebræus thus reconciles the fable of Plato's *Androgynus* with the narration of Moſes, from which he thinks it is borrowed. Plato relates, that Jupiter, in the firſt forming of mankind, made them ſuch *androgini*, with two bodies, of two ſexes joined in the breaſt, which he divided for their pride, the navel ſtill remaining as a *ſcar* of the wound then made.

This article may be ſufficient to ſatiate the reader with a peruſal of the Talmud. *Obe, jam ſatis eſt!* For his farther ſatisfaction, I refer him to *Baſnage's Hiſtoire des Juifs, tome* IV. p. 1323.

CARDINAL RICHELIEU.

THE preſent anecdote concerning Cardinal Richelieu, may ſerve to teach the man of letters how he deals out Criticiſms to the *Great*, when they aſk his opinion of manuſcripts, be they in verſe or proſe.

The cardinal placed in a gallery of his palace the portraits of ſeveral illuſtrious

men. Among them was Blaiſe de Montluc, Mareſchal of France. He was deſirous of compoſing the inſcriptions which were to be placed round the portraits. That which he intended for Montluc was conceived in theſe terms: *Multa fecit, Plura ſcripſit, Vir tamen, Magnus fuit.* He ſhewed it without mentioning the author to Bourbon, the Royal Profeſſor in Greek, and aſked his opinion concerning it. Having read it, he expreſſed his diſlike in warm terms, and thought it was Latin much in the ſtyle of the Breviary; and, if it had concluded with an *Allelujah*, it would ſerve for an *Anthem* to the *Magnificat*. The cardinal agreed with the ſeverity of his ſtrictures; and even acknowledged the diſcernment of the profeſſor; 'for,' he ſaid, 'it is really written by a prieſt.' But, however he might approve of Bourbon's critical powers, he puniſhed without mercy his ingenuity. The penſion his majeſty had beſtowed on him was withheld the next year.

The cardinal was one of thoſe ambitious men, who fooliſhly aſpire to excel in whatever a true Genius is moſt excellent; and, becauſe he ſaw himſelf conſtantly diſappointed,

pointed, he envied, with all the venom of rancour, thoſe talents which are ſo frequently *all* that men of genius poſſeſs.

Here are two intereſting anecdotes—He was jealous of Balzac, becauſe his reputation became ſo ſplendid: he even offered the elder Heinſius ten thouſand crowns to write a Criticiſm which ſhould ridicule his elaborate compoſitions. This Heinſius refuſed, becauſe Salmaſius threatened to revenge Balzac on his *Herodes Infanticida*.

He attempted to rival the reputation of Corneille's Cid, by oppoſing to it one of the moſt ridiculous productions that was ever exhibited in the theatre. It was an allegorical tragedy, in which the *miniſter* had congregated the four quarters of the world. A great deal of political matter was thrown together, divided into ſcenes and acts. When he firſt ſent it anonymouſly to the French Academy, it was reprobated. He then tore it in rage, and ſcattered it about his ſtudy. Towards evening, like another Medea lamenting over the members of her own children, he and his ſecretary paſſed the night in uniting the ſcattered limbs. He then ventured to avow himſelf; and, having

having pretended to correct this incorrigible tragedy, the ſubmiſſive Academy retracted their cenſures—but the Public pronounced it's melancholy fate, on it's firſt repreſentation. This was the tragedy which was intended to thwart Corneille's Cid. Enraged at it's ſucceſs, Richelieu even commanded the Academy to publiſh an abuſive *Critique* of it, which is well known in French literature. Boileau, on this occaſion, has theſe two well turned verſes—

'En vain contre le Cid, un Miniſtre ſe ligue;
Tout Paris, pour *Chimene*, a les yeux de *Rodrigue*.'

T' oppoſe the Cid, in vain the Stateſman tries;
All Paris, for *Chimene*, has *Rodrigue*'s eyes.'

It is ſaid, that it is owing to the ill ſucceſs of this tragedy that cuſtom is derived, which the French have, of ſecuring a number of friends to applaud their pieces at their firſt repreſentations. In the *Recherches ſur le Theatre*, p. 142, I find the following droll anecdote concerning this droll tragedy.

The miniſter, after the ill ſucceſs of his tragedy, retired, unaccompanied, the ſame evening, to his country-houſe at Ruel. He

then ſent for his favourite Deſmareſts, who was at ſupper with his friend Petit. Deſmareſts conjecturing that the interview would be ſtormy, begged his friend to accompany him.

Well! ſaid the cardinal, as ſoon as he ſaw them, the French will never poſſeſs a taſte for what is excellent: they ſeem not to have reliſhed my tragedy. My lord, anſwered Petit, it is not the fault of the piece, which is ſo admirable, but that of the *players*. Did not your Eminence perceive, that not only they knew not their parts, but that they were all *drunk?* Really, replied the cardinal, ſomething pleaſed, I obſerved they acted it dreadfully ill.

When Deſmariſts and Petit returned to Paris, they did not fail going to the players, to plan a *new mode* of performance, which was to *ſecure* a number of ſpectators; ſo that at the ſecond repreſentation burſts of applauſe were frequently heard!

Richelieu had another ſingular vanity of cloſely imitating Cardinal Ximenes. Pliny was not a more ſervile imitator of Cicero. Marville tells us, that, like Ximenes, he placed himſelf at the head of an army; like him,

him, he degraded princes and nobles; and like him, rendered himſelf formidable to all Europe. And becauſe Ximenes had eſtabliſhed ſchools of Theology, Richelieu undertook likewiſe to raiſe again the ſchools of the Sorbonne. And, to conclude, as Ximenes had written ſeveral theological treatiſes, our cardinal was alſo deſirous of leaving poſterity various polemical works.

Cardinal Richelieu had certainly an uncommon genius for politics. Many inſtances might be given. I ſhall notice two. Sir William Temple obſerves, that he inſtituted the French Academy to give employment to the *wits*, and to hinder them from inſpecting too narrowly into his politics, and his adminiſtration. It is believed that the Mareſchal de Grammont loſt an important battle by the orders of the cardinal, that, in this critical conjuncture of affairs, his majeſty (who was inclined to diſmiſs him) could not then abſolutely do without him.

Theſe anecdotes will ſerve to ſhew, to what a degree of ſelf-opinion Vanity may level a great man. He who would attempt to diſplay univerſal excellence, will probably

bly be diſappointed; it is certain he will be impelled to practiſe meanneſſes, and to act follies, which, if he has the leaſt ſenſibility, muſt occaſion him many a pang, and many a bluſh.

THE PLINIES.

PLINY was by much too bold to advance, in his Natural Hiſtory, lib. 7. cap. 35. that the ſoul is not immortal. This is a dreadful ſentiment to be deſſeminated throughout a ſtate; for, if this principle is eſtabliſhed, the good will no more hope for a recompence of their miſeries, nor the bad dread a puniſhment for their crimes.

To deny the immortality of the ſoul (as Mr. Monnoye obſerves) was not, in the days of Pliny, ſo bold an opinion as it would be now. It was then allowed to follow the opinions of Epicurus, who believed in the mortality of the ſoul; and Lucretius, in his celebrated poem, eſtabliſhes this doctrine. Seneca, ſtoic as he was, anticipates, in ſeveral

veral paſſages of his works, the ſentiment and even the expreſſions of Pliny.

Pliny was certainly a man of irreproachable character: but the truth is, that, like moſt of the Romans, he aſpired to glory, by ſhewing that he could be an honeſt man without the hope of any future reward. The ſentiment is noble; but let it be confined to the narrow circle of ſpeculative philoſophy.

Pliny, to expreſs at the ſame time the invention and the malice of men, ſays, in writing on *Arrows*, that they have given wings to iron, and taught it to fly like a bird —had he even added, like a ravenous vulture, perhaps it might have heightened this poetical image. Had he lived when gunpowder, fire-arms, and bombs, were invented, what metaphors could the philoſopher have found to equal his indignation! Arioſto and Milton have ſatirized this diabolical machinery, when they gave them to be employed by the demons.

The elder Pliny, who was ſo intimately acquainted with the human heart, ſays, on the ſubject of *Cryſtal Vaſes*, that their fragility enhances their price; and that it is the

boaſt of Luxury to make uſe of things that may, at the ſlighteſt blow, entirely periſh.

The Younger Pliny has given (a French wit obſerves) ſo exact a deſcription of his houſe, that it looks as if he wiſhed to diſpoſe of it. Men of taſte are fond of perpetuating thoſe ſcenes which their lives have been paſſed in embelliſhing.

This writer has given us this admirable ſentiment—That He is a good man, and of ſtrict morals, who pardons every one, as if he himſelf committed faults every day; and yet, who endeavours to abſtain from them, as if he pardoned no one.

Pliny the younger was a ſervile imitator of Cicero, (whom indeed he adored) even in the minuteſt occurrences of life. This we may trace throughout his elegant epiſtles. In the thirty-third letter of the ſeventh book he intreats Tacitus, his friend, to notice him in his hiſtory. This favour he had before aſked, in the ſixteenth letter of the ſixth book. A ſimilar mode of proceeding was practiſed by Cicero. This great orator, in one of his letters, had the exceſſive vanity of writing to Lucceius, to direct him in *what manner* he ſhould mention him: and he

he begs him, that, in his annals, he would reſerve an *entire volume* for his conſulſhip! Whatever may be the *vanity* of the *moderns*, they appear to have more art than the *ancients* in diſguiſing it.

INNOVATION.

To an ingenious friend I am indebted for the preſent, and two ſubſequent articles.

The following ſhort extract from a French writer, about the year 1500, may ſerve to ſhew, that the cry againſt *Innovation* is not peculiar to the clergy of the preſent day, even againſt the opinions of the moſt moderate amongſt their own body.

'Such perſons were the brave biſhops of the Lionnois, who aſſembled a Synod to reform the regulations of Saint Anthony in that province. The Monks of that place were diſtinguiſhed by the title of the *Hogs of Saint Anthony*: they afflicted themſelves with the pains of making *eight repaſts* in one

day, to ſhew the weakneſs of Human Nature!

There were ſome Jeſuits, and ſome young biſhops, who made fine harangues, and long ones too to demonſtrate that *ſuch conſtitutions* admit of change, *habitâ ratione temporum:* that what our *anceſtors* had done with a good intention, was, at this day, ridiculous. But to all theſe *reaſons* the *ſub-prior* of Saint Anthony only replied, ſnoring, with this grave and remarkable ſentence—*Let us keep ourſelves, in our time, from novelties.*

The conteſt was renewed with vigour on the other ſide: but the *ſub-prior*, with his triple chin, perſiſted in the ſame argument; ſtammering out—*Let us keep—let us keep—keep ourſelves*—&c.

However ſilly this reply of our well-fed prior may ſeem, it is the ſame which has now the force to reſiſt all the ſalutary reforms which Reaſon and Good-ſenſe ſo loudly call for in Inſtitutions, not only rendered *obſolete* by Time, but defective and unjuſt in their *original* principles. It is the ſame grave and unmeaning exclamation, which, from the mouth of a *ſenator*, obſtructs an equal

equal repreſentation; and, from that of an *archbiſhop*, a revival of articles, which few can believe, though ſo many are bound to profeſs.

Mudge, a writer of different principles from the communicator of this article, has deſcribed the evils of anarchy, in a ſermon on that ſubject, by the following admirable figure—when *Innovation* becomes *Anarchy*, the ſimilitude is juſt. 'Every man projected and reformed, and did what was right in his own eyes. No image can better expreſs ſuch a condition, than that of *a dead animal in a ſtate of putrefaction*; when inſtead of *one noble creature*, as it was when life held it together, there are *ten thouſand little nauſeous* reptiles growing out of it, *every one crawling in a path of it's own*.'

ON THE CUSTOM OF SALUTING AFTER SNEEZING.

Some Catholics—ſays Father Feyjoo—have attributed the origin of this cuſtom to the ordinance of a pope—Saint Gregory—

who is ſaid to have inſtituted a ſhort prayer to be uſed on ſuch occaſions, at a time when a peſtilence raged; the criſis of which was attended by *ſneezing*, and, in moſt caſes, followed by *death*.

The Rabbins have a tale, that, before Jacob, men never ſneezed but *once*, and then immediately *died*: but that that Patriarch obtained the revocation of this law; the memory of which was ordered to be preſerved in *all nations*, by a command of every prince to his ſubjects to employ ſome ſalutary exclamation after the act of ſneezing.

Theſe accounts are, probably, alike fabulous; the pious fictions of pious men; both becauſe—continues Feyjoo—the enquiries of Ariſtotle concerning this ſtrange circumſtance, and the alluſions to it in Apuleius, Petronius, Pliny, and others, prove it to have exiſted many ages prior to Saint Gregory; and it is related, in a Memoir of the French Academy of Sciences, to have been found practiſed in the New World, on the firſt diſcovery of America. This is not only ſaid to be a fact, but ſome writers alſo give us an amuſing account of the ceremonies which

which attend the *ſneezing* of a King of Monomotapa—Thoſe who are near his perſon, when this happens, ſalute him in ſo loud a tone, that thoſe who are in the antichamber hear it, and join in the acclamation. Thoſe who are in the adjoining apartments do the ſame, until the noiſe reaches the ſtreet, and becomes propagated throughout the city: ſo that, at each ſneeze of his majeſty, reſults a moſt horrid cry from the ſalutations of many thouſands of his vaſſals.

That a cuſtom, ſo univerſally prevalent, ſhould have no plauſible reaſon to ſupport it, is rather curious.

To this may be added, the ridiculous reaſon given by Ariſtotle why we *ſneeze twice*, once after another. It is, he ſays, becauſe we have *two noſtrils!* This is, as Menage obſerves, as ill imagined, as when he takes *comets* for *exhalations*.

'BONAVENTURE DE PERIERS.'

A HAPPY art in the relation of a ſtory, is, doubtleſs, a very agreeable talent—it has

obtained La Fontaine all the applauſe his charming *naiveté* deſerves.

'*Bonaventure de Periers, Varlet de Chambre de la Royne de Navarre,*' of whom the French have a little Volume of Tales, in proſe, is, in my opinion, not inferior to him in the facility and ſportiveneſs of his vein. His ſtyle is now, in many places, obſolete; neither could we, frequently, diſcover his ſenſe, without the aid of his ingenious commentators; particularly M. de la Monnoye; from whoſe edition, in three volumes, I have extracted the following ſhort anecdote, not as the beſt ſpecimen of our ſcarce author, but as it introduces a novel etymology of a word in great uſe.

'A ſtudent at law, who ſtudied at Poitiers, had tolerably improved himſelf in caſes of equity; not that he was overburthened with learning, but his chief deficiency was a want of aſſurance and confidence to diſplay his knowledge. His father paſſing by Poitiers, recommended him to read aloud, and to render his memory more prompt by a continued exerciſe. To obey the injunctions of his father, he determined

to

to read at the *Miniſtery*. In order to obtain a certain aſſurance, he went every day into a garden, which was a very ſecret ſpot, being at a diſtance from any houſe, and where there grew a great number of fine large cabbages. Thus, for a long time, as he purſued his ſtudies, he went to repeat his leſſon to theſe cabbages, addreſſing them by the title of *Gentlemen*; and dealing out his ſentences, as if they had compoſed an audience of ſcholars at a lecture. After having prepared himſelf thus for a fortnight or three weeks, he began to think it was high time to take the *chair*; imagining that he ſhould be able to harangue the ſcholars, as well as he had before done his cabbages. He comes forward, he begins his oration—but, before he had ſaid a dozen words, he remained dumb, and became ſo confuſed, that he knew not where he was: ſo that all he could bring out was—*Domini, Ego bene video quod non eſtis caules:* that is to ſay—for there are ſome who will have every thing in plain Engliſh—*Gentlemen, I now clearly ſee you are not cabbages.* In the *garden*, he could conceive the *cabbages* to be *ſcholars*; but,

but, in the *chair*, he could not conceive the *ſcholars* to be *cabbages*.

The hall of the School of Equity, at Poitiers, where the inſtitutes were read, was called *La Miniſterie*. On which head, Florimond de Remond, (book vii. ch. 11.) ſpeaking of Albert Babinot, one of the firſt diſciples of Calvin, after having ſaid he was called 'The *good man*,' adds, that, becauſe he had been a Student of the Inſtitutes at this Miniſterie of Poitiers, Calvin, and others, ſtiled him *Mr. Miniſter*; from whence, afterwards, *Calvin* took occaſion to give the name of MINISTERS to the paſtors of his church.

DE THOU.

DE THOU is the Livy of the French nation. I will not dwell on the purity and the elegance of his ſtyle, his deep penetration into the myſteries of the cabinets of princes, nor on his accuracy, his impartiality, and, in a word, his hiſtoric excellence. I refer the

the reader, for a character of this hiſtorian, to a paper in the Eſſays of the ingenious Mr. Knox. I offer only a *trait* of his eloquence; which, at once, ſhews the *man* was not leſs amiable than the *hiſtorian* was admirable.

'How much,' exclaims Bourbon, 'does the peruſal of the Hiſtory of the Preſident De Thou make a reader wiſh, if he is poſſeſſed of a feeling heart, fervidly to wiſh, to meet in his friend a ſoul like his! He preſerved inviolable the ties of friendſhip. Attentive to fill the duties which it exacts, he did not only render all the ſervices he could to his friends, but he ſought every occaſion to diſtinguiſh them by praiſe; and he did this with ſuch an effuſion of tender ſentiment, and ingenuous ardour, that Envy herſelf could not take offence at the eulogiums of a rival. After having filled a page with the praiſes of Pierre Pithou, he cloſes his eulogium by adding, that he would ſay more—if he was not his friend!'

THE MONK TURNED AUTHOR.

THE prior of one of the moſt celebrated Convents in Paris had reiteratedly intreated Varillas, the hiſtorian, to examine a work compoſed by one of his Monks; and of which—not being himſelf addicted to letters—he wiſhed to be governed by his opinion. Varillas at length yielded to the entreaties of the prior; and, to regale the critic, they laid on two tables, for his inſpection, Seven enormous Volumes in Folio!!

This rather diſheartened our reviewer: but greater was his aſtoniſhment, when, having opened the firſt volume, he found it's title to be, *Summa Dei-paræ*; and, as Saint Thomas had made a *Sum*, or Syſtem of Theology, ſo our Monk had formed a *Sum* of the *Virgin!* He immediately comprehended the deſign of our good father, who had laboured on this work full Thirty Years, and who boaſted he had treated *Three Thouſand* Queſtions concerning the Virgin; of which, he flattered himſelf, not a ſingle one had

had ever yet been imagined by any one but himſelf!

Perhaps, a more extraordinary deſign was never known. Varillas, preſſed to give his judgment on this work, adviſed the prior, with great prudence and good-nature, to amuſe the honeſt old Monk with the hope of printing theſe Seven Folios, but always to ſtart ſome new difficulties; for it would be inhuman to give ſo deep a chagrin to a man who had reached his 74th year, as to inform him of the nature of his favourite occupations; and that, after his death, he ſhould throw the volumes into the fire.

GROTIUS.

THE Life of Grotius has been written by De Burigny.

The following anecdotes I ſelect, becauſe they appear intereſting, and form a biographic ſketch, which inſtructs the mind. They ſhew the ſingular felicity of a man of letters having a father who promoted his ſtudies; and in what manner a ſtudent can paſs his hours

hours in the cloſeſt impriſonment. The gate of the priſon has ſometimes been the porch of fame.

Grotius was born with the happieſt diſpoſitions: he was ſtudious from his infancy. He received from Nature, ſays De Burigny, a profound genius, a ſolid judgment, and a wonderful memory. He was ſo fortunate as to find in his father, a pious and able Mentor, who at once formed his genius and his heart. The young Grotius, in imitation of Horace, has celebrated in verſe his gratitude for ſo good a father.

One of the moſt intereſting circumſtances in the life of this great man, and which moſt ſtrongly marks the power of his genius, and the fortitude of his courage, is diſplayed in the manner in which he employed his time during his impriſonment. It does honour to religion and to ſcience: it eminently proves the conſolations which are reſerved for the philoſopher. When another is condemned to exile and captivity, if he lives, he deſpairs: the man of letters counts thoſe very days as the ſweeteſt hours of his life.

De Burigny informs us, that when he was a priſoner at the Hague, he laboured on a Latin

Latin eſſay, on the means of terminating religious diſputes, which cauſe ſo many infelicities in the State, in the Church, and in families; when he was carried to Louveſtein, he reſumed his law ſtudies, which other employments had interrupted. He gave a portion of his time to moral philoſophy, which engaged him to tranſlate the maxims of the ancient poets, collected by Stobœus, and the fragments of Menander and Philemon. Every Sunday was devoted to read the Scriptures, and to write his Commentaries on the New Teſtament. In the courſe of this work he fell ill, but as ſoon as he recovered his health, he compoſed his Treatiſe, in Dutch verſe, on the Truth of the Chriſtian Religion. Sacred and profane authors occupied him alternately. His only mode of refreſhing his mind, was to paſs from one work to another. He ſent to Voſſius his Obſervations on the Tragedies of Seneca. He wrote ſeveral other works; particularly a little Catechiſm, in verſe, for his daughter Cornelia: and, to conclude, he gathered materials to form his Apology. Add to theſe various labours, an extenſive correſpondence he held with the learned,

and his friends; and, it is obſerved, his letters were ſo many treatiſes. Although his talents produced thus abundantly, his confinement was not more than two years. We may well exclaim here, in rather a trite expreſſion, that his ſoul was not impriſoned.

Perhaps the moſt ſincere eulogium, and the moſt grateful to this illuſtrious ſcholar, was that which he received at the hour of his death.

When this great man was travelling to Holland, he was ſuddenly ſtruck by the hand of Death, at the village of Roſtock. The pariſh miniſter, who was called in his laſt moments, ignorant who the dying man was, began to go over the trite and ordinary things ſaid on thoſe occaſions. Grotius, who ſaw there was no time to loſe in frivolous exhortations, as he found himſelf almoſt at the laſt gaſp, turned to him, and told him, that he needed not thoſe exhortations; and he concluded by ſaying, *Sum Grotius?*—I am Grotius. *Tu magnus ille Grotius?*—'What! are you the great Grotius?' interrogated the miniſter. What an eulogium!

ON THE ADJECTIVE 'PRETTY.'

'A YOUNG man,' ſays a critic, 'told me, the other day, that the *Verſes* of Mr. Gray, were "*pretty*." They are more than "*pretty*," I anſwered him: you are like him, who having, for the firſt time in his life, ſeen the Sea, ſhould exclaim—it was a *pretty* thing! It was thus alſo a puny officer, in talking of the Duke of Marlborough, ſaid, after the battle of Ramillies, he was a *pretty* man. The father of the young officer, who was preſent, turned to him, with an auſterity in his countenance he was little accuſtomed to wear—"And you are a pretty fool, *thus* to characterize the *greateſt* man in England." The ſterling weight of words is not always known to our juvenile critics.

ASTROLOGY.

A BELIEF in *Judicial Aſtrology* I conceive now to exiſt only in the lower claſſes of the

people, who may be ſaid to have no belief at all; for the ſentiments of thoſe who are incapable of *reflection*, can hardly be ſaid to amount to a *belief*. But a faith in this ridiculous ſyſtem, in our country, is of very late exiſtence.

When Charles the Firſt was confined, Lilly, the aſtrologer, was conſulted for what hour would be moſt favourable to effect his eſcape.

A ſtory, which ſtrongly proves how greatly Charles the Second was bigotted to Judicial Aſtrology, and whoſe mind was certainly not unenlightened, is recorded in Burnet's Hiſtory of his Own Times.

Dryden caſt the nativities of his ſons; and, what is remarkable, his prediction relating to his ſon Charles took place. This incident is of ſo late a date, one might hope it would have been cleared up: but, if it is a fact, we muſt allow it affords a rational exultation to it's irrational adepts.

It has been known, or at leaſt confidently reported of ſeveral, famous for their aſtrologic ſkill, that they have ſuffered a voluntary death, merely to verify their own predictions. This is related of *Cardan*, and *Burton*,

Burton, the author of the Anatomy of Melancholy. It may appear an improbable circumſtance: but who can draw the limit round the extravagance of a falſe zeal in any cauſe whatever?

It is curious to obſerve the ſhifts to which aſtrologers are put, when their predictions are not verified. It was thus great *winds* were predicted, by a famous adept, about the year 1586. No unuſual ſtorms, however, happened. Bodin, to ſave the reputation of the Art, applied it, as a *figure*, to ſome *revolutions* in the *State*; and of which there were inſtances enough at that moment.

The moſt ſingular aſtrological book, perhaps, is the Life of Lilly, the aſtrologer, written by himſelf. It was reprinted, being ſcarce, by Thomas Davies, 1774. I ſhall juſt obſerve of this egregious aſtronomer, that there is in this work, ſo much artleſs narrative, and at the ſame time ſo much palpable impoſture, that it is difficult to know when he is ſpeaking what he really believes to be the truth. It is well worthy our obſervation, that in a ſketch of the ſtate of aſtrology in his day, thoſe adepts whoſe

characters he has drawn, were the loweſt miſcreants of the town. Moſt of them had taken the air in the pillory, and others had conjured themſelves up to the gallows. This ſeems a true ſtatement of facts. But the ſame author informs us, that in his various conferences with *angels*, their voice reſembled that of the *Iriſh!*

The work is curious for the anecdotes of the times it contains. The amours of Lilly with his miſtreſs are characteriſtic. He was a very artful man, by his own accounts; and admirably managed matters which required deception and invention.

Aſtrology flouriſhed in the time of the Civil Wars. The royaliſts and the rebels had their *aſtrologers*, as well as their *ſoldiers*; and I have no doubt the predictions of the former had a great influence over the latter.

Mr. Taylor, the Platoniſt, who is a friend to aſtrologers, has favoured me with the following verſion, tranſlated from a fragment of an ancient Greek poet, preſerved by Gronovius, in his edition of the Apoteleſmatica of Manethon. Mr. Taylor obſerves, that it is ſingular that Gronovius ſhould not have known that this fragment

is

is to be found in the printed Eclogues of Stobæus.

The writer gives an account of the influence of the planets on man.

Thro' heaven's bright path, with energy divine,
SEVEN widely-wandering ſtars, eternal ſhine;
The pleaſant SUN; the MOON, fair lamp of night,
And SATURN ſad, whom tears and woes delight.
VENUS, whoſe arts connubial love inſpire,
And boiſterous MARS, the friend of diſcord dire,
The powerful HERMES, decked with graceful wings,
And genial JOVE, from whom great Nature ſprings.
From theſe, revolving through the azure round,
A mighty INFLUENCE on our race is found.
Hence SATURN, HERMES, JOVE in MAN, are ſeen,
The SUN, MOON, MARS, and VENUS, Beauty's Queen.
For by the Fate's inviolable law,
From an ætherial ſpirit, theſe we draw.
Thus Sleep, Tears, Laughter, Birth, Rage, Speech, Deſire,
Theſe wandering Stars in human ſouls inſpire.
For TEARS are SATURN, much afflicted power!
Our BIRTH is JOVE, who guards the natal hour.
Fair VENUS kindles ſoft DESIRE's alarms,
Our SLEEP's the MOON, our RAGE the GOD OF ARMS;

Our SPEECH is HERMES, and with LAUGHTER gay
Accords the nature of the GOD OF DAY;
Since thro' the ſplendour of the ſolar light
Our reaſoning powers are raviſh'd with delight.

ALCHYMY.

IT was but the other day I read an advertiſement in a newſpaper, from one who pretends to have made great diſcoveries in the Hermetic Art. With the aſſiſtance of 'a *little money*', he could '*poſitively*' aſſure the lover of this ſcience, that he would repay him '*a thouſand-fold!*' This ſcience, if it merits to be diſtinguiſhed by the name, is moſt certainly an impoſition; which, ſtriking on the feebleſt part of the human mind, has ſo frequently been ſucceſsful in carrying on it's deluſions.

As late as the days of Mrs. Manly, the authoreſs of the Atalantis, is there on record a moſt ſingular deluſion of Alchymy. The recollection whether it was herſelf, or another perſon, on whom it was practiſed has

has now eſcaped me. From the circumſtances, it is very probable the ſage was not leſs deceived than his patroneſs.

It appears, that an infatuated lover of this deluſive art met with one who pretended to have the power of tranſmuting lead to gold. This hermetic philoſopher required only the materials, and time, to perform his golden operations. He was taken to the country reſidence of his patroneſs: a long laboratory was built; and, that his labours might not be impeded by any diſturbance, no one was permitted to enter into it. His door was contrived to turn round on a ſpring; ſo that, unſeen, and unſeeing, his meals were conveyed to him, without diſtracting the ſublime contemplations of the ſage.

During a reſidence of two years, he never condeſcended to ſpeak but two or three times in the year to his infatuated patroneſs. When ſhe was admitted into the laboratory, ſhe ſaw, with pleaſing aſtoniſhment, ſtills, immenſe cauldrons, long flues, and three or four Vulcanian fires blazing at different corners of this magical mine; nor did ſhe behold with leſs reverence the venerable figure

of the duſty philoſopher. Pale and emaciated, with daily operations and nightly vigils, he revealed to her, in unintelligible jargon, his progreſſes: and, having ſometimes condeſcended to explain the myſteries of the arcana, ſhe beheld, or ſeemed to behold, ſtreams of fluid, and heaps of ſolid ore, ſcattered around the laboratory. Sometimes he required a new ſtill, and ſometimes vaſt quantities of lead. Already this unfortunate lady had expended the half of her fortune, in ſupplying the demands of the philoſopher. She began now to lower her imagination to the ſtandard of reaſon. Two years had now elapſed, vaſt quantities of lead had gone in, and nothing but lead had come out. She diſcloſed her ſentiments to the philoſopher. He candidly confeſſed he was himſelf ſurprized at his tardy proceſſes; but that now he would exert himſelf to the utmoſt, and that he would venture to perform a laborious operation, which hitherto he had hoped not to have been neceſſitated to employ. His patroneſs retired, and the golden viſions of Expectation reſumed all their luſtre.

One day, as they ſat at dinner, a terrible ſhriek,

ſhriek, and one crack followed by another, loud as the report of cannon, aſſailed their ears. They haſtened to the laboratory; two of the greateſt ſtills had burſt; one part of the laboratory was in flames, and the deluded philoſopher ſcorched to death!

An author, who wrote in the year 1704, preſents us with the following anecdote, concerning an Alchymical ſpeculation.

'The late Duke of Buckingham, being over-perſuaded by a pack of knaves, who called themſelves Chemical Operators, that they had the ſecret of producing the Philoſopher's Stone, but wanted money to carry on the proceſs; his Grace engaged to aſſiſt them with money to carry on the work. and performed his promiſe at a vaſt expence. A laboratory was built, utenſils provided, and the family filled with the moſt famous artiſts in the tranſmutation of metals—adepts of a ſuperior claſs, who would concern themſelves only about the grand elixir, and a pack of ſhabby curs, to attend the fires, and do other ſervile offices; and yet, forſooth, muſt be alſo called philoſophers.

'This great charge continued upon the duke for ſome years; for, whoever was un-

paid, or whatever was neglected, money muſt be found to bear the charge of the laboratory, and pay the operators; till this chimera, with other extravagancies, had cauſed the mortgaging and ſelling many fine manors, lordſhips, towns, and good farms.

'All this time, nothing was produced by theſe ſons of art of any value; for, either the glaſs broke, or the man was drunk and let out the fire, or ſome other misfortune, ſtill attended the grand proceſs, at the time aſſigned for a *je ne ſçai quoi* to be produced, that muſt turn all things to gold. The duke encountering nothing but diſappointments, and the operators finding themſelves ſlighted, and money very difficult to be had, the project fell!'

Penotus, who died at ninety-eight years of age, in the hoſpital of Sierdon, in Switzerland, had ſpent nearly his whole life in reſearches after the Philoſopher's Stone; and being, at length, from affluent circumſtances reduced to beggary and reaſon, was accuſtomed to ſay—'That if he had a mortal enemy, that he durſt not encounter openly, he would adviſe him, above all things, to give

give himſelf up to the ſtudy and practice of Alchymy.'

Every philoſophical mind muſt be convinced that Alchymy is not an art, which ſome have fancifully traced to the *remoteſt times*; it may be rather regarded, when oppoſed to ſuch a diſtance of time, as a modern impoſture. Cæſar commanded the treatiſes of Alchymy to be burnt throughout the Roman dominions; and this ſhews the opinion of one who is not leſs to be admired as a philoſopher than as a monarch.

Mr. Gibbon has this ſuccinct paſſage relative to Alchymy—' The ancient books of Alchymy, ſo liberally aſcribed to Pythagoras, to Solomon, or to Hermes, were the pious frauds of more recent adepts. The Greeks were inattentive either to the uſe or the abuſe of Chymiſtry. In that immenſe Regiſter, where Pliny has depoſited the diſcoveries, the arts, and the errors, of mankind, there is not the leaſt mention of the tranſmutations of metals; and the perſecution of Diocleſian is the firſt authentic event in the hiſtory of Alchymy. The conqueſt of Egypt, by the Arabs, diffuſed that vain ſcience over the globe. Congenial to the avarice

avarice of the human heart, it was ſtudied in China, as in Europe, with equal eagerneſs and equal ſucceſs. The darkneſs of the middle ages enſured a favourable reception to every tale of wonder; and the revival of learning gave new vigour to hope, and ſuggeſted more ſpecious arts to deception. Philoſophy, with the aid of experience, has at length baniſhed the ſtudy of Alchymy; and the preſent age, however deſirous of riches, is content to ſeek them by the humbler means of commerce and induſtry.'

'One Thomas Charnock,' Fuller ſays, 'in purſuance of the Philoſopher's Stone, which ſo many do *touch*, few *catch*, and none *keep*, met a very ſad diſaſter: once when he was on the point of *compleating* the grand operation, his work unhappily fell into the fire!' This is a misfortune which, I obſerve, has happened to every Alchymiſt.

Elias Aſhmole writes in his diary—'May 13, 1653. My father Backhouſe' [an aſtrologer, who had adopted him for his ſon—a common practice with theſe men] 'lying ſick in Fleet Street, over-againſt Saint Dunſtan's church, and not knowing whether he ſhould

ſhould live or die, about eleven of the clock, told me, in *ſyllables*, the true matter of the *Philoſopher's Stone*, which he bequeathed to me as a *legacy*.' By this we learn that a miſerable wretch *knew* the art of making *gold*, yet always lived a *beggar*. It is certain alſo, Aſhmole, with all his *alchymical knowledge*, (and he wrote ſome bulky tomes on chemiſtry) never could *make a guinea*, but what he *made* by his Law practice.

The following additional information is curious, and very little known. Henry VI. was ſo reduced by his extravagancies, that, as Mr. Evelyn obſerves, in his Numiſmata, he endeavoured to recruit his empty coffers by *Alchymy*. The *Record* of this ſingular propoſition, contains 'the moſt ſolemn and ſerious account of the feaſibility and virtues of the *Philoſopher's Stone*, encouraging the ſearch after it, and diſpenſing with all ſtatutes and prohibitions to the contrary'. This record was very probably communicated (ſays an ingenious antiquary) by Mr. Selden, to his beloved friend Ben Jonſon, when he was writing his comedy of the Alchymiſt.

After

After this patent was publiſhed, many promiſed to anſwer the king's expectations ſo effectually (the ſame writer adds) that the next year, he publiſhed *another patent*; wherein he tells his ſubjects, that the *happy hour* was drawing nigh, and by means of THE STONE, which he ſhould ſoon be maſter of, he would pay all the debts of the Nation, in real *gold and ſilver*. The perſons picked out for his new operators were as remarkable as the patent itſelf, viz.

Thomas Hervey, an Auſtin Friar; Robert Glaſelay, a preaching Friar; William Atclyffe, the Queen's Phyſician; Henry Sharp, maſter of St. Laurence Pontigny College, in London; Thomas Cook, Alderman of London; John Fyld, Fiſhmonger; John Yonghe, Grocer; Robert Gayton, Grocer; John Sturgeon and John Lambert, Mercers of London.

This patent was likewiſe granted *Authoritate Parliamenti*.

Prynne, who has given this patent in his *Aurum Reginæ*, p. 135, concludes with this ſarcaſtic obſervation—'A project never ſo ſeaſonable, and neceſſary as now!'

This remark will be echoed by certain politicians

politicians of the preſent hour. But the ſingular national deluſion here noticed will certainly never be exhibited again in England.

Alchymiſts were formerly called *Multipliers*; as appears from a ſtatute of Henry IV. repealed in the preceding record. The ſtatute being extremely ſhort, I give it for the reader's ſatisfaction.

'None from henceforth ſhall uſe to *multiply* gold or ſilver, or uſe the *craft of multiplication*; and if any the ſame do, he ſhall incur the pain of Felony.'

SAMUEL PURCHAS.

SAMUEL PURCHAS, of whom mention has been made in a former article, has compoſed what he calls—'*A Relation of the World, and the Religions obſerued in all Ages, and Places diſcouered from the Creation vnto this Preſent.*' The title page is very curious, and very long; but, through a mutilation in my copy, I cannot gratify the reader with the whole. The work is written

ten according to the taſte of our Royal Pedant: the graces of diction conſiſt in a play upon words—

'Jeſts for Dutchmen and Engliſh Boys.'
COWLEY.

The author, on the moſt ſerious ſubjects, indulges his facetious humour: he finds amplification in metaphyſical quibbles, and irreſiſtible arguments in puns. It will be neceſſary to give ſome inſtances: and it may not be unpleaſing to extract a few ſentences, which muſt have greatly delighted our Firſt James—

'Being, I know not by what natural inclination, addicted to the ſtudie of Hiſtorie, I reſolved to turn the *pleaſures* of my *ſtudies* into *ſtudious paines*, that others might again, by *delightfull ſtudie*, turn *my paines* into *their pleaſures*.'—'I here bring Religion from *Paradiſe* to the *Ark*, and thence follow her round the *world*.'

The following Apology of the author is curious and ingenious. It ſhould be recollected, that one part of it's merit conſiſts in it's being prefixed to a Treatiſe on Geography—

'If

'If any miſlike the *fulneſſe* in ſome places, and the *barrenneſſe* of words in others, let them conſider, we handle a world where are *mountains* and *vallies*, *fertile* habitations, and *ſandy* deſerts; and others *ſteps*, whom I follow, hold me ſometimes in a *narrower* way, which elſewhere take more libertie.'

In addreſſing the Clergy, Purchas thus plays off an argument in a pun, which may raiſe a ſmile—

'I ſubſcribe, with hand and practice, to your *Liturgie*, but not to your *Letargie*.'

The fourth edition of this Syſtem of Geography—a ſtupendous labour for thoſe times, and which, with Hackluyt's Voyages, gave birth to the numerous ones we now poſſeſs—is dedicated to King Charles the Firſt. From this dedication the preſent extracts may amuſe—

'Your Majeſties goodneſſe hath inuited this boldnes, in accepting my late voluminous twinnes of pilgrimes,'—he means, his former two volumes. 'Your pietie demands *hereditarie* reſpect. Your royall father, *the King of Learned*, and *Learning's King*, manifeſted ſo much favour to this work, as to make it *ordinarie* of his bed-

chamber. He profeſſed freely, that he had read it *ſeven times*; and that he had made the *pilgrimes* his nightly taſke, till God called him by fatall ſickneſſe to a *better pilgrimage*, and of a more enduring kingdome. Such a teſtimonie is a *king* of *teſtimonies*. Although theſe times ſeem more to *favour* of armes than to *favour* arts, *(inter arma ſilent Muſæ)* yet our Muſe is not of the ſofter ſock, but more maſculine, an armed *Pallas*; not bred in poeticall miſterie, but *born* a real hiſtorie, containing *actions*, *factions*, and *fractions*, of religions and ſtates.'

He concludes with this curious wiſh—'May King James be *ſucceeded*, and *exceeded*, in the *greatneſſe* and vertues of *Great* Britein's *Great* Charles! Amen.'

Such was the incenſe which, adminiſtered to adulated majeſty, was probably found not unpleaſing.

A VISIONARY'S BOOK.

I GIVE the ſingular title of a work, which is looked upon as the moſt extravagant production that has ever been publiſhed. It

It has given birth to a great number of diſſertations concerning it's ſubject, it's meaning, and it's author. The laſt alone ſeems to have been diſcovered, who confeſſes he neither knew how to *write* or *read*, but acknowledges himſelf to have been guided by the inſpirations of God and the Angels.

'Les Oeuvres de Bernard de Bluet d'Arberes, Comte de Permiſſion, Chevalier des Ligues des XIII Cantons Suiſſes; et le dit Comte de Permiſſion vous avertit qu'il ne ſçait ny lire ny écrire, et ny'a a jamais apris; mais par l'inſpiration de Dieu et conduite des Anges et pour la bonté et miſericorde de Dieu; et le tout ſera dedié à hault et puiſſant Henry de Bourbon, Roi de France, grand Empereur Théodore premier fils de l'Egliſe, Monarque des Gaules, le premier du Monde, par la grace, bonté, et miſéricorde de Dieu, le premier jour de Mai l'an 1600.'

Among the great number of writers who have attempted to diſcover the ſenſe of the Enigmas, and the fooliſh and extravagant Viſions with which this work is loaded, there have been ſome who imagined that they perceived many remarkable events,

which were predicted in this book. Others have led their imagination to behold it in another point of view; and there have been even chymiſts, who have pretended to ſay, that the great ſecret of the Philoſophical Stone was there concealed under myſterious phraſes.

'If it is difficult'—ſays De Bure—' to give a juſt idea of this extravagant work, it it, however, more eaſy, to inform the reader of it's rarity. It has been long known amongſt the literary *connoiſſeurs*; and it is certain, that nothing is more difficult than to find a compleat copy. Some curious collectors have endeavoured, by ſacrificing a great number of copies, to join it's ſeparate parts; but they have always found their endeavours fruſtrated. This myſterious work ſeems to have a myſterious concluſion.

'This rare volume conſiſts—according to the moſt compleat copy extant—of one hundred and three fugitive and ſeparate pieces, which the author cauſed, himſelf, to have printed, and which he diſtributed, himſelf, in ſtreets, and houſes, to thoſe perſons who made him ſome pecuniary preſents, as he

he himſelf informs us, by the acknowledgments which he makes in ſome of his pieces; where he puts not only the name and the quality of thoſe to whom he preſented them, but alſo the ſums which he received from each individual.'

The Abbé Ladvocat has given the following ſuccinct account of this man—'He knew the art of gaining his livelihood, by diſtributing his extravagancies to whoever he found was willing to purchaſe them. They contain orations, ſentences, but more frequently prophecies. Many have ill-ſpent their time in explaining the myſteries of his work; and, as is uſual in theſe caſes, every one found what he ſought: but the truth is, they are viſions which came from a head leſs ridiculous than thoſe of the perſons who received them with reſpect, and recompenſed them with their money, unleſs they were guided to act thus by the benevolence of Charity.'

After what has been laid before the reader, will it be believed, that a compleat collection of the Comte de Permiſſion's abſurdities would fetch a very high price among a certain claſs of *Literati?* It happens, however,

ever, that his *leaves*, which reſemble in their deſign thoſe of the Roman *Sybils*, are as difficult to be found. There are men who diſplay a rich fund of *Erudition*, only by ſtudying *Catalogues*; and feel themſelves as much enchanted by the *rarity* of an execrable book, as ſome by the *rarity* of fine writing!

SCRIPTURE EXPRESSIONS DERIVED FROM CUSTOMS.

It was an ancient ceremony of the Jews, which yet is religiouſly obſerved amongſt them, to tear their cloaths in mourning and affliction. Some Orientals ſtill practiſe this cuſtom, when any thing uncommonly diſtreſsful happens. The Jews make uſe of much ceremony on this occaſion—Sometimes, they tear from the top to the bottom; and ſometimes, from the bottom to the top. The rent muſt be of a particular length. When it is done for the loſs of parents, it is never ſewed; for the loſs of other perſons, it is ſewed at the end of thirty days. This piece

piece of religious mummery, if it is of no other value, will at leaſt ſerve to explain a paſſage, in which Solomon, in his Proverbs, ſays, that—'*There is a time to rend, and a time to ſew.*' Which means, there is a time for affliction, and a time for conſolation. Many of the Scripture phraſes, that appear unintelligible, are founded on Jewiſh cuſtoms.

Mr. Bruce, in his Travels, obſerved in a cavalcade, the head-dreſs of the governors of provinces. A large broad fillet was bound upon their forehead, and tied behind their head. In the middle of this was a HORN, or a conical piece of ſilver, gilt, much in the ſhape of our candle extinguiſhers. This is called *Kirn*, or *Horn*, and is only worn in reviews, or public rejoicings for victory. This cuſtom, borrowed from the Hebrews, our Traveller conceives, will explain the ſeveral alluſions made to it in Scripture. 'I ſaid unto fools, deal not fooliſhly; and to the wicked, lift not up the HORN—Lift not up your HORN on high; ſpeak not with a ſtiff neck—But my HORN ſhalt thou exalt like the horn of an unicorn—And the HORN of the righteous ſhall be

exalted with honour.' And thus in many other places throughout the Pſalms.

In the 19th Pſalm, verſe 4. theſe words: 'In them hath he ſet a Tabernacle for the ſun, which is as a bridegroom coming out of his chamber'—Dr. Jackſon has illuſtrated by;—the Pſalmiſt alluding to the Jewiſh cuſtom of the bridegroom being conducted from his chamber at midnight with great pomp, and preceded by a great number of torches.

NOAH AND SATURN.

THERE can be no doubt that *Noah* was the Pagan *Saturn*. Noah was a juſt man in his days: he endeavoured to enlighten the wicked race amongſt whom he lived by his counſels, and to inſtruct them by his example. Thus, according to Aurelius Victor, and Diodorus, Saturn ſoftened the wicked inclinations of men, and endeavoured to bring them back to their ancient purity of manners, by a civilized and regulated life.

Between

Between the Deluge and the birth of Phaleg there was an interval of one hundred years; when, the world not being yet ſhared out, Noah had a natural right to be the Sovereign of his children. This is the Golden Age the Poets ſo much celebrate, where every thing was in common.

Moſes calls Noah, *Iſch-hadama*—that is, the Man of the Earth—for Labourer.

The Mythologiſts, who accommodated their fables to hiſtory, obſerving that the Hebrew word bore two ſignifications, either *Man* or *Huſband*, ſay, that *Rhea*, or the Earth, was the wife of Saturn; and, as the Man of the Earth alſo relates to Agriculture, they attribute to Saturn the art of cultivating fields, vines, and meadows, repreſenting him with a ſcythe in his hands.

From the paſſage in Geneſis, where it is ſaid, Noah was intoxicated with the liquor of the vines he had planted, they have ſaid alſo that Saturn preſided over Ebriety. Hence they called that day in the year in which the maſters attended their ſlaves, *The Saturnalian Feaſt.*

Plato ſays, in his Timæus, that Saturn, Rhea, and their family, were born of the Ocean

Ocean and Thetis; which correſponds with Noah and his family coming from the waters of the Deluge.

Saturn had, for ſucceſſors, his three children, Jupiter, Neptune, and Pluto; and Noah ſhared out the earth to his three ſons, Shem, Ham, and Japheth. This laſt, who is Neptune, had for his portion, all the iſles and peninſulas of the ſea.

Moſes ſays, that God conſecrated to himſelf a church in the family of Shem; and, as he muſt have been the greateſt enemy of the Idolaters, it is very probable that, hating him, they made him Pluto, who is the god of Hell and the Dead.

Cham, or Ham, had for his portion Africa, Arabia, and Egypt; which, after his name, was anciently called Chemie, where he was adored, during many ages, under the name of Jupiter Ham, Hammon, &c. And why the Pagans ſaid of Jupiter, that he *cut* thoſe parts of his father Saturn which it is not allowed to name, comes from this paſſage of the ninth chapter of Geneſis being miſunderſtood—*Quod cum videret Cham pater Canaan, verenda patris ſui eſſe nudata, nunnavit.* This laſt word is, in the Hebrew,

brew, *vajagged*; and, perhaps, the vowel points not being marked, occaſioned them to read *vejagod*, which ſignifies *cut*.

The whole of this article, which diſplays much ingenious erudition, is drawn from the *Chevræana*, Vol. I. p. 91.

METEMPSICHOSIS.

If we ſeek for the origin of the opinion of the Metempſichoſis, or the Tranſmigration of Souls into other bodies, we muſt plunge into the remoteſt antiquity; and even then we ſhall find it impoſſible to fix the epoch of it's firſt author. We know that the notion was long extant in Greece before the time of Pythagoras. Herodotus aſſures us that the Egyptian prieſts taught it; but he does not inform us about the time it began to be ſpread. It is very probable it followed the opinion of the Immortality of the Soul. As ſoon as the firſt philoſophers had eſtabliſhed this dogma, they thought they could not maintain this immortality without a tranſmigration of ſouls.

The

The opinion of the Metempſichoſis ſpread in almoſt every region of the earth; and it continues, even to the preſent time, in all it's force amongſt thoſe nations who have not yet embraced Chriſtianity. The people of Arracan, Pegu, Siam, Camboya, Tonquin, Cochin-china, Japan, Java, and Ceylon, are ſtill in that error, which alſo forms the chief article of the Chineſe religion.

TRANSLATION.

THE following obſervations on *Tranſlation* are offered to our modern *doers into Engliſh*. To whom I am indebted, for this article has eſcaped my recollection.

To render a *Tranſlation* perfect, it is neceſſary to attend to theſe rules.—The tranſlator muſt poſſeſs a thorough knowledge of the two languages. He muſt be exact, not only in giving the thoughts of his author, but even his own words, when they become eſſential and neceſſary. He muſt preſerve the ſpirit and peculiar genius of his author. He muſt diſtinguiſh every character by it's manners

manners and it's nature, by unfolding the ſenſe and the words with ſuitable phraſes and parallel expreſſions. He muſt yield beauties by other beauties, and figures by other figures, whenever the idiom of language does not admit of a cloſe verſion. He muſt not employ long ſentences, unleſs they ſerve to render the ſenſe more intelligible, and the diction more elegant. He muſt attempt a neatneſs in his manner; and, to effect this, he muſt know ſkilfully to contract or enlarge his periods. He muſt unite the too conciſe ſentences of his author, if his ſtyle, like that of Tacitus, be cloſe and abrupt. He muſt not only ſedulouſly attempt preciſion and purity of diction, but he muſt ſtrive alſo to embelliſh his verſion with thoſe graces and images which frequently lie ſo cloſely hidden, that nothing but the being familiarly converſant with his author can diſcover them. And, laſtly, he muſt preſent us with the ſentiments of his author, without a ſervile attachment to his words or phraſes, but rather, according to his ſpirit and his genius.

A tranſlator is a painter who labours after an original. He muſt carefully reveal the

traits of his model. He copies, he does not compoſe. Whenever he treſpaſſes on his limits, he ceaſes to be a *tranſlator*, and becomes an *author*.

THE ORIGIN OF NEWSPAPERS AND PERIODICAL LITERATURE.

THE Newſpapers of the preſent day, contraſted with their original models, have attained a degree of excellence which is flattering to modern induſtry to contemplate. While political events are regiſtered with a celerity unknown to our anceſtors, the ſentiments of liberty are diſſeminated in the warm impreſſion of the moment. The frivolous purſuits of the age offer an ample field to thoſe who can point with force the keenneſs of Ridicule. Faſhion, however verſatile, cannot eſcape the eye of the ſatiriſt; and the follies of the night are chronicled for the ſober contemplation of the morning. Literature has been called in to embelliſh theſe diurnal pages; and it has given a ſtability and perfection, of which the evaneſcent

cent nature of ſuch productions was hardly thought ſuſceptible. It is, however, a melancholy truth, that ſuch excellent purpoſes have been fruſtrated by a vile ſpirit of faction; a ſpirit that, according to the ſenſible *Rapin*, will ſooner overturn the Engliſh Conſtitution than the united efforts of our moſt powerful enemies. But ſuch diſcuſſions we leave to the ſagacious politicians.

We are obliged to the Italians for the idea of Newſpapers. It was their *Gazettas*—perhaps derived from *Gazzera*, a magpie or chatterer—which have given a name to theſe publications. Menage, indeed, in his *Origini della lingua Italiana*, is of opinion with others, that it comes from a little coin peculiar to the City of Venice, called *Gazzetta*, which was the common price of the newſpapers. Beſides theſe etymons, we are obliged to the learned Engliſh Reviewer, in his account of Lodge's State Papers for June 1792, for another, not unworthy of that hiſtorical acumen, for which the writer, if I am not miſtaken, has long and deſervedly been celebrated. Mr. Lodge has given the common etymology, but which our ingenious critic thus oppoſes. He tells us, that this

this etymon has always appeared to him improbable. Theſe are his words—'It is improbable, that when there was only *this* newſpaper publiſhed at Venice; and when, therefore, there could be no occaſion for diſcriminating *this* from others, that *this* ſhould be denominated (as it were) the Farthing Paper. It is more improbable that, in theſe or in any circumſtances, this or any paper ſhould be called, not the Farthing *Paper*, but the *Farthing* only. It is ſtill more improbable that, as the paper muſt have had a *name* before it gained a *ſale*, the former ſhould be ſuperſeded by the latter, and the coin given for it ſhould cover the original name with it's own. Theſe improbabilities, united together, form a kind of conſtructive impoſſibility, we think, againſt the common etymology of the word Gazette; while there is another, which muſt occur to every mind, and has been long familiar to our own. In that language, which we know to have been the Italian of paſt ages, the Latin, *Gaza* would colloquially lengthen in the diminutive into *Gazetta*; and, as applied to a newſpaper, would ſig-

nify

nify a little treaſury of news. This etymon is as natural and juſt, as the other is ſtrange and forced. And in that language, which carries equal Latinity with the Italian in it's conſtitution, the Spaniſh, we find *Gazeta* ſtill ſignifying "Enarratio Nunciorum;" and we ſee ſome of the Spaniſh dictionaries actually deriving it from the Latin *Gaza*, and deriving equally their *Gazatero* and our *Gazatteer*, for a writer of the Gazette, and what is peculiar to themſelves.' *Gazetiſta* for a lover of the Gazette, from the ſame ſource.

'Newſpapers then took their birth in that principal land of modern politicians, Italy, and under the government of that ariſtocratical republic, Venice. The firſt newſpaper was a Venetian one, and only monthly: but it was the newſpaper of the government only. Other governments afterwards adopted the Venetian plan of a newſpaper, with the Venetian name for it; and, from one ſolitary government Gazette, we ſee what an inundation of newſpapers has burſt out upon us in this country.'

Thoſe who firſt wrote newſpapers, were called, by the Italians, *Menanti*; becauſe,

ſays Voſſius, they intended commonly, by theſe looſe papers, to ſpread about defamatory reflections, and were therefore prohibited in Italy by Gregory XIII. by a particular bull, under the name of *Menantes*, from the Latin *Minantes*—threatening. Menage, however, derives it from the Italian *Menare*, which ſignifies—to lead at large, or ſpread afar.

Periodical papers ſeem firſt to have been uſed by the Engliſh, during the civil wars of the uſurper Cromwell, to diſſeminate amongſt the people the ſentiments of loyalty or rebellion, according as their authors were diſpoſed. Honeſt *Peter Heylin*, in the preface to his *Coſmography*, mentions, that—'the affairs of each town, or war, were better preſented to the reader in the *Weekly News-books*.' In their origin they were ſolely devoted to political purpoſes: but they ſoon became a public nuiſance, by ſerving as receptacles of party malice, and echoing to the fartheſt ends of the kingdom the inſolent voice of Faction. They ſet the minds of men more at variance, enflamed their tempers to a greater fierceneſs, and gave a keener edge to the ſharpneſs of civil diſcord.

It

It is to be lamented, that ſuch works will always find writers adapted to their ſcurrilous purpoſes; but of a vaſt crowd that iſſued from the preſs, though little more than a century has elapſed, they are now not to be found but in a few private collections. They form a race of authors unknown to moſt readers of theſe times: the name of their chief, however, has juſt reached us, but is on the point of diſappearing.

Sir *Roger L'Eſtrange*, who appears to have greatly ſurpaſſed his rivals, and to have been eſteemed as the moſt perfect model of political writing, merits little praiſe. The temper of the man was factious and brutal, and the compoſitions of the author very indifferent. In his multifarious productions, and meagre tranſlations, we diſcover nothing that indicates one amiable ſentiment, to compenſate for a barbarous diction, and a heavy load of political traſh. His attempts at wit are clumſy exertions; the aukward efforts of a German who labours on a delicate toy. When he aſſumes the gravity of the ſage, he ſeems more fortunate in extorting a laugh; burleſquing the moſt ſolemn

reflections by quaint and uncouth expreſſion.

In the reign of Queen *Anne*—not unjuſtly characterized by being diſtinguiſhed as the Auguſtan Age of Engliſh Literature—Periodical Prints, that till then had only ſerved political purpoſes, began to rank higher in the eſtimation of the public. Some had already attempted to introduce literary ſubjects, and other topics of a more general ſpeculation. But we ſee nothing that has eſcaped the waſte of time, till Sir *Richard Steele* formed the plan of his *Tatler*. He deſigned it to embrace the three provinces, of Manners, of Letters, and of Politics. He knew that this was an invaluable improvement; and, doubtleſs, he thought, that if the laſt portion could be omitted, it would ſtill have made it more perfect. But violent and ſudden reformation is ſeldom to be uſed; and the public were to be conducted inſenſibly into ſo new and different a track from that to which they had been hitherto accuſtomed. Hence politics were admitted into his paper. But it remained for the chaſter genius of *Addiſon* to baniſh this

this diſagreeable topic from his elegant pages. The writer in Polite Letters felt himſelf degraded, by ſinking into the dull narrator of political events. It is from this time that Newſpapers and periodical Literature became diſtinct works.

PHYSIOGNOMY AND PALMISTRY.

EVERY one ſeems not a little to have ſtudied *Lavater*; ſo that—if the expreſſion does not offend—moſt men are aſhamed to ſhew their faces. Perhaps it is not generally known that an ancient Greek author has written on *Phyſiognomy*. This work is tranſlated into Latin by the Count Charles de Montecuculli, enriched with very learned annotations.

One Walſon aſſured George Wheeler, who publiſhed his Travels into Dalmatia, Greece, and the Levant—a very curious work—that he had purchaſed a cheſt-full of very ſcarce Arabic books; amongſt which was a Treatiſe on Chiromancy, more curious than that of John Baptiſte Porta; in

which the author ſhews, that the *lines* in the hand are *letters*, of which he preſents the reader with an *alphabet*.

The following curious phyſiological definition of PHYSIOGNOMY is extracted from a publication by Dr. Gwither, of the year 1604—

'Soft wax cannot receive more various and numerous impreſſions than are imprinted on a man's face by *objects* moving his affections: and not only the *objects* themſelves have this power, but alſo the very *images* or *ideas*; that is to ſay, any thing that puts the animal ſpirits into the ſame motion that the *object* preſent did, will have the ſame effect with the object. To prove the firſt, let one obſerve a man's face looking on a pitiful object, then a ridiculous, then a ſtrange, then on a terrible or dangerous object, and ſo forth. For the ſecond, that *ideas* have the ſame effect with the *object*, dreams confirm too often.

'The manner I conceive to be thus—The animal ſpirits, moved in the ſenſory by an object, continue their motion to the brain; whence the motion is propagated to this or that particular part of the body, as is moſt

ſuitable

ſuitable to the deſign of it's creation; having firſt made an alteration in the *face* by it's nerves, eſpecially by the *pathetic* and *oculorum motorii* actuating it's many muſcles, as the dial-plate to that ſtupendous piece of clock-work, which ſhews what is to be expected next from the ſtriking part. Not that I think the motion of the ſpirits in the ſenſory continued by the impreſſion of the object all the way, as from a finger to the foot: I know it too weak, though the tenſeneſs of the nerves favours it. But I conceive it done in the medulla of the brain, where is the common ſtock of ſpirits; as in an organ, whoſe pipes being uncovered, the air ruſhes into them; but the keys, let go, are ſtopped again. Now, if by repeated acts, or frequent entertaining of the ideas of a favourite idea of a paſſion or vice, which natural temperament has hurried one to, or cuſtom dragged, the *face* is ſo often put into that poſture which attends ſuch acts, that the animal ſpirits find ſuch latent paſſages into it's nerves, that it is ſometimes unalterably ſet: as the *Indian* Religious are, by long continuing in ſtrange poſtures in their *Pagods*. But, moſt commonly, ſuch

a habit is contracted, that it falls inſenſibly into that poſture, when ſome preſent object does not obliterate that more natural impreſſion by a new, or diſſimulation hide it.

'Hence it is that we ſee great *drinkers* with *eyes* generally ſet towards the noſe, the adducent muſcles being often employed to let them ſee their loved liquor in the glaſs at the time of drinking; which were, therefore, called *bibitory*. *Laſcivious perſons* are remarkable for the *Oculorum Mobilis Petulanta*, as Petronius calls it. From this alſo we may ſolve the *Quaker*'s expecting face, waiting the pretended Spirit; and the melancholy face of the *Sectaries*; the *ſtudious* face of men of great application of mind; revengeful and *bloody* men, like executioners in the act: and though ſilence, in a ſort, may awhile paſs for wiſdom, yet, ſooner or later, Saint Martin peeps through the diſguiſe, to undo all. A *changeable face* I have obſerved to ſhew a *changeable mind*. But I would by no means have what has been ſaid underſtood as without exception: for I doubt not but ſometimes there are found men with great and virtuous ſouls under very unpromiſing outſides.'

CHARAC-

CHARACTERS DESCRIBED BY MUSICAL NOTES.

THE preſent communication is made by an ingenious young friend. It is an extract from a volume of 'Philoſophical Tranſactions and Collections,' publiſhed at the end of the year 1700. 'The curious conjectures it contains, being perfectly novel to me,'—my friend obſerves—'may, perhaps, be ſo to you and many others.'

The idea of deſcribing characters under the names of Muſical Inſtruments, has been already diſplayed. The two moſt pleaſing papers which embelliſh the *Tatler*, are written by Addiſon. He there dwells on this idea with uncommon ſucceſs. It has been applauded for it's *originality*; and, in the general preface to that work, thoſe Papers are diſtinguiſhed for their felicity of imagination. Let it, however, be recollected, that the following Paper was publiſhed in the year 1700, and the two Numbers of Addiſon in the year 1710. It is probable that this

this inimitable writer borrowed his ideas from this work.

'A conjecture at diſpoſitions from the modulations of the voice.'

'Sitting in ſome company, and having been, but a little before, muſical, I chanced to take notice, that, in ordinary diſcourſe, *words* were ſpoken in perfect *notes*; and that ſome of the company uſed *eighths*, ſome *fifths*, ſome *thirds*; and that his diſcourſe which was moſt pleaſing, his *words*, as to their tone, conſiſted moſt of *concords*, and were of *diſcords* of ſuch as made up harmony. The ſame perſon was the moſt affable, pleaſant, and beſt-natured in the company. This ſuggeſts a reaſon why many diſcourſes, which one *hears* with much pleaſure, when they come to be *read*, ſcarce ſeem the ſame things.'

'From this difference of MUSIC in SPEECH, we may conjecture that of TEMPERS. We know the Doric mood ſounds gravity and ſobriety; the Lydian, buxomneſs and freedom; the Æolic, ſweet ſtillneſs and quiet compoſure; the Phrygian, jollity and youthful levity; the Ionic is a ſtiller of ſtorms and diſturbances ariſing from paſſion. And why

why may not we reaſonably ſuppoſe, that thoſe whoſe ſpeech naturally runs into the notes peculiar to any of theſe moods, are likewiſe, in nature, hereunto congenerous? *C Fa ut*, may ſhew me to be of an ordinary capacity, though good diſpoſition. *G Sol re ut*, to be peeviſh and effeminate. *Flats*, a manly or melancholic ſadneſs. He who hath a voice which will, in ſome meaſure, agree with all *cliffs*, to be of good parts, and fit for variety of employments, yet ſomewhat of an inconſtant nature. Likewiſe from the TIMES: ſo *ſemi-briefs*, may ſpeak a temper dull and phlegmatic; *minums*, grave and ſerious; *crotchets*, a prompt wit; *quavers*, vehemency of paſſion, and ſcolds uſe them. *Semi-brief-reſt*, may denote one either ſtupid, or fuller of thoughts than he can utter; *minum-reſt*, one that deliberates; *crotchet-reſt*, one in a paſſion. So that, from the natural uſe of MOOD, NOTE, and TIME, we may collect DISPOSITIONS.'

LITE-

LITERARY COMPOSITION.

In a little Tract, printed in 1681, is to be found ſome curious literary information. The ingenious author attempts to mark out the moſt profitable way of reading and writing books. He firſt informs us of various voluminous writers; of ſome, ſo infected with the *cacoethes ſcribendi*, that they have compoſed from ſix to ſeven thouſand volumes! He then notices vaſt libraries; ſuch as that of Ptolomy, King of Egypt, which was ſaid to contain four hundred thouſand; or, as others write, ſeven hundred thouſand volumes: and alſo that of the younger Theodoſius, at Conſtantinople, containing ten myriads of books.

He reflects that, ſince the invention of printing, an author can publiſh as much in *one day* as he has compoſed in *one year*. He laments, that theſe multifarious volumes may prove prejudicial to the ſtudent; that ſuch a continued novelty of matter will ren-

der

der his knowledge leſs clear and digeſted than before this invention took place: though he is willing to allow that this evil originates rather from the ill uſe made of books, than from their number.

He complains—a complaint, I fear, which muſt ever exiſt—that the preſs is continually pouring forth trivial, crude, and uſeleſs performances: yet he obſerves—'If men would take care that ill books be not written, and that good books be not ill written, but that in their compoſition a due regard be always had to *prudence*, *ſolidity*, *perſpicuity*, and *brevity*, there would be no cauſe left for us to complain of the too great number of books.'

By the idea of *prudence*, he would have us underſtand, that an author ſhould never raſhly or inconſiderately apply himſelf to compoſition: let him learn well what he purpoſes to teach to others. The greateſt ſcholars have always taken time to make their compoſitions approach perfection. Iſocrates ſpent ten, or, as ſome will have it, fifteen years in poliſhing one panegyric. Dion Caſſius employed twelve years in writing his Hiſtory, and ten years in preparing his

his Memoirs. Virgil employed ſeven years to finiſh his Bucolics; and, after a labour of eleven years, pronounced his Æneid imperfect. Jacobus Sannazarius wrote three books *de Partu Virginis*, and dedicated twenty years to this labour. Diodorus Siculus was thirty years in compoſing his Hiſtory. Hence he adviſes writers to reflect on the reply of Zeuxis to one who boaſted of a more fluent hand in painting—*Diu pingo, quia eternitati pingo*—'I paint but a line every day; but I paint for poſterity.'

In works of importance, he would have us be ſtudious of what he calls *ſolidity*. He means, that our arguments ſhould be forcibly urged, and ſkilfully applied; that every thing we write tend to ſhew that we feel ourſelves the conviction of what we would convince our reader; that nothing be feeble, doubtful, or frivolous; that truth be firm, clear, and as indiſputable as poſſible. 'Not,' as he candidly remarks, 'that this *ſolidity* can be every where obſerved alike, it being above the infirmity of man ſo to do; but men ſhould be very wary not to flatter themſelves that others will believe their bare ſay-ſo's.'

By

By *perſpicuity*, he requires that the ſtyle ſerves like a mirror to the mind of the author; ſo that the ſenſe may be lucidly preſented to the reader. As for thoſe authors who are pleaſed to throw over their compoſitions an affected obſcurity, he ſhrewdly remarks, that they might gratify their humour and the world much better by remaining ſilent.

Laſtly, he would not have *perſpicuity* ſo far indulged as to neglect *brevity*. 'For, as obſcurity makes a book uſeleſs; ſo, if drawn out in length, it becomes tedious.' To obſerve this *brevity*, he adviſes the writer not to give into wild digreſſions, but always 'to keep cloſe to his main ſubject;' to reject, as much as poſſible, trite ſentiments and familiar arguments; to be ſparing of an idle amplification of words; and, in controverſy, not ſo much to combat his adverſaries by number as by weight of argument.

To cloſe this ſlight review, which, I hope, will not be found unuſeful, he exhorts the ingenuous youth not to delight in a multiplicity of authors; to be ſelect in his choice, and then ſtudiouſly to unite himſelf to thoſe

authors whom he finds moſt congenial to his own diſpoſitions. An excellent rule this! And, to conclude with a verſe from the Earl of Roſcommon—

'To chuſe an Author as he would a Friend.'

For the benefit of young authors, I will add the advice of a veteran on Publication—

Menage obſerves, that the works which are moſt *generally* liked, give a more extenſive reputation than the moſt excellent ones, which are only reliſhed by a few connoiſſeurs. The diſhes at a feaſt ſhould rather be ſeaſoned to the taſte of the gueſts than to that of the cooks, however able they may be: for, as Martial ſays—

——'Nam Cœnæ fercula Noſtræ
Malim Convivis, quam placuiſſe Cocis.'

To give a work which may be crowned with the approbation of the public, it muſt be read *three times*: the firſt, perfectly to underſtand it; the ſecond, to criticiſe it; and the third, to correct it.

It is juſtly obſerved by Bayle, that *correction* is by no means practicable by ſome authors,

authors. This he illuſtrates by what he relates of Ovid. When he was in exile, his compoſitions were only repetitions of what he had before ſaid; and ſaid, too, with more ſpirit. He confeſſes both negligence and idleneſs in the corrections of his works. The defect we notice was not unknown to him; but the vivacity which animated his firſt productions, failing him when he reviſed his poems, he found correction too laborious, and he abandoned it. But this is only an excuſe. 'It is certain,' obſerves our acute critic, 'that *ſome authors cannot correct*. They compoſe with pleaſure, and with ardour; and it is thus they exhauſt all their force: they fly but with one wing when they review their works; the firſt fire does not return; there is in their imagination a certain calm which hinders their pen from making any progreſs. Their mind is like a boat, which only advances by the ſtrength of oars.'

We may apply to Literary Compoſition the ſaying of an ancient philoſopher. He obſerved, that a little thing gave perfection, although perfection was not a little thing.

Malherbe, the father of French poetry, wrote little. He worked with prodigious ſlowneſs; and employed himſelf more in perfecting, than in forming works. His Muſe is compared to a fine woman in the pains of delivery. He exulted in this ſlowneſs; and was accuſtomed to ſay, that, after having finiſhed a poem of one hundred verſes, or a diſcourſe of ten pages, he ſhould repoſe for ten years. Gray entertained the ſame notion: and it is hard to ſay if it aroſe from the ſterility of their genius, or the chaſtity of their judgment.

Of Pope's continual corrections, and critical raſures, the reader has been informed. The celebrated Madame Dacier never could ſatisfy herſelf when ſhe tranſlated Homer: ſhe was continually retouching the verſion, even in it's happieſt paſſages. There were ſeveral parts which ſhe tranſlated in ſix or ſeven manners; and ſhe frequently noted in the margin—*I have not yet done it.*

Nicole, in his preface to Paſchal's Provincial Letters, informs us, that when Paſchal became warm in the controverſy, he applied himſelf with an incredible labour and care

to

to their compoſition. He was frequently for twenty days occupied on a ſingle letter. He recommenced ſome above ſeven and eight times, that he might carry them to the perfection in which they now are. Voltaire ſays, 'it is one of the beſt books ever publiſhed in France.'

Pelliſſon ſays, on the Quintus Curtius of Vaugolas, which occupied him 30 years, that he had ſeen the ſheets, and that generally every period was tranſlated in the margin five or ſix ſeveral ways, almoſt all of them very good. Chapelain and Conrart, who took the pains to review this work critically, were many times perplexed in their choice of paſſages, and what Pelliſſon conſidered as remarkable, generally that which had been firſt compoſed, was that which they liked beſt. The ſhorteſt Letters of Balzac and Voiture, were the labour of a fortnight.

D'Andilly, the tranſlator of Joſephus, aſked Richelet, who was intimately acquainted with D'Ablancourt, (another very celebrated tranſlator) how often this ingenious writer retouched his works before he gave them to the public. *Six times*, anſwered Richelet. And I, replied D'Andilly, re-

wrote *ten times* my hiſtory of Joſephus. I chaſtiſed the ſtyle with care, and could never pleaſe myſelf.

Some authors ſpare no trouble or expence to improve their works. Cardinal Perron frequently printed his works twice before he ventured to publiſh them: the firſt, to diſtribute them amongſt his friends, that they might make their obſervations; the ſecond, to give them to the public in a more perfect ſtate.

On blotting and correcting, Churchill ſaid —'*It was like cutting away one's own fleſh.*'

VIRGIL.

HAS not Virgil violated the immutable laws of common ſenſe, which exiſt in full force in all ages, and in all countries, by his ſtrange miracles, which, Marville ſays, are not leſs inſupportable than thoſe which the ancient chroniclers relate of their ſaints? Among theſe, we may obſerve, is that of transforming into the Leaves of a Tree, of which Polydore is the Root, the Lances

with which Polymneſtor had pierced him in the third book of the Æneid; in making the Branch of a Tree produce a Golden Bough, in the ſixth; and in metamorphoſing into Sea Nymphs, in the eleventh book, the Ships of Æneas, which were ſet on fire. A critic has ſaid, that theſe fictions are not miraculous, but ridiculous, and only ſerve to blemiſh ſo beautiful a compoſition!

We muſt alſo condemn, in Virgil, that cruel Piety by which he has diſtinguiſhed Æneas, in cauſing him to immolate eight perſons on the funeral-pile of Pallas. The example of Homer, which he has here followed, cannot excuſe a barbarity which ſhocks our feelings. This cruel action was characteriſtic of the furious Achilles in the circumſtance of the death of Patroclus, but ſhould not have been performed by the pious Æneas. Beſides, Virgil, who had more judgment than Homer, and who lived in a more poliſhed age, is leſs excuſable in having made his Hero commit ſo barbarous an action.

In the fourth book of the Æneid, we are compelled to animadvert on another fault,

which pains our ſenſibility. In that book, where the poet expreſſes ſo well the madneſs of a deſpairing lover, Æneas appears by much too cold; and his excuſes are, indeed, not very ingenious for his deſertion of Dido —in a word, not a little unfeeling. To all the reproaches of the paſſionate and tender queen, he has only to oppoſe the orders of Jupiter, and the ſeverity of his fate. He cannot doubt of the extreme violence of her paſſion; and he muſt neceſſarily know to what an exceſs a woman of her fervid ſpirit, who pretended to be united to him as his wife, would carry it: yet he *ſleeps*, in the moſt perfect tranquillity, in his veſſel, till Mercury awakens him.

Some of his adventures ſeem copies of each other. Sinon and Acheminedes preſent themſelves to the Trojans on two very different occaſions, but in nearly a ſimilar manner. The one in his ſecond book, and the other in the third, ſay the ſame things. The deſcriptions of the tempeſts too frequently reſemble each other; and they begin two or three times by the ſame verſes. This beautiful verſe—

‘ *Obſtupui,*

'*Obſtupui, ſteteruntque comæ et vox faucibus hæſit*'.

is too often repeated. There are alſo *contradictions*; which, probably, he would have corrected, had he lived.

He relates, in the fifth book, the circumſtances of the death of Palinurus in one manner; and Palinurus himſelf, in the ſixth, relates it differently. In one, it is the god of Sleep, under the figure of Phorbas, who having cauſed the pilot to fall aſleep, precipitates him and the rudder into the ſea; in the other, it is a gale of wind that carries them both away. In one place, Palinurus is ſwallowed up in a profound ſleep by the ſea; in the other, he is perfectly awake, and has time to reflect that the ſhip will now wander without a pilot.

Virgil ſhould not have cauſed Æneas to return from Hell by the gate of *Ivory*, but by that of *Horn*. By employing here the gate of Ivory, from whence iſſued fables and fictions, formed at pleaſure—*Sed falſa ad Cœlum mittunt inſomnia manes*—is it not deſtroying, at a ſingle ſtroke, the whole that he has been recounting in that incomparable book; and tacitly informing Auguſtus,

that all he had imagined moſt flattering for him and his anceſtors, is nothing but a mere idle fiction?

In the ſecond book of the Æneid, Aſcanius appears a little child, led by the hand of his father: he could not have attained to more than ſeven years. In the third, Andromache, calling to mind Aſtyanax her ſon, and addreſſing herſelf to Aſcanius, ſays —'Were he living, he would now, like you, have reached the age of puberty—

'*Et nunc æquali tecum pubeſceret avo.*'

Aſcanius was not, then, a child, before he went to Africa? Yet Virgil makes him again but ſeven years in his fourth book, when Dido holds Cupid in her lap, who had aſſumed his figure: yet, in the *very ſame book*, he is repreſented, not as a *child*, but as a young and vigorous *man*, in a hunting match, of which he gives a deſcription.

Theſe things are very irregular and diſſimilar: contradictions which are very material, and which cannot be reconciled. Virgil, on his death-bed, commanded his friends to burn his Æneid. The great poet was conſcious of it's unfiniſhed ſtate. Fortunately

tunately for poſterity, they did not in this reſpect obey the injunctions of their dying friend. The loſs had, indeed, been irreparable.

Let it not be conſidered, that I have collected theſe criticiſms to diminiſh the reputation of Virgil. As the Æneid is acknowledged not to have received the finiſhing hand, it may be rendered uſeful in exerciſing the youthful mind, to diſcern the petty blemiſhes amongſt the great beauties of a great maſter.

Virgil can be defended from a cenſure, which attacks at once the poet and the man. Several eminent critics (obſerves Menage) are much ſurprized that Virgil, in his ſixth book of the Æneid, deſcribing the Laurel Grove which he has aſſigned for the reſidence of the Poets, makes no mention of Homer. On this they have taxed Virgil with ingratitude and envy; ſince here an occaſion preſented itſelf ſo favourably to beſtow a beautiful eulogium on Homer, to whom he ſtood ſo deeply indebted; and they have been aſtoniſhed why he preferred to do this honour to the ancient Muſæus. But this cenſure is very unjuſt, and could only

only be occaſioned by not reflecting ſufficiently on the order of time. Let us conſider, that Virgil only follows his hero: if he ſpeaks of Muſæus, it is that he had no other deſign but to mention thoſe poets who died before the taking of Troy. He was too judicious to cauſe Æneas to relate that he had ſeen Homer amongſt the poets, who was not born till at leaſt one hundred and ſixty years after the deſtruction of Troy.

The ſage Huet affords me another obſervation, which appears juſt. He ſays, that faults will eſcape the attention of the greateſt men. Virgil is fallen into a groſs error, when he compares Orpheus deploring the loſs of his beloved Eurydice with the Nightingale who regrets the loſs of her young. He firſt makes the nightingale ſing in the ſhade of a poplar—*Populea mœrens, philomela ſub umbra*; and directly after this ſong is a nocturnal ſong—*flet noctem*. How can the *night* and the *ſhade* of the poplar meet together? Beſides, the nightingale ceaſes to ſing when it is delivered of its young.

Virgil, in the ſecond book of the Georgics, haſt beſtowed high eulogiums on the fertile territory

territory of Nole, in Campania: but, the inhabitants of this city not chuſing to allow their waters to run through his lands, he eraſed *Nole*, and put *Ora* in it's place. So dreadful is the vengeance of a poet!

The banquet which Alcinous gives Ulyſſes, in the Odyſſey, is very beautiful, and perfectly gallant: but it appears there are none but men preſent. That with which Dido entertains Æneas is not by any means comparable to it in feſtal elegance. In one, they ſing the adventures of the gods, and other themes, not leſs agreeable than gallant: in the other, they ſing concerning the ſtars, and other philoſophical matters. Let the feſtive ſplendours of Alcinous be removed to the court of Carthage, and the feaſt of Dido to the Pheacian Iſland; and every thing will then be in character.

To this article may be added an account of a thirteenth book of the Æneid. A poet, named *Maphæus Vegius Laudanenſis*—ſo Naudé writes it, but I obſerve his commentator tells us it ſhould be *Laudenſis*—was born at Lodi, in the year 1407. At ſixteen years of age he gave evident marks of an excellent

excellent genius. What is remarkable of him, he has, with great felicity, added a thirteenth book to the Æneid.

MILTON.

It is painful to obſerve the acrimony which the moſt eminent ſcholars infuſe frequently in their controverſial writings. The politeneſs of the preſent times has, in ſome degree, ſoftened the malignity of the man in the dignity of the author; though it muſt be confeſſed, there are living writers who pride themſelves on being—as they expreſs it—of the Warburtonian ſchool; but who diſplay the aſperity rather than the erudition of a Warburton.

The ingenious critic in the Monthly Review has ſaid of this article, that it is not to the honour of Literature to revive ſuch controverſies. I confeſs it is not. The ſame obſervation was made when the Abbé Iraild publiſhed, in four volumes, a work entitled *Querelles Litteraires*. That work excited loud

loud murmurs: but ſurely very unjuſtly. Muſt we ſuppoſe, that men of letters are exempt from the human paſſions? The ſenſibility of men of genius is more irritable, on the contrary, than the callous feelings of common men. And I am of opinion, that to ſhew how ridiculous truly great men can appear when they act ſo unworthy of themſelves as to employ the abuſive ſtyle of the illiterate, may be one great means of reſtraining that ferocious pride which ſtill exiſts in the republic of letters. Johnſon, at leaſt, appears to have entertained the ſame opinion; for he thought proper to republiſh the low invective of *Dryden* againſt *Settle:* a more deplorable inſtance of literary irritation I do not recollect.

The celebrated controverſy of *Salmaſius* and *Milton*—the firſt, the advocate of King Charles; the other, the defender of the people—was of that magnitude, that all Europe took a part in the paper-war of theſe two great men. The anſwer of Milton, who perfectly maſſacred Salmaſius, is now read but by the few. Whatever is addreſſed to the times, however great may be it's merit, is doomed

doomed to periſh with the times; yet, on theſe pages the philoſopher will not contemplate in vain.

It will form no unintereſting article to gather a few of the rhetorical *weeds*—for *flowers* we cannot well call them—with which they mutually preſented each other. Their rancour was at leaſt equal to their erudition, though they were the two moſt learned ſcholars of the learned age.

Salmaſius was a man of vaſt erudition, but no taſte. His writings are learned, but ſometimes ridiculous. He called his work *Defenſio Regia*—Defence of Kings. The opening of this work induces one to laugh. He begins thus—'Engliſhmen! who toſs the heads of kings as ſo many tennis balls; who play with crowns as if they were bowls; who look upon ſceptres as ſo many crooks, &c.

That the deformity of the body is an idea we attach to the deformity of the mind, the vulgar muſt acknowledge; but ſurely it is unpardonable in the enlightened philoſopher thus to compare corporeal matter with intellectual ſpirit: yet Milbourne and Dennis—the laſt a formidable critic—have frequently

quently conſidered, that comparing Dryden and Pope to whatever the eye turned from with diſguſt, was very good argument to lower their literary abilities. Salmaſius ſeems alſo to have entertained this idea, though his ſpies in England gave him wrong information; or, poſſibly, he only drew the figure of his own diſtempered imagination.

Salmaſius ſometimes reproaches Milton, as being but a puny piece of Man; a dwarf deprived of the human figure; a being compoſed of nothing but ſkin and bone; a contemptible pedagogue, fit only to flog his boys: and ſometimes elevating the ardour of his mind into a poetic frenzy, he applies to him theſe words of Virgil—'*Monſtrum horrendum, informe, ingens, cui lumen ademptum.*' Our great Poet thought this ſenſeleſs declamation merited a ſerious refutation; perhaps he did not wiſh to appear deſpicable in the eyes of the ladies. If the great Johnſon could expreſs his pleaſure, at learning that Milton wore latchets to his ſhoes, his admirers muſt be intereſted in this deſcription of himſelf. He ſays, that he does not think any one ever conſidered him as unbeautiful; that his ſize rather approach-

ed mediocrity than the diminutive; that he ſtill felt the ſame courage and the ſame ſtrength which he poſſeſſed when young, when, with his ſword, he felt no difficulty to combat with men more robuſt than himſelf; that his face, far from being pale, emaciated, and wrinkled, did him much credit; for though he had paſſed his fortieth year, he was in all other reſpects ten years younger. For all this he called for teſtimony on multitudes; who, though they knew him but by ſight, would hold him ridiculous if he did not reveal the truth.

Morus, in his Epiſtle Dedicatory of his *Clamor Regii Sanguinis*, compares Milton to a Hangman: his diſordered viſion to the blindneſs of his ſoul; and vomits forth ſo much rancour and venom, that to collect his calumnies ceaſes to become an amuſive employment.

When Salmaſius found that his ſtrictures on the perſon of Milton were falſe, and that, on the contrary, it was uncommonly beautiful, he then turned his battery againſt thoſe graces with which Nature had ſo liberally adorned his adverſary. And it is now that he ſeems to have ſet no reſtrictions

to

to his pen; but, raging with the irritation of Milton's ſucceſs, he throws out the blackeſt calumnies, and the moſt infamous aſperſions.

It muſt be obſerved, when Milton firſt propoſed to anſwer Salmaſius, he had loſt the uſe of one of his eyes: and his phyſicians declared, that if he applied himſelf to the controverſy, the other would likewiſe cloſe for ever! His patriotiſm was not to be baffled but with life itſelf. Unhappily, the prediction of his phyſicians took place! Thus a learned man, in the occupations of ſtudy, falls blind; a circumſtance which even now agonizes the heart of Senſibility. Salmaſius conſiders it as one from which he may draw cauſtic ridicule, and ſatiric ſeverity.

Salmaſius glories that Milton loſt his health and his eyes in anſwering his apology for King Charles! He does not now reproach him with natural deformities; but he malignantly ſympathiſes with him, that he now no more is in poſſeſſion of that beauty which rendered him ſo amiable during his reſidence in *Italy*. He ſpeaks more plainly in a following page; and, in a word, would

blacken the auſtere virtue of Milton with a crime too infamous to name.

Impartiality of Criticiſm obliges us to confeſs, that Milton was not deſtitute of rancour. And, when it was told him that his adverſary boaſted he had occaſioned the loſs of his eyes, he anſwered, with the ferocity of the irritated Puritan—'*And I ſhall coſt him his life!*' A prediction which was ſoon after verified: for Chriſtina, Queen of Sweden, withdrew her patronage from Salmaſius, and ſided with Milton. The univerſal neglect the proud Scholar felt, in conſequence, haſtened his death.

The ſtory of his expulſion from Cambridge was not forgotten—nor forgotten to be aggravated. Milton denies this, and relates it in a manner honourable to himſelf. Salmaſius aſſures his reader, that thoſe who well knew Milton affirm, that he was incapable of Latin compoſition; but—in his manner of raillery—he confeſſes Milton to be an extraordinary Poet; and this he maintains by pointing out how frequently he violates, in his Latin verſes, the laws of quantity. He adds, that the Author might have ſpared himſelf the pains of indicating his

his Age; for, without this aid, his reader muſt have been convinced that they were the compoſitions of the raw Scholar. To cloſe the virulence of his invectives, he tells us, that Milton's book is written by a French ſchoolmaſter in London, and that he only lent his name.

What Patin writes in his Letters, in the ſame times, will ſhew what lame reports the enemies of Milton helped about. He writes —'Monſieur de la Mothe le Vayer informs me, that the book of Milton againſt the king of England has been burnt by the common hangman in Paris: that Milton is in priſon; and, it is to be hoped, will be hanged. Some ſay that Milton wrote this Book in Engliſh; and that a Peter de Moulin, who has put it into ſuch fine Latin, is in danger, for his pains, of being burnt.' This is in the uſual ſtyle of Patin's correſpondence; ſome truth, with much fiction. Moulin was a Confeſſor of the royal party; and was, on the contrary, a favourite with our ſecond Charles; and who, having written againſt the rebels, was one of the few whoſe fidelity he rewarded.

It is raking in offals to tranſcribe from the

infamous *Lauder*. His virulence, however, cannot now irritate; it may amuſe. He ſeems to have poached in Salmaſius for epithets. His pamphlets, with the common lyes of the day, have met the common fate. The preſent paragraph is an odd mixture of pedantry, of vile compoſition, and viler abuſe.

'Milton, whom the preſent generation of writers, if they do not on ſome occaſions *exeem* from ſome human frailties and imperfections, have yet in the main conſpired to daub with the *untempered mortar* of *unbounded praiſe*. By repreſenting him as all perfect, all excellent, without the leaſt mixture of alloy, was rather *a devil* incarnate; an abandoned *monſter* of mankind, of inſatiable *avarice*, unbounded *ambition*, implacable *malice*, unparalleled *impudence*, and ſhocking *impiety*.' Such is the declamation which *Lauder*, in the preſent day, had the audacity to acknowledge as his own compoſition.

We will cloſe this article with Bayle's Review of Milton's Controverſial Latin Writings, for of no others he pretended to judge. 'Milton is very expert in the Latin language. No one can deny that his ſtyle

is

is flowing, animated, and flowery; and that he has defended the people adroitly and ingeniouſly. But, without entering too deeply into this ſubject, it muſt be confeſſed, that his manner is exceptionable: it is not ſufficiently ſerious for the importance of his ſubject. We ſee him at every moment—I do not ſay pouring forth ſharp railleries againſt Mr. Salmaſius; that would not injure his work, but gain the laughers on his ſide—attempting to be farcical, and to play off the buffoon. This cenſure particularly extends to his two anſwers of Mr. Morus. They are replete with outrageous jeſts. The character of the author here appears without a maſk; he is one of thoſe ſatiric geniuſes, who indeed are too fond of collecting all the diſadvantageous reports of others, and of having written, by the enemies of another, all the calumnies they know; but who feel a greater gratification to inſert thoſe calumnies in the firſt libel they publiſh againſt any one.'

I hope this heavy charge laid to our great poet is not juſt. He felt great provocations from Salmaſius and Morus; and he was deeply concerned in one of the greateſt poli-

tical revolutions. Surely, the ſublime conceptions of Milton could not deſcend to collect the tattle of Scandal. To do this, one muſt have a mind as little, and a heart as rancorous, as ſome of our modern verſificators.

It was the quaint criticiſm of the wits, when this great poet publiſhed his Epics, that in his *Paradiſe Loſt* they could *find Milton*; but in his *Paradiſe Regained* he was *loſt*. Does not this juſt criticiſm tend to ſhew, that theſe poems were more read in that time than we ſuppoſe?

CURIOSITIES OF LITERATURE.

HISTORICAL ANECDOTES.

TRIALS AND PROOFS OF GUILT IN SUPERSTITIOUS AGES.

IT is a melancholy contemplation to reflect on the ſtrange trials to which, in the remoter ages, thoſe ſuſpected of guilt were put. The Ordeal conſiſted of various kinds: walking blindfold amidſt heated plough-ſhares; paſſing through two fires; holding in the hand a red-hot bar; and plunging the hand into boiling water. Challenging the accuſer to ſingle combat, when frequently the ſtouteſt champion was allowed to ſupply their place;

the ſwallowing a morſel of conſecrated bread; the ſinking or ſwimming in a river for witchcraft; and various others. Though ſometimes theſe might be eluded by the artifice of the prieſt, what numbers of innocent victims have been ſacrificed to ſuch barbarous ſuperſtitions!

In the twelfth century they were very common. Hildebert, Biſhop of Mans, being accuſed of high-treaſon by our William Rufus, was preparing to undergo one of theſe trials; when Ives, Biſhop of Chartres, convinced him that they were againſt the canons of the conſtitutions of the church, and adds, that in this manner *Innocentiam defendere, eſt innocentiam perdere.*

An Abbot of Saint Aubin of Angers, who lived in 1066, having refuſed to preſent a horſe to the Viſcount of Touars, which the Viſcount claimed in right of his lordſhip, whenever an Abbot firſt took poſſeſſion of the ſaid abbey; the Eccleſiaſtic offered to juſtify himſelf by the trial of the ordeal, or by duel, for which he propoſed to furniſh a man. The Viſcount, at firſt, agreed to the duel; but, reflecting that theſe combats, though ſanctioned by the church, depended wholly

wholly on the ſkill or vigour of the adverſary, and could therefore afford no ſubſtantial proof of the equity of his claim, he propoſed to compromiſe the matter in a manner which ſtrongly characterizes the times: he waved his claim, on condition that the Abbot ſhould not forget to mention, in his prayers, himſelf, his wife, and his brothers! As the *oriſons* appeared to the Abbot, in compariſon with the *horſe*, of little or no value, he accepted the propoſal.

Pope Eugene approved of, and even introduced, the trial by immerſion in cold water.

It was about that time, alſo, that thoſe who were accuſed of robbery, were put to trial by a piece of barley-bread, on which the maſs had been ſaid; and, if they could not ſwallow it, they were declared guilty. This mode of trial was improved, by adding to the *bread* a ſlice of *cheeſe*; and ſuch were the credulity and firm dependence on Heaven in theſe ridiculous trials, that they were very particular in the compoſition of this holy *bread* and *cheeſe*. The bread was to be of unleavened barley, and the cheeſe made of ewe's milk of the month of May,

no

no other of the twelve months having any power to detect a criminal.

Du Cange has obſerved, that the expreſſion we long have employed—'*May this piece of bread choak me!*' comes from this cuſtom.

The anecdote of Earl Godwin's death by ſwallowing a piece of bread, in making this aſſeveration, is recorded in our hiſtory. If it be true, it was a ſingular misfortune.

Voltaire ſays, that they were acquainted in thoſe times with *ſecrets* to paſs, unhurt, theſe ſingular trials. He particularly mentions one for undergoing that of boiling water. Theſe are his words—'The whole ſecret is ſaid to conſiſt in rubbing one's ſelf a long time with the ſpirit of vitriol and allum, together with the juice of an onion. None of the Academies of Science, in our days, have attempted to verify, by experiments, a truth well known to quacks and mountebanks.'

But, amongſt theſe trials, not the leaſt ridiculous was that of *the bleeding of a corpſe*. If a perſon was murdered, it was ſaid that, at the touch, or at the approach, of the

murderer, the blood guſhed out of the body in various parts. This was once allowed in England; and is ſtill looked on, in ſome of the uncivilized parts of theſe kingdoms, as a detection of the criminal. It forms a rich picture to the imagination of our old writers; and their narrations and ballads are laboured into pathos by dwelling on this phenomenon. Yet, what is this evidence in the eyes of the enlightened philoſopher! It does not always happen in the preſence of the murderer; it bleeds ſuddenly in that of the innocent: and is it not natural to ſuppoſe, that 'when a body is full of blood, warmed by a ſudden external heat, having been conſiderably ſtirred or moved, and a putrefaction coming on, ſome of the blood-veſſels ſhould burſt, as it is certain they all will in time?'

For this laſt ingenious remark I am indebted to the Encyclopedia Britannica.

MUTUAL PERSECUTION.

THE Pagans were accuſtomed to accuſe the Chriſtians of being the cauſe of the evils which affected the Roman empire, as Origen remarks in his C. xxiv. on St. Matthew; St. Cyprian, in the commencement of his book *ad Demetrianum*; Tertullian, in his 40 C. of his Apology; and Arnobius, in his firſt book. When, in it's turn, Chriſtianity became the prevailing religion, the Chriſtians accuſed the Jews and the Pagans of drawing on the empire the calamities which then happened.

The Chriſtians appear frequently fighting amongſt themſelves. Ammianus Marcellinus ſays, that the Chriſtians of his age tore themſelves to pieces like ſo many wild beaſts. Chap. 5.

Crevier, in his Hiſtory of the Roman Emperors, informs us, that when they prepared in France for the conqueſt of *Jeruſalem*, and other *holy places*, the fanatic

preachers every where declared that they ſhould *begin the croiſade* by maſſacring the *Jews*, which they held to be a moſt meritorious action. The poor Iſraelites had been nearly exterminated but for the interference of St. Bernard, who luckily *happened to be of opinion* that they might be allowed to *live*. The *Jews*, when *Judaiſm* was more in faſhion than it is at preſent, did certainly treat as ill the Girgaſhites, the Hittites, and other nations whoſe names I cannot recollect. For above a century the *Catholics* and *Proteſtants* reciprocally cut each other's throats: and all this for *the Love of God*.

I ſhall cloſe this ſketch of *mutual perſecution* with theſe fine verſes of Voltaire.

Je ne décide point entre GENEVE et ROME—
—Périſſe à jamais l' affreuſe politique,
Qui prétend ſur les cœurs un pouvoir deſpotique,
Qui veut le fer en main convertir les mortels,
Qui du ſang heretique arroſe les Autels,
Et ſuivant un faux Zèle, ou l'Intérêt pour guides,
Ne ſert un Dieu de Paix que par des Homicides.

The following is a free attempt to gratify the Engliſh reader.

'Tis not 'twixt ROME and LONDON I decide,
To force the human heart, in ſaintly pride:

Periſh

Periſh that ſpirit, whoſe intolerant rage
Has oft made criminal the ſacred page;
Has oft with gleaming ſword exulting ſtood,
And bath'd the altar with a brother's blood;
It's crimes, as Zeal or Avarice bade increaſe,
But ſerv'd with Homicides, a God of Peace.

RELIGIOUS ENMITY.

I THINK the preſent article, which I have drawn from Naudé, while it contains ſome intereſting anecdotes, is juſt and philoſophical.

'When I was at Rome, I could not help telling many devotees, that when *Religion* ſeizes and overpowers the mind, it makes it conſider *actions* and *characters* through the medium of intereſt, and hence it ſhould not be relied on. For inſtance: the ancient fathers have ſaid every thing they could imagine to depreciate the character of Julian the Apoſtate. Though they would not have done this, had he not proved an apoſtate and a perſecutor of the Chriſtians; they do not in the ſlighteſt manner notice his many eminent qualities. He was rigor-

ouſly

ouſly juſt, a man of ſtrict morals, and a great politician.' See what Montaigne and La Mothe le Vayer obſerve of him; and particularly his character, elaborately delineated by Mr. Gibbon.

'Conſtantine murdered his brother-in-law, his nephew at 12 years of age, his father-in-law, his own ſon, and his wife—This wretch feigned to found Conſtantinople by order of God—This ſuppoſed Revelation ſhews his character—He is extolled by the Chriſtians to be one of the greateſt of men, becauſe he thought proper to burn Chriſtians for a vile political purpoſe.

'So alſo Diocletian, ſo far from being a perſecutor, as the Chriſtians defame him, gave them full enjoyment of their liberty 20 years of his reign. It was only two years before his death that he, with other Emperors, puniſhed them for ſtate reaſons. On the contrary, he had ſuffered them to grow ſo numerous that they became too ſtrong for him. Read the Monkiſh account of Diocletian.

'It is thus alſo in Venice. Anthony Bragadin paſſes for a martyr, becauſe he was flayed alive at the command of Muſtapha,

after

after the taking of Famaguſta. But the fact is, that the Turks are only like other men; and they thus puniſhed Bragadin, and his other Chriſtian captains, becauſe, when they ſaw they muſt be taken by Muſtapha, they barbarouſly cut the throats of all their Turkiſh priſoners.

'It is owing alſo to this cauſe, that the devotees ſay every thing favourable of Mary Stuart, Queen of Scotland, becauſe ſhe attended maſs very conſtantly; though it muſt be confeſſed, that her conduct was ſeldom regulated by decency and morality. I ſaw, at Rome—adds Naudé—the letters ſhe wrote to the Earl of Bothwell, *Subactori ſuo*. And I cannot but believe whatever has been ſaid of her by Buchanan and De Thou.'

Voltaire has defended the character of Jane of Naples. She appears to have reſembled Mary. Men of genius are oftner pleaſed with paradox than with truth.

It was thus likewiſe the prejudiced Puritans treated Marlowe, a poet well known to the readers of Old Engliſh Poetry. Marlowe had in his life time treated with great freedom ſacred ſubjects. His ſentiments,

which

which now ſo many profeſs without fear of exciting the enmity of the religious, theſe men conſtrued into abſolute Atheiſm, as Warton obſerves. Marlowe having been aſſaſſinated in an amorous adventure, they took pains to repreſent the unfortunate cataſtrophe of his untimely death, as an immediate judgment from Heaven upon his execrable impiety! Such opinions are promulgated at every hour by the bigot, who always ſees in the *misfortunes* of his enemy the *judgment* of Heaven.

INQUISITION.

INNOCENT the Third, a Pope as enterprizing as he was ſucceſsful in his enterprizes, having ſent Dominic, with ſome miſſionaries, into Languedoc, theſe men ſo irritated the Heretics they were ſent to convert, that moſt of them were aſſaſſinated at Toulouſe, in the year 1200. It was then he called in for aid temporal arms, and publiſhed againſt them a cruiſade; granting, as is uſual with the Popes on ſimilar occa-

ſions, all kinds of indulgences and pardons to thoſe who ſhould arm againſt theſe *Mahometans*, as he ſtiled theſe unfortunate men. Raimond, Count of Toulouſe, was conſtrained to ſubmit. The inhabitants were paſſed on the edge of the ſword, without diſtinction of age or ſex. It was then he eſtabliſhed that ſcourge of Europe, THE INQUISITION: for having conſidered that, though all might be compelled to ſubmit by arms, there might remain numbers who would profeſs particular dogmas, he eſtabliſhed this ſanguinary tribunal ſolely to inſpect into all families, and examine all perſons who they imagined were unfriendly to the intereſts of Rome. Dominic did ſo much by his cares and continued perſecutions, that he firmly eſtabliſhed it at Toulouſe.

It was as late as the year 1484 that it became known in Spain. It was alſo to a Dominican, John de Torquemada, that the Court of Rome owed this obligation. As he was the Confeſſor of Queen Iſabella, he had extorted from her a promiſe that, if ever ſhe aſcended the throne, ſhe would uſe every means to extirpate Hereſy and Heretics.

tics. Ferdinand had conquered Grenada, and had chaced from the Spaniſh realms multitudes of unfortunate Moors. A few had remained; who, with the Jews, he obliged to become Chriſtians: they at leaſt aſſumed the name; but it was well known that both theſe nations naturally reſpected their *own prejudices*, rather than thoſe of the Chriſtians.

Torquemada pretended that this diſſimulation would greatly hurt the intereſts of the Holy Religion. The queen liſtened with reſpectful diffidence to her confeſſor; and at length gained over the king to conſent to the eſtabliſhment of this barbarous tribunal. Torquemeda, indefatigable in his zeal for the holy ſeat, in the ſpace of fourteen years that he exerciſed the office of chief inquiſitor, perſecuted near eighty thouſand perſons, of whom ſix thouſand were condemned to the flames!

Voltaire attributes the taciturnity of the Spaniards to the univerſal horror ſuch proceedings ſpread. He ſays—'A general jealouſy and ſuſpicion took poſſeſſion of all ranks of people: friendſhip and ſociability

were all at an end! Brothers were afraid of brothers; fathers of their children.'

Let us contemplate a ſlight ſketch of that DESPOTISM which, with the deſtruction of the Baſtile, we hope is extinguiſhed throughout Europe.

During the pontificate of Sixtus the Fifth, the Inquiſition was powerful and rigorous in Rome. Muretus, in writing to De Thou the hiſtorian, ſays—'We do not know what becomes of the people here. Almoſt every day, when I riſe, I hear, with an alarming ſurprize, how ſuch an one has diſappeared. We dare not whiſper our ſuſpicions: the Inquiſition would be immediately at our doors.'

Taverner, in his Travels, informs us, that a man of letters, who had fallen into the hands of the inquiſitors, ſaid, that nothing troubled him ſo much as the *ignorance* of the inquiſitor and his council when they put any queſtion; ſo that he was inclined to believe that not one of them had really *read* the *Scriptures!*

Dr. Grainger affords us a curious piece of information. He aſſures us, that in his remembrance

membrance, *a horſe*, that had been taught to tell the ſpots upon cards, the hour of the day, &c. by ſignificant tokens, was, together with his *owner*, put into the Inquiſition for *both* of them dealing with the devil!—This man, perhaps, ſhould have been placed amongſt *the perſecuted Learned*. The man who teaches a *horſe*, in the preſent day, will be much better paid than the philoſopher who inſtructs his ſcholars.

The Inquiſition have choſen to puniſh heretics by *fire*, in preference to any other puniſhment; becauſe (Bayle aſſures us) it is to elude the maxim, *Eccleſia non novit ſanguinem*, which they conceive to be obſerved in theſe puniſhments; as burning a man, they ſay, does not *break his bones, or ſhed his blood!*—Religion has her quibbles as well as Law.

Although we imagine that the *fires* of this terrible tribunal are extinguiſhed, it's *aſhes* may yet kindle. It was only as far back as the year 1761, that Gabriel Malagrida, an old man of ſeventy, was burnt by theſe evangelical executioners. His trial was printed at Amſterdam, 1762, from the Liſbon copy. And for what was this unhappy

Jeſuit condemned? Not, as ſome have imagined, for his having been concerned in a conſpiracy againſt the King of Portugal. No other charge is laid to him in this trial but that of having indulged certain heretical notions, which any other tribunal than that of the Inquiſition would have looked upon as the delirious fancies of an old fanatic. Will poſterity believe that, in the eighteenth century, an aged viſionary was led to the ſtake, for having ſaid, amongſt other extravagancies, that—'The holy Virgin having commanded him to write the Life of Anti-Chriſt, told him that he, Malagrida, was a ſecond John, but more clear than John the Evangeliſt: that there were to be three Anti-Chriſts, and that the laſt ſhould be born at Milan, of a Monk and a Nun, in the year 1920; and that he would marry Proſerpine, one of the infernal furies.'

It was for ſuch ravings as theſe the unhappy old man was burnt; which, I repeat once more, was only *thirty years ago!*

SINGULARITIES OBSERVED BY VARIOUS NATIONS IN THEIR REPASTS.

I HAVE collected from a very curious book, entitled—'*L'Eſprit des Uſages et des Coutumes*,' the greater part of the preſent article.

The Maldivian Iſlanders eat alone. They retire into the moſt hidden parts of their houſes; and they draw down the cloths that ſerve as blinds to their windows, that they may eat unobſerved. This cuſtom probably ariſes—remarks our philoſophic author—from the ſavage, in the early periods of ſociety, concealing himſelf to eat: he fears that another, with as ſharp an appetite, but more ſtrong than himſelf, ſhould come and raviſh his meal from him. Beſides, the ideas of Witchcraft are widely ſpread among Barbarians; and they are not a little fearful that ſome incantation may be thrown amongſt their victuals.

In noticing the ſolitary meal of the Maldivian Iſlander, another reaſon may be alledged

ledged for this miſanthropical repaſt. They never will eat with any one who is inferior to them in birth, in riches, or dignity; and, as it is a difficult matter to ſettle this equality, they are condemned to lead this unſociable life.

On the contrary, the Iſlanders of the Philippines are remarkably ſociable. Whenever one of them finds himſelf without a companion to partake of his meal, he runs till he meets with one; and, we are aſſured, that however keen his appetite may be, he ventures not to ſatisfy it without a gueſt.

Savages, (ſays Montaigne) when they eat, '*S' eſſuyent les doigts aux cuiſſes, à la bourſe des génitoires, et à la plante des pieds.*' It is impoſſible to tranſlate this paſſage without offending feminine delicacy; nor can we forbear exulting in the poliſhed convenience of napkins!

The tables of the rich Chineſe ſhine with a beautiful varniſh, and are covered with ſilk carpets very elegantly worked. They do not make uſe of plates, knives, or forks: every gueſt has two little ivory or ebony ſticks, which he handles very adroitly.

The Otaheiteans, who are lovers of ſociety,

ciety, and very gentle in their manners, feed ſeparate from each other. At the hour of repaſt, the members of each family divide; two brothers, two ſiſters, and even huſband and wife, father and mother, have each their reſpective baſket. They place themſelves at the diſtance of two or three yards from each other; they turn their backs, and take their meal in profound ſilence.

The cuſtom of drinking, at different hours from thoſe aſſigned for eating, is to be met with amongſt many ſavage nations. It was originally begun from neceſſity. It became an habit, which ſubſiſted even when the fountain was near to them. 'A people tranſplanted,' obſerves our ingenious philoſopher, 'preſerve, in another climate, modes of living which relate to thoſe from whence they originally came. It is thus the Indians of Brazil ſcrupulouſly abſtain from eating when they drink, and from drinking when they eat.'

When neither decency or politeneſs are known, the man who invites his friends to a repaſt, is greatly embarraſſed to teſtify his eſteem for his gueſts, and to preſent them with ſome amuſement; for the ſavage gueſt

impoſes

impoſes on him this obligation. Amongſt the greater part of the American Indians, the hoſt is continually on the watch to ſolicit them to eat, but touches nothing himſelf. In New France, he wearies himſelf with ſinging, to divert the company while they eat.

When civilization advances, we wiſh to ſhew our confidence to our friends: we treat them as relations; and it is ſaid that, in China, the maſter of the houſe, to give a mark of his politeneſs, abſents himſelf while his gueſts regale themſelves at his table with undiſturbed revelry.

The demonſtrations of friendſhip, in a rude ſtate, have a ſavage and groſs character, which it is not a little curious to obſerve. The Tartars pull a man by the ear, to preſs him to drink; and they continue tormenting him till he opens his mouth. It is then they clap their hands and dance before him.

No cuſtoms ſeem more ridiculous than thoſe practiſed by a Kamtſchadale, when he wiſhes to make another his friend. He firſt invites him to eat. The hoſt and his gueſt ſtrip themſelves in a cabin, which is heated

to

to an uncommon degree. While the gueſt devours the food with which they ſerve him, the other continually ſtirs the fire. The ſtranger muſt bear the exceſs of the heat as well as of the repaſt. He vomits ten times before he will yield; but, at length, obliged to acknowledge himſelf overcome, he begins to compound matters. He purchaſes a moment's reſpite by a preſent of cloaths or dogs; for his hoſt threatens to heat the cabin, and to oblige him to eat till he dies. The ſtranger has the right of retaliation allowed to him: he treats in the ſame manner, and exacts the ſame preſents. Should his hoſt not accept the invitation of his gueſt, whom he has ſo handſomely regaled, he would come and inhabit his cabin till he had obtained from him the preſents he had in ſo ſingular a manner given to him.

For this extravagant cuſtom a curious reaſon has been alledged. It is meant to put the perſon to a trial whoſe friendſhip is ſought. The Kamtſchadale, who is at the expence of the fires and the repaſt, is deſirous to know if the ſtranger has the ſtrength to ſupport pain with him, and if he

he is generous enough to ſhare with him ſome part of his property. While the gueſt is employed on his meal, he continues heating the cabin to an inſupportable degree; and, for a laſt proof of the ſtranger's conſtancy and attachment, he exacts more cloaths and more dogs. The hoſt paſſes through the ſame ceremonies in the cabin of the ſtranger; and he ſhews, in his turn, with what degree of fortitude he can defend his friend. It is thus the moſt ſingular cuſtoms would appear ſimple, if it were poſſible for the philoſopher to contemplate them on the ſpot.

As a diſtinguiſhing mark of their eſteem, the Negroes of Ardra drink out of one cup at the ſame time. The King of Loango eats in one houſe and drinks in another. A Kamtſchadale kneels before his gueſt; he cuts an enormous ſlice from a ſea-calf; he crams it entire into the mouth of his friend, furiouſly crying out—'*Tana!*'—There! and, cutting away what hangs about his lips, ſnatches and ſwallows it with avidity.

A barbarous magnificence attended the feaſts of the ancient Monarchs of France. We

We are informed that, after their coronation or conſecration, when they ſat at table, the nobility ſerved them on horſeback.

DISPENSATIONS FOR MARRIAGE.

NICHOLAS II. was the firſt of the Popes who introduced the cuſtom of Diſpenſations for Marriage. It was occaſioned by William the Conqueror, who, having eſpouſed Matilda, daughter of Baldwin the Fifth, Count of Flanders, who was related to him in a prohibited degree, the Pope permitted him to live with her, on condition of him and Matilda each founding an abbey. In this buſineſs it appears, the Pope got *two abbeys* for *nothing*; and, he who had conquered all Europe, could not vanquiſh the fears of religious prejudice.

ENGLISH LADIES.

IT is neceſſary to premiſe, that the preſent ſtrictures concerning our Country, our Divines,

Divines, and our lovely Country-Women, were written in the days when our great grandmothers were Miſſes.

Menage ſays—'Mr. D. tells me that, in England, the *public places* are crouded with the daughters and the wives of the Clergy. The reaſon is, that the *livings* there, being very fat ones, all the Engliſh Ladies who are fond of their eaſe and good living, and who are more partial to the preſent hour than to the future, are in raptures to marry a Parſon; who, on his ſide, never fails, according to the character of a good Eccleſiaſtic, of ſelecting the moſt beautiful. After his death, mother and daughters find themſelves probably in the greateſt diſtreſs; and as they are in general very *handſome*, they put into practice all their ſmiles and all their graces; and, for this reaſon, chuſe the public reſorts of Faſhion where they may attract notice. We Catholics ſhould be grateful to the Council of Trent, that prohibited our Eccleſiaſtics from marriage, and thus obviated the inconveniencies which ſuch marriages produce.'

SPANISH MONKS.

THE Monks in Spain have introduced a cuſtom which is very uſeful to them. It is, that the money to pay the maſſes which a dying man orders to be ſaid for him, muſt be paid out of the eſtate he leaves, in preference to all his debts. The Spaniards, who ſeem to have a terrible dread of his Satanic Majeſty, order frequently ſo great a number of maſſes, that too often there remains little or nothing for their unfortunate heirs and creditors. On theſe occaſions, they ſay, in their humorous way—'*Mr.* '*Such-an-one has left his Soul his heir.*' A Spaniſh monarch ordered 100,000 maſſes to be ſaid for him.

MONARCHS.

SAINT Chryſoſtom has a very acute obſervation on *Kings*. There are many monarchs,

narchs, he ſays, who are infected with the ſtrange wiſh that their ſucceſſors may turn out bad princes. Good kings deſire it, as they imagine—continues this pious politician—that their glory will thus appear the more ſplendid; and the bad deſire it, as they conſider ſuch kings will ſerve to countenance their own miſdemeanors.

Princes, ſays Balthaſar Gracian, are willing to be *aided*, but not *ſurpaſſed*. This maxim Amelot de la Houſſaie illuſtrates by the following anecdote. A Spaniſh lord having frequently played at cheſs with Philip II. and won all the games, perceived, when his majeſty roſe from play, that he was much diſturbed, and felt a profound chagrin. The lord when he returned home, ſaid to his family—My children, we have nothing more to do at court: there we muſt expect no favour; for the king is offended at my having won of him every game of cheſs.—This was not an unjuſt obſervation; for, as cheſs entirely depends on the genius of the players, and not on fortune, it was no wonder that Philip, himſelf a cheſs-player, ſhould be jealous of the ſuperior ſagacity of his rival.

There

There is an anecdote in Mr. Twiſs's ſecond volume of CHESS, p. 265, which will make this appear ſtill more clear. The Earl of Sunderland, miniſter to George I. was partial to the game of cheſs. He once played with the Laird of Cluny, and the learned Cunningham, the editor of Horace. Cunningham, with too much ſkill and too much ſincerity, beat his lordſhip. 'The Earl was ſo fretted at his ſuperiority and ſurlineſs, that he diſmiſſed him without any reward. Cluny allowed himſelf ſometimes to be beaten; and by that means got his pardon, with ſomething handſome beſides.'

Pliny the younger, in praiſing the Emperor Trajan for *intreating* inſtead of *commanding*, ſays, that—'The moſt powerful manner of governing, is to intreat, as you do, at the very moment when you can command.' The *prayers* of the Great are ſo many *orders*.

In the Criticon of Gracian, there is an anecdote relative to kings, which I ſhall give for its ſingularity.

A great Poliſh monarch having quitted his companions when he was hunting, his

courtiers found him, a few days after, in a market-place, diſguiſed as a porter, and lending out the uſe of his ſhoulders for a few pence. At this they were as much ſurprized, as they were doubtful whether the *porter* could be his *majeſty*. At length they ventured to expreſs their complaints, that ſo great a perſonage ſhould debaſe himſelf by ſo vile an employ. His majeſty heard, and anſwered them—'Upon my honour, gentlemen, the load which I quitted is by far heavier than the one you ſee me carry here: the weightieſt is but a ſtraw, when compared to that world under which I laboured. I have ſlept more in four nights, than I have during all my reign. I begin to live, and to be king of myſelf. Elect whom you chuſe. For me, who am ſo well, it were madneſs to return to *court*.'—Another Poliſh king, who ſucceeded this philoſophic *monarch* and *porter*, when they placed the ſceptre in his hand, exclaimed—I had rather manage an *oar*. *Kings* ſeem to be more *philoſophic* in Poland than elſewhere.

There are two excellent obſervations on Kings,

Kings, made by the Duke of Alva, an experienced politician, to a courtier.—'Kings,' ſaid he, 'who affect to be familiar with their companions, make uſe of *men* as they do of *oranges:* they take oranges to extract their juice; and when they are well ſucked they throw them away. Take care the king does not do the ſame to you; be careful that he does not read all your thoughts; otherwiſe he will throw you to the back of his cheſt, as a book of which he has read enough.' —The firſt of theſe obſervations the King of Pruſſia applied to himſelf in his diſpute with Voltaire.

THE VIRGIN MARY.

When Melchior Inchoffer, a Jeſuit, publiſhed a book to vindicate a miracle of a *Letter* which the Virgin Mary had addreſſed to the citizens of Meſſina, Naudé brought him ſerious proofs of it's evident forgery. Inchoffer ingenuouſly confeſſed, that he knew it was an impoſture, but that he did it by the *orders* of his *ſuperiors*. The honeſt and

indignant Naudé obſerves—'It is thus errors and illuſions are ſpread about the world; and thus it is, that ſimple minds are deceived every day!' There is no danger, in the preſent times, of our being cheated by *Letters* from the *Virgin Mary*. That poſt-office which yielded ſuch conſiderable revenues to the Eccleſiaſtics, has been cloſed this century paſt. What a *revolution* has there taken place in the human mind! The moſt enlightened writers about 1600 to 1650, are either ſeriouſly combating, or ſeriouſly defending *Miracles!* Patin very cautiouſly ventures to ſay, that he thinks there are *no Magicians*, nor *Sorcerers!* He believes, however, in *Apparitions* and *Devils!*

Since I have got the Virgin Mary in my mind, I recollect a *Donation* made to her by Louis the Eleventh: nor can I but approve of the *manner* he employed to preſent her with this pious gift. He made a ſolemn donation of *the whole county* of Boulogne to the Holy Virgin—retaining, however, for *his own uſe, the Revenues!* This act bears the date of the year 1478; and it is thus entitled: the tranſlation is literal—'Conveyance of Louis the Eleventh, to the Virgin

of Boulogne, of the right and title of the fief and homage of the county of Boulogne, which is held by the Count of Saint Pol, to render a faithful account before the Image of the ſaid Lady.'

Maria Agreda, a religious Viſionary, wrote *the Life of the Virgin*. She informs us, that ſhe reſiſted the commands of God and the holy Mary, till the year 1637, when ſhe then began to compoſe this curious rhapſody. When ſhe had finiſhed this *original* production, her confeſſor adviſed her to *burn* it. This ſhe did. Her friends, however, who did not think her leſs inſpired than ſhe informed them ſhe was, adviſed her to re-write the work. When it was printed, it ſpread rapidly from country to country: new additions appeared at Liſbon, Madrid, Perpignan, and Anvers. There are ſo many pious abſurdities in this book, and which were found to give ſuch pleaſure to the devout, that it was ſolemnly honoured with the Cenſure of the Sorbonne, and which, indeed, was one great cauſe of ſpreading it the more.

The brain of this lady was certainly ill

with religion. In the firſt ſix chapters, ſhe relates the viſions of the Virgin, which appeared, to induce her to write her Life. She begins this Hiſtory early enough; *ab ovo*, as it may be juſtly expreſſed; for ſhe has formed a narrative of what paſſed during the nine months in which the Virgin was confined in the womb of her mother St. Anne. After the birth of Mary, ſhe received an augmentation of angelic Guards; gives us very correctly ſeveral converſations which God held with the Virgin, during the firſt eighteen months after her birth. And it is in this manner ſhe formed a Romance, which may be fairly deſcribed by obſerving that it was *a circulating novel*, which delighted the female devotees of the Seventeenth Century.

On the worſhip paid to the Virgin Mary in Spain and Italy, it may be ſaid, that it exceeds that which is given to the Son or the Father. When they pray to Mary, their imagination pictures a beautiful woman, and they really feel a *paſſion*. Jeſus is only regarded as a *Bambino*, or Infant, and the *Father* is hardly ever recollected; but the

Madona, La *Senhora*, La *Maria ſanta*, while ſhe inſpires their religious inclinations, indulges alſo their amatorial propenſities.

PROTESTANTS.

We have frequently heard the oppreſſed Proteſtants bitterly complain of the Catholic tyranny. What I now tranſcribe from Patin, will ſhew that there is ſomething to be ſaid on the other ſide. The ſtubborn bigot is alarmed; religious diſtinctions have been, however, ſince his days, wearing faſt away; and, as Philoſophy enlightens the mind, the heart inſenſibly will become more moral, though not ſo religious.

'All the Huguenots—or Proteſtants—of Europe, will *one day agree* together, and occaſion a general revolt, under the name of Religion; particularly, whenever they ſhall have for their chief an enterprizing genius like that of the King of Sweden—Charles the Twelfth. I fear *thoſe people* (he ſays contemptuouſly) if they get the upper hand

of us, will not ſpare us. They will treat us ſavagely, and very differently from what *we do them* (witneſs the maſſacre of St. Bartholomew, and the long flouriſhing ſtate of the inquiſition.) They will not even ſuffer us to hold *our maſs*, as we permit them their ſervice. The Huguenots are dangerous politicians; inſolent, and unmerciful, as they have lately ſhewn us in England (the decapitation of Charles the Firſt) and in France, during the troubles of the Prince de Condé, in 1562.'

When Patin wrote this, it muſt be recollected that, as he turned his eyes on England, he had before him the auſtere and perſecuting Puritans, with Cromwell at their head.

COFFEE.

It is curious to obſerve the deſcription *Purchas*—of whom an account has been given in the firſt part of this work—gives us of *Coffee*, when yet it had not been introduced into Europe. He writes, that 'the Turks

Turks have *Coffa*-houſes more common than ale-houſes with us; in or near to which, on benches in the ſtreet, they will ſit chatting moſt of the day, drinking their *Coffa* —ſo called of a berry it is made of—as hot as they can endure it. It is black as ſoot, and taſtes not much unlike it: good, they ſay, for digeſtion and mirth.' The ſecond edition of this book was publiſhed in 1625. Coffee was introduced into England by Mr. Edwards, a Turkiſh merchant, in the year 1652.

Mr. Gough, in his Britiſh Topography, however, ſays, that one Jobſon, a Jew, ſet up the firſt Coffee-houſe, at Oxford, in 1650. Arthur Tillyard, Apothecary, ſold it publicly in his own houſe, 1655; and Jobſon, afterwards, in London, 1671.

OF THE TITLES OF ILLUSTRIOUS—HIGHNESS—AND EXCELLENCE.

THE title of *Illuſtrious* was never given, till the reign of Conſtantine, but to thoſe whoſe reputation was ſplendid in arms or in letters.

letters. Flattery had not yet adopted this noble word into her vocabulary. Suetonius has compoſed a book, to mention thoſe who had poſſeſſed this title; and, as it was *then* beſtowed, a moderate book was ſufficient to contain their names.

In the time of Conſtantine, the title of *Illuſtrious* was given more particularly to thoſe princes who had diſtinguiſhed themſelves in war: but it was not continued to their deſcendants. At length, it became very common; and every ſon of a prince was *Illuſtrious*. It is now a word of little ſignification: it is, however, very ſerviceable to the poet, who employs it frequently as a convenient epithet to complete the meaſure of his verſe.

A French critic has well obſerved, that there is a very proper diſtinction to be made between the epithets of ILLUSTRIOUS and FAMOUS.

Niceron has entitled his celebrated work, *Memoirès pour ſervir à l'hiſtoire des Hommes* ILLUSTRES *dans la Republique des Lettres*. The epithet ILLUSTRIOUS is always received in an honourable ſenſe; yet, in theſe Memoirs are inſerted many authors, who have

have only written with the deſign of combating religion and morality. Such writers as Vanini, Spinoſa, Woolſton, Toland, &c. had been better characterized under the more general epithet of FAMOUS; for it may be ſaid, that the ILLUSTRIOUS are FAMOUS, but that the FAMOUS are not always ILLUSTRIOUS.

Formerly (ſays Houſſaie) the title of *Highneſs* was only given to kings; but now it has become ſo common, that all the great houſes aſſume it. All the Great, ſays a modern, are deſirous of being confounded with princes, and are ready to ſeize on the privileges of royal dignity. We are already arrived to *Highneſs*. The pride of our deſcendants, I ſuſpect, will uſurp that of *Majeſty*.

Ferdinand, King of Arragan, and his Queen Iſabella, of Caſtile, were only treated with the title of *Highneſs*. Charles was the firſt who took that of *Majeſty*; not in his quality of King of Spain, but as Emperor.

Formerly kings were apoſtrophized by the title of *Your Grace*. Henry VIII. was the firſt (ſays Houſſaie) who aſſumed the title of *Highneſs*; and at length *Majeſty*. It was Francis

Francis I. who began to give him this laſt title, in their interview in the year 1520.

So diſtinct were once the titles of *Highneſs* and *Excellence*, that when Don Juan, the brother of Philip II. was permitted to take up the latter title, when the city of Grenada ſaluted him by the title of *Highneſs*, it occaſioned ſome ſerious jealouſy at court; and had he perſiſted in it, he would probably have been condemned for treaſon.

After all theſe hiſtorical notices reſpecting theſe titles, the reader will ſmile, when he is acquainted with the reaſon of an honeſt curate, of Montferrat, who refuſed to beſtow the title of *Highneſs* on the Duke of Mantova, becauſe he found in his breviary theſe words, *Tu ſolus Dominus, tu ſolus Altiſſimus*; from all which he concluded, that none but the Lord was to be honoured with the title of *Highneſs!*

JOAN OF ARC.

Of the Maid of Orleans, I have ſomewhere read that a bundle of faggots was made

made to ſupply her place, when ſhe was ſuppoſed to have been burnt by the Duke of Bedford. None of our hiſtorians notice this anecdote; though ſome have mentioned that, after her death, an impoſtor aroſe, and was even married to a French gentleman, by whom ſhe had ſeveral children. Whether ſhe deſerved to have been diſtinguiſhed by the appellation of *The maid of Orleans* we have great reaſon to ſuſpect; and ſome, in her days, by her fondneſs for man's apparel, even doubted her *ſex*. The following Epitaph on her I find in a volume, entitled, 'Hiſtorical Rarities;' and which, poſſeſſing great humour, merits to be reſcued from total oblivion. I cannot diſcover it's original publication.

'Here lies *Joan* of *Arc*; the which
Some count *Saint*, and ſome count *Witch*;
Some count *Man*, and ſomething *more*;
Some count *Maid*, and ſome a *Whore*.
Her *Life's* in queſtion, wrong or right;
Her *Death's* in doubt, by laws or might.
Oh, Innocence! take heed of it,
How thou too near to Guilt doth ſit.
(Meantime, *France* a wonder ſaw—
A woman rule, 'gainſt Salique law!)

But,

But, reader, be content to ſtay
Thy cenſure till the Judgment Day;
Then ſhalt thou know, and not before,
Whether *Saint*, *Witch*, *Man*, *Maid*, or *Whore*.'

With the old French poets it was uſual to compare our heroine to Hercules. Men of wit can always *make* reſemblances, if they cannot *find* them. Malherbe, when he touched on this topic, only founds his reſemblance in the ſimilarity of their death. He inveighs with juſt force againſt the enemy, for the ungenerous revenge they took in burning this fair Amazon. But Fate, he ſays, was not blameable in this; for ſhe, who had lived like Alcides, ſhould die as he died. The conceit is not unhappy, nor the verſes inelegant.

L'Ennemi tout droit violant,
Belle Amazone, en vous brûlant,
Témoigna ſon ame perfide;
Mais le deſtin n'eut point de tort,
Celle qui vivoit comme Alcide,
Devoit mourir comme il eſt mort.

TRANSUBSTANTIATION.

'In his account of the Mexicans, Abbé Raynal ſays—'They had a piece of ſuperſtition, of which *no traces* can be found in any *other country*. On certain days, the prieſts made a ſtatue of *paſte*, which they ſent to the oven to be *baked*: they then placed it on an *altar*, where it became a *divinity!* Innumerable crowds flocked to the temple: the prieſt cut the ſtatue in pieces, and diſtributed a portion of it to all the perſons in the aſſembly, who ate it, and thought they were ſanctified by ſwallowing *their god!*

Did the Abbé forget the rites of *his own* religion, when he obſerves—'No traces of this ſuperſtition can be found in any other country?' Is not all this only a ſimple deſcription of the nonſenſe of *Tranſubſtantiation?* The fact is, that Raynal was thus obliged to veil, by the recital of a ſuppoſed fact, the alluſion he made to this Catholic folly. The recital of hiſtory frequently, when

when applied to our own times, forms the ſevereſt ſatire.

Ridley, Biſhop of London, (Grainger obſerves) in his diſputes with the Roman Catholic divines, forced them to acknowledge that *Chriſt*, in his laſt ſupper, *held himſelf in his hand*, and afterwards *eat himſelf!*

The ſame writer remarks, that almoſt all the martyrs in the cruel reign of Mary, died for denying the doctrine of real preſence, which was made the teſt of what was called Hereſy.

AMERICA.

'It is computed, by able writers,' ſays my Lord Kaimes, 'that the preſent inhabitants of America amount not to a twentieth part of thoſe who exiſted when that continent was diſcovered by Columbus. This decay is aſcribed to the intemperate uſe of *ſpirits*, and to the *ſmall-pox*, both of them introduced by the Europeans.' He ſeems to have forgotten that they are indebted to *us* alſo for 'the intemperate uſe' of the *ſword*,

ſword, and the dreadful *bigotry* and *cruelties* practiſed by the religious and avaricious Spaniards, which certainly are not leſs deſtructive than the contagion of the ſmall-pox, or the poiſon of ſpirituous liquors.

We may alſo add another proof of European humanity. A plantation in Jamaica, which employs a *hundred* ſlaves, requires an annual recruit of no fewer than *ſeven*, who fall the yearly victims to the cruelties of the lower overſeers, who follow them all day with whips!

Bartholomew Caſa affirms, that the Spaniards, in America, deſtroyed, in about forty-five years, *ten millions* of human ſouls! and this with a view of converting theſe unfortunate men to Chriſtianity. He tells us that they hanged thoſe unhappy men *thirteen in a row*, in honour of the *thirteen Apoſtles!* And they alſo gave their *infants* to be devoured by their *dogs!* There is a ſtory recorded of an Indian, who, being tied to the ſtake, a Franciſcan Friar perſuaded him to turn Chriſtian, and then he would go to heaven. The Indian aſked him—'Whether there were any *Spaniards* in heaven?'—'Certainly,' the Friar anſwered; 'it

is full of them.'—'Then,' the laſt words of the dying Indian were, 'I had rather go to hell, than have any more of their company!'

Corſini tells us, that they deſtroyed above fifteen millions of theſe unhappy men in leſs than fifty years; and gives this curious obſervation, that the blood of theſe devoted victims, added to that of the ſlaves deſtroyed in the mines, where they were compelled to labour, would weigh as much as all the gold and ſilver that had been dug out of them. It is alſo proper to obſerve, that the apology they formed to extenuate this dreadful inhumanity was, that God had not redeemed with his blood the ſouls of the *Indians*, and that therefore there was no difference to be made between them and the loweſt ſpecies of beaſts!

ENCHANTED TAPESTRY.

About the year 1526, the Portugueſe attempted to ſettle at Borneo. Too feeble to make their arms reſpected, they tried to gain the good-will of one of the Sovereigns of

of the country, by offering him ſome Tapeſtry. This weak Prince took the figures wrought on it for *enchanted men*, who would ſtrangle him in the night-time, if he ſuffered them to approach his perſon. The explanations they gave to remove his apprehenſions had no effect: he obſtinately refuſed to permit the preſent to be brought into his palace; and, at the ſame time, prohibited the donors from entering his capital. Had his Majeſty been acquainted with the Æneid of Virgil, he might have exclaimed what, for the benefit of the Ladies, we ſhall give in Dryden's verſion—

'Somewhat is ſure deſign'd, by fraud or force:
Truſt not their preſents, nor admit the horſe!'

THE GREAT AND LITTLE TURK.

TITLES frequently remain when the occaſions of making them are forgotten. Perhaps few know why the Ottoman Emperor is called *The Great Turk:* it is not, as ſome have imagined, to diſtinguiſh him from his own ſubjects. This was the occaſion. Ma-

homet the Second was the firſt of theſe Emperors on whom the Chriſtians beſtowed the title of the Great Turk. It was not owing to his great actions that this ſplendid title was accorded to him, but to the vaſt extent of his dominions, in compariſon with thoſe of the Sultan of Iconia, or Cappadocia, his contempotary, who was diſtinguiſhed by the title of *The Little Turk*. After the taking of Conſtantinople, Mahomet the Second deprived the latter of his domains; and ſtill preſerved the title of the Great Turk, though the propriety of it, by this accident, was loſt.

THE POULIATS, AND THE POULICHES.

THE preſent article, which I have drawn from Abbé Raynal, preſents two pictures of the debaſement of the human race, which, perhaps, Hiſtory has never paralleled.

'There is a tribe amongſt the Indians which is the refuſe of the reſt. The members of it are employed in the meaneſt offices of ſociety. They bury the dead, carry away dirt,

dirt, and live upon the fleſh of animals that *die natural deaths*. They are prohibited from entering into the *temples* and public *markets*; neither are they allowed the uſe of *the wells*, that are common to all their inhabitants. Their dwellings are at the *extremity* of the towns, or conſiſt of *ſolitary* cottages in the country; and they are even *forbidden to appear in the ſtreets* where the Bramins reſide. As all other Indians, they may employ themſelves in the labours of agriculture: but only for the benefit of *the other tribes*; for they are not permitted to have lands of their own, not even upon leaſe. Such is the degree of horror they excite, that if, by chance, they were *to touch any one* not belonging to their tribe, they would be deprived, with impunity, of *a life* reckoned too abject to deſerve the protection of the laws. Moſt of them are employed in the culture of rice. Near the fields where they carry on this work, there is a kind of hut, into which they retire when they hear *a cry*, which always comes from a diſtance, to give them notice of ſome order from the perſon on whom they depend; to which they anſwer, not coming out of their retreat. They

take the ſame precautions whenever they are warned, by a confuſed kind of noiſe, of the approach of *any man* whatever. If they have not time to hide themſelves, they fall *proſtrate* on the ground, with their faces downwards, with all the marks of humiliation which the ſenſe of their diſgrace can ſuggeſt.

'Whenever the harveſts do not anſwer to the avidity of an oppreſſive maſter, he ſometimes cruelly *ſets fire* to the huts of theſe unhappy labourers; and if they *attempt* to eſcape the flames, *he fires upon them* without mercy! The condition of theſe wretched people is horrible in every reſpect, even in *the manner* in which they are forced to provide for their moſt *urgent wants*. In the duſk of the evening they come out from their retreats in bands; they direct their ſteps towards the market, at a certain diſtance from which they begin *to bellow!* The merchants approach; and they aſk for what they want. They are ſupplied, and the proviſions are laid on the very ſpot where the money deſtined for the payment of them has been previouſly depoſited. When *the purchaſers* can be aſſured that they ſhall not be

be ſeen by any one, they come out from behind the hedge where they had *concealed* themſelves, and carry away, with *precipitation*, what they have acquired in ſo ſingular a manner.'

After contemplating this diſhonourable picture of man, (a degeneracy in human nature which probably the reader could hardly ſuſpect) he may deepen the philoſophic reverie by what the Abbé gives us in continuation.

'Yet this very tribe of *Pouliats* have *an inferior* one among themſelves, called *Pouliches*. Theſe laſt are forbidden the uſe of fire; they are not permitted to build huts, but are reduced to the neceſſity of living in a kind of *neſt upon the trees*, or in the foreſts. When preſſed with hunger, they *howl* like wild beaſts, to excite compaſſion. The moſt charitable then depoſit ſome rice, or other food, at the foot of a tree, and *retire* with all poſſible haſte to give the famiſhed wretch an opportunity of taking it without meeting with his benefactor, who would think himſelf polluted by coming near him.'

To clear up this curious information, which ſtretches to the utmoſt the belief of the reader, the Abbé preſents us with an

excellent philoſophical argument. 'This extreme diſgrace,' he ſays, 'into which a conſiderable part of a numerous nation is plunged, has always appeared an inexplicable circumſtance. Men of the utmoſt ſagacity have never been able to conceive, how a people, humane and ſenſible, could have brought themſelves to reduce their own brethren to ſo abject a ſtate. To ſolve this difficulty, let us be permitted to hazard a conjecture. In our half barbarous governments, dreadful torments, or an ignominious death, are allotted to thoſe criminals who have diſturbed, in a greater or leſs degree, the peace of ſociety. May we not therefore reaſonably ſuppoſe, that, in the ſoft climate of India, a more moderate ſyſtem of legiſlature may have been ſatisfied with *excluding* from their tribes all kinds of malefactors? This puniſhment muſt appear to them ſufficient to put a ſtop to the commiſſions of ſuch crimes; and it was certainly the beſt adapted to a country where the effuſion of blood was always forbidden by religious as well as moral principles. It would certainly have been a very proper proceeding, if *the children* had not inherited

rited the infamy of their parents: but there were unſurmountable prejudices which militated againſt this reinſtatement; a family never being received again into a tribe after it had been once expelled from it.'

The ſolution of the Abbé is ingenious and probable: but the Moſaic threat of vengeance extending to the third and fourth generation, is uncongenial to the mild ſpirit of humane philoſophy. Yet is this threat on record in thoſe Commandments which are ſaid to have been written by the finger of God himſelf. Surely this cannot accord with the unwearied benevolence of a paternal Deity! Let us rather acknowledge, with a ſigh, that there are multitudes of the human race who really believe themſelves to be the property of a ſmall number of men who oppreſs them. The image of the Creator is ſo debaſed in ſome parts of the globe, that it may be ſaid, the hand of the oppreſſor has effaced every mark of it's original greatneſs.

THE THIRTEEN CANTONS.

WHO can contemplate, without enthuſiaſm, the exertions of men, when they have been prompted to rely on their own force to act up to that ſublime character they hold in the ſcale of creation, and to write with their own blood the *charter* of their liberty? We have juſt come from meditating on nations, who, beneath the enervating ſkies of India, deſtitute of the feelings of liberty, have ſunk to a degree even beneath their aſſociates who graze the field, and drink of the brook! Let us now turn our eyes to the bleak heaven, and the ſnowy mountains, of Switzerland, where the hardy native roams free and unconſtrained, and 'knows himſelf a MAN.'

The pride, the inſolence, and the tyranny, of thoſe governors who were given to the Helvetians, in the name of the empire, by the Dukes of Auſtria, awakened at once the minds of this people, who regarded freedom as their birth-right, yet whom the governors

vernors attempted to oppreſs as ſlaves. *Three peaſants* reſolved to preſerve their liberties; and each of them collected his friends in his own burgh. In the year 1305, *Switz*, *Uri*, and *Underwal*, declared themſelves independent; and, as the party of *Switz*, was the earlieſt in promoting this alliance, they had the honour of giving to this confederate nation the name of *Swiſs*, and to the country that of *Switzerland*. The other Cantons joined them at different periods. Appenzel, the laſt of the Thirteen Cantons, cloſed this honourable confederacy in 1513.

CHARLES THE FIFTH.

CHARLES the Fifth ſpoke five languages: the Flemiſh, the German, the Spaniſh, the French, and the Italian. He uſed to ſay, that to employ the vulgar languages according to the uſe for which they were moſt proper, he would ſpeak Italian to the ladies, French to men, German to horſes, and Spaniſh to God. He uſed alſo to ſay, the Portugueſe appeared to be madmen, and were ſo;

ſo; the Spaniards appeared to be wiſe, and were not; the Italians appeared to be wiſe, and were ſo; the French appeared to be madmen, and were not—That the Germans ſpoke like carmen, the Engliſh like ſimpletons, the Italians like lovers, the French like maſters, and the Spaniards like kings.

This Emperor—who, though he thus cenſures our Engliſh modeſty, is indebted to our country for his beſt-written Life—was called by the Sicilians, *Scipio Africanus*; by the Italians, *David*; by the French, *Hercules*; by the Turks, *Julius Cæſar*; by the Africans, *Hannibal*; by the Germans, *Charlemagne*; and by the Spaniards, *Alexander the Great*. Theſe are the titles of adulation. One is almoſt tempted to call him by a groſſer name, when one reflects on his folly in quitting a crown, which had long been the idol of his ambition, to ſink into a ſolitary retreat, with a penſion that was never paid to him; and, having no more the power of diſturbing the tranquillity of Europe, to tyrannize over a few melancholy Monks; and, as Fenelon expreſſes it, 'every day to become *ennuyé* with having nothing to do but praying to God,

winding his watch, and continually ſcolding the poor unhappy novices,' whoſe great curſe it was, to be aſſociated with him, who had been the moſt potent monarch on earth.

PHILIP THE THIRD.

PHILIP the Third, King of Spain, was a weak prince, who ſuffered himſelf to be governed by his miniſters. A patriot wiſhed to open his eyes, but he could not pierce through the crowds of his flatterers; beſides, that the voice of patriotiſm heard in a corrupted court would have become a crime never to have been pardoned. He found, however, an ingenious manner of conveying to him his cenſure. He cauſed to be laid on his table, one day, a letter, ſealed, which bore this addreſs—' To the King of Spain, Philip the Third, at preſent in the ſervice of the duke of Lerma.'

In a ſimilar manner, Don Carlos, ſon to Philip the Second, made a book, with empty pages, to contain the voyages of his father; which bore this title—' The Great and

and Admirable Voyages of the King, Mr. Philip.' All theſe voyages conſiſted of going to the Eſcurial from Madrid, and returning to Madrid from the Eſcurial. Jeſts of this kind, at length, coſt him his life.

THE GOTHS AND HUNS.

THE barbarous honours which theſe ferocious nations paid to their deceaſed monarchs are recorded in hiſtory, by the interment of Attila, King of the Huns; and Alaric, King of the Goths.

Attila died in 453, and was buried, in the midſt of a vaſt champaign, in a coffin which was incloſed in one of gold, another of ſilver, and the third of iron. With the body were interred all the ſpoils of the enemy—harneſſes, embroidered with gold and ſtudded with jewels; rich ſilks; and whatever they had taken moſt precious in the palaces of the kings they had pillaged: and, that the place of his interment might for ever remain concealed, the Huns deprived of life all who had aſſiſted at his burial.

The Goths had done nearly the ſame for Alaric, in 410, at Coſence, a town in Calabria. They turned aſide the river Vaſento; and, having formed a grave in the midſt of it's bed, where it's courſe was moſt rapid, they interred this king with prodigious accumulations of riches. After having cauſed the river to re-aſſume it's uſual courſe, they murdered, without exception, all thoſe who had been concerned in digging this ſingular grave.

ROYAL DIVINITIES.

We know, that the firſt Roman Emperors did not want flatterers; and that the adulations they ſometimes laviſhed were extravagant. But, perhaps, few know they were leſs offenſive than the flatterers of the third age, under the Pagan, and of the fourth, under the Chriſtian, Emperors. Thoſe who are acquainted with the character of the age of Auguſtus, have only to throw their eyes on the one and the other *code*, to find an infinite number of paſſages which had not been

been bearable in that age. For inſtance, here is a law of Arcadius and Honorius, publiſhed in 404.

'Let the officers of the palace be warned to abſtain from frequenting tumultuous meetings; and that thoſe who, inſtigated by a *ſacrilegious* temerity, dare to oppoſe the authority of *our Divinity*, ſhall be deprived of their employments, and their eſtates confiſcated.' The letters they write are *holy*. When the ſons ſpeak of their fathers, it is—'Their father of *divine* memory;' or—'Their *divine* father.' They call their own laws *oracles*, and *celeſtial* oracles. So alſo their ſubjects addreſs them by the titles of —'*Your Perpetuity—your Eternity*.' And it appears by a law of Theodore the Great, that the Emperors, at length, added this to their titles. It begins thus—'If any magiſtrate, after having concluded a public work, put his name rather than that of *our Perpetuity*, let him be judged guilty of high-treaſon.'

DETHRONED MONARCHS.

FORTUNE never appears in a more extravagant humour than when ſhe reduces monarchs to become mendicants. This is no uncommon revolution in her eventful volumes. Modern hiſtory has recorded many ſuch inſtances. After having contemplated *Kings* raiſed into *Divinities*, I ſhall preſent them now depreſſed as *Beggars*.

In Candide, or the Optimiſt, the reader will find an admirable ſtroke of Voltaire's. Eight travellers meet in an obſcure inn, and ſome of them with not ſufficient money to pay for a ſcurvy dinner. In the courſe of converſation, they are diſcovered to be *eight monarchs*, in Europe, who had been deprived of their crowns.

What adds to this exquiſite ſatire, theſe eight monarchs are not of the fictitious majeſties of the poetic brain; imperial ſhadows, like thoſe that appeared to Macbeth; but living monarchs, who were wandering at that moment about the world.

The Emperor Henry IV. after having been depoſed and impriſoned by his ſon, Henry V. eſcaped from priſon; poor, vagrant, and without aid, he entreated the Biſhop of Spires to grant him a lay prebend in his Church. "I have ſtudied ſaid he, and have learned to ſing, and may therefore be of ſome ſervice to you."—The requeſt was denied, and he died miſerably and obſcurely at Liege, after having drawn the attention of Europe on his victories and his grandeur. He exclaimed in dying, God of Vengeance, you avenge this parricide.

Mary of Medicis, the widow of Henry the Great, mother of Louis XIII. mother-in-law of three ſovereigns, and Regent of France, frequently wanted the neceſſaries of life. The intrigues of Richelieu compelled her to exile herſelf, and live an unhappy fugitive. Her petition exiſts, with this ſupplicatory opening: 'Supplie Marie, Reine de France et de Navarre, diſant, que depuis le 23 Fevrier elle aurait été arretée priſonniere au chateau de Compiegne, ſans être ni accuſée ni ſoupçonnée, &c.'

Theodore, King of Corſica, is not yet forgotten by many. Smollet, in his Ferdi-

nand Count Fathom, has given us ſome curious anecdotes, which paint very forcibly the ſingular diſtreſſes of that monarch.

Others are to be added to this liſt. In the year 1595, died at Paris, Antonio, King of Portugal. His body is interred at the Cordeliers, and his heart depoſited at the Ave-Maria. Nothing on earth was capable of obliging this prince to renounce his crown. He paſſed over to England, and came to France, where he reſided; and died, in great poverty, at the age of ſixty-four years. This dethroned monarch was happy in one thing, which is indeed rare: in all his miſeries he had a ſervant, who proved a tender and faithful friend, and who only deſired to participate in his misfortunes, and to ſoften his miſeries; and, for the recompence of his ſervices, he only wiſhed to be buried at the feet of his dear maſter. This hero in loyalty, to whom the ancient Romans would have raiſed altars, was Don Diego Bothei, one of the greateſt lords of the court of Portugal, and who drew his origin from the kings of Bohemia.

Lilly, the aſtrologer, in his Life and Death of King Charles the Firſt, preſents

us with another inſtance of an unfortunate monarch. It is in the perſon of the Old Queen Mother of France. Theſe are his words—

'In the ſame month of Auguſt, 1641, I beheld the Old Queen Mother of France departing from London, in company of Thomas Earl of Arundel. A ſad ſpectacle of mortality it was, and produced tears from mine eyes, and many other beholders, to ſee an aged, lean, decrepid, poor queen, ready for her grave, neceſſitated to depart hence, having no place of reſidence in this world left her, but where the courteſy of her hard fortune aſſigned it. She had been the only ſtately and magnificent woman of Europe: wife to the greateſt king that ever lived in France; mother unto one king and unto two queens.'

Hume ſupplies me with an anecdote of ſingular royal diſtreſs. He informs us, that the Queen of England, with her ſon Charles, had 'a moderate penſion aſſigned her; but it was ſo ill paid, and her credit ran ſo low, that, one morning, when the Cardinal de Retz waited on her, ſhe informed him that her daughter, the

princeſs

princeſs Henrietta, was obliged to lie a-bed, for want of a fire to warm her. To ſuch a condition was reduced, in the midſt of Paris, a Queen of England, and daughter of Henry IV. of France!'

The daughter of James the Firſt, who married the Elector Palatine, in her attempts to get her huſband crowned, was reduced to the utmoſt beggary, and wandered frequently in diſguiſe as a mere vagrant.

A ſtrange anecdote is related of Charles VII. of France. Our Henry V. had ſhrunk his kingdom into the town of Bourges. It is ſaid, that having told a ſhoemaker, after he had juſt tried a pair of his boots, that he had no money to pay for them, Criſpin had ſuch callous feelings, that he refuſed to ſuffer his majeſty to take the boots. 'It is for this reaſon,' ſays Comines, 'I praiſe thoſe princes who are on good terms with the loweſt of their people; for they know not at what hour they may want them.'

This obſervation is not ſo *mal a propos*, at the preſent critical moment. Louis XVI. may have probably experienced more than once the truth of the reflection of Comines.

FEUDAL TYRANNY.

THE Feudal government introduced a ſpecies of ſervitude which till that time was unknown, and which was called the Servitude of the Land. The Bondmen, or Villains, did not reſide in the houſe of the Lord: but they entirely depended on his caprice; and he ſold them, as he did the animals, with the field where they lived, and which they cultivated.

It is difficult to conceive with what inſolence the petty lords of thoſe times tyrannized over their Villains; they not only oppreſſed their ſlaves with unremitted labour, inſtigated by a vile cupidity; but their whim and caprice led them to inflict miſeries without even any motive of intereſt.

In Scotland, they had a right to enjoy the firſt-fruits of all the Maidens; and Malcolm the Third did not aboliſh this ſhameful right, but by ordering that they might be redeemed by a quit-rent.

The

The truth of this circumſtance Dalrymple has attempted to render doubtful; but it muſt be alſo conſidered, that this hiſtorian is an ingenious Scotchman. It is a very excuſable patriotiſm to endeavour to do away the recollection of ſuch diſhonourable tributes. The anecdote of the Lady of Coventry, is ſuppoſed by ſome, for it's ſingular barbarity, to be fictitious; but, can there be any action too barbarous for ſuch an age?

Others, to preſerve this privilege when they could not enjoy it in all it's extent, thruſt their leg, booted, into the bed of the new-married couple. Others have compelled their ſubjects to paſs the firſt night at the top of a tree, and there to conſummate the marriage; to paſs the bridal hours in a river; to be bound naked to a cart, and to trace ſome furrows as they were dragged; or to leap, with their feet tied, over the horns of ſtags.

Sometimes their caprice commanded the bridegroom to appear in drawers at their caſtle, and plunge into a ditch of mud; and ſometimes they were compelled to beat the

waters of the ponds, to hinder the frogs from diſturbing the Lord!

There was a time when the German Lords reckoned, amongſt their privileges, that of robbing on the highways of their territory!

I beg leave to remind the reader of the ſhameful behaviour of Geoffrey, Lord of Coventry, who compelled his wife to ride naked, on a white pad, through the ſtreets of the town; that by this mode, he might reſtore to the inhabitants thoſe privileges of which his wantonneſs had deprived them.

When the Abbot of Figeac makes his entry into that town, the Lord of Montbrun, dreſſed in a Harlequin's coat, and one of his legs naked, is compelled, by an ancient cuſtom, to conduct him to the door of his abbey, leading his horſe by the bridle.

The Feudal Barons frequently aſſociated, to ſhare amongſt them thoſe children of their Villains who appeared to be the moſt healthy and ſerviceable, or who were remarkable for their talents; and, not infrequently, ſold them in their markets as they did their beaſts.

The

The Feudal ſervitude is not, even in the preſent enlightened times, entirely aboliſhed in Poland, in Germany, and in Ruſſia. In thoſe countries, the Bondmen are ſtill entirely dependent on the caprice of their maſters. The Peaſants of Hungary, or Bohemia, frequently revolt, and attempt to ſhake off the preſſure of Feudal tyranny; and it is ardently to be wiſhed that their wretched ſervitude ſhould in ſome meaſure be ſoftened.

It is ſcarce thirty years paſt, when a Lord or Prince of the Northern Countries, paſſing through one of his villages, obſerved a little aſſembly of Peaſants and their families amuſing themſelves with dancing. He commands his domeſtics to part the men from the women, and confine them in the houſes. He orders that the coats of the women may be drawn up above their heads, and tied with their garters. He then permits the men to be liberated, and inflicts a ſevere caſtigation on all thoſe who did not recognize their wives in that ſtate!

Abſolute dominion hardens the human heart; and Nobles, accuſtomed to command their Bondmen, will treat their domeſtics

meſtics as ſlaves. Thoſe of Siberia puniſh theirs by an abundant uſe of the cudgel or rod. The Abbé Chappe ſaw two Ruſſian ſlaves undreſs a chambermaid, who had, by ſome trifling negligence, given offence to her miſtreſs: after having uncovered as far as her waiſt, one placed her head betwixt his knees; the other held her by the feet: while both, armed with two ſharp rods, violently laſhed her back, till it pleaſed the tyrant of the houſe to decree *it was enough!*

After a peruſal of theſe anecdotes of Feudal Tyranny, I ſhall take leave to tranſcribe the following lines from Goldſmith—

'Calm is my ſoul, not apt to riſe in arms,
Except when faſt-approaching danger warms:
But, when contending Chiefs blockade the Throne,
Contracting Regal power, to ſtretch their own;
When I behold a factious Band agree
To call it Freedom, when themſelves are free;
Fear, Pity, Juſtice, Indignation, ſtart,
Tear off reſerve, and bare my ſwelling heart;
Till half a Patriot, half a Coward, grown,
I fly from PETTY TYRANTS—to the THRONE.'

GAMING.

GAMING appears to be an univerſal paſſion. Some have attempted to deny it's univerſality; they have imagined that it is chiefly prevalent in cold climates, where ſuch a paſſion becomes moſt capable of agitating and gratifying the torpid minds of their inhabitants.

But, if we lay aſide ſpeculation, and turn to facts, we are ſurely warranted in the ſuppoſition that, as the love of Gaming proceeds from avarice—that diſhonourable paſſion, which, probably, for ſome wiſe purpoſes, is ſo congenial to the human heart—it is not unjuſt to conclude, that it exiſts with equal force in human nature; and, conſequently, the fatal propenſity of Gaming is to be diſcovered, as well amongſt the inhabitants of the frigid and torrid zones, as amongſt thoſe of the milder climates. The ſavage and the civilized, the illiterate and the learned, are alike captivated

ted with the hope of accumulating wealth without the labours of induſtry.

Mr. Moore has lately given to the public an elaborate work, which profeſſedly treats of the three moſt important topics which a writer of the preſent day can diſcuſs—Suicide, Gaming, and Duelling. He has collected a variety of inſtances of this deſtructive paſſion being prevalent in all nations; and I ſhall juſt notice thoſe which appear moſt ſingular.

Dice, and that little pugnacious animal the *Cock*, are the chief inſtruments employed by the numerous nations of the Eaſt, to agitate their minds and ruin their fortunes; to which the Chineſe—who are deſperate gameſters—add the uſe of *Cards*. When all other property is played away, the Aſiatic gambler ſcruples not to ſtake his *wife*, or his *child*, on the caſt of a die, or courage and ſtrength of a martial bird. If ſtill unſucceſsful, the laſt venture he ſtakes is, *himſelf!*

In the Iſland of Ceylon, *cock-fighting* is carried to a great height. The Sumatrans are addicted to the uſe of dice. A ſtrong

ſpirit

ſpirit of play characterizes a Malayan. After having reſigned every thing to the good fortune of the winner, he is reduced to a horrid ſtate of deſperation; he then looſens a certain lock of hair, which indicates war and deſtruction to all the raving gameſter meets. He intoxicates himſelf with opium; and, working himſelf up into a fit of phrenzy, he bites and kills every one who comes in his way. But, as ſoon as ever this lock is ſeen flowing, it is *lawful* to fire at the perſon, and to deſtroy him as faſt as poſſible. I think it is this which our ſailors call, 'To run a muck.' Thus Dryden writes—

'Frontleſs, and ſatire-proof, he ſcours the ſtreets,
And *runs* an Indian *Muck* at all he meets.'

Thus alſo Pope—

'Satire's my weapon, but I'm too diſcreet
To *run a Muck*, and tilt at all I meet.'

Johnſon could not diſcover the derivation of the word *Muck*. I think I have heard that it refers to their employing, on theſe fatal occaſions, a *muck*, or lance.

A critical friend obſerves, that to 'run a muck' is not a ſubſtantive and another word

for *lance*, but an old phraſe for attacking madly and indiſcriminately. It's origin remains yet to be known.

To diſcharge their gambling debts, the Siameſe ſell their poſſeſſions, their families, and, at length, themſelves. The Chineſe play *night* and *day*, till they have loſt all they are worth; and then they uſually go and hang themſelves. Such is the propenſity of the Japaneſe for high play, that they were compelled to make a law, that—'Whoever ventures his money at play, ſhall be put to death.' In the newly-diſcovered iſlands of the Pacific Ocean, they venture even their hatchets, which they hold as invaluable acquiſitions, on running matches. 'We ſaw a man,' as Cooke writes in his laſt voyage, 'beating his breaſt, and tearing his hair, in the violence of rage, for having loſt three hatchets at one of theſe races, and which he had purchaſed with nearly half his property.'

The ancient nations were not leſs addicted to gaming. In the ſame volume are collected numerous inſtances amongſt the ancient Perſians, Grecians, and Romans; the Goths, the Germans, &c. To notice the modern

modern ones were a melancholy taſk: there is hardly a family in Europe who cannot record, from their own domeſtic annals, the dreadful prevalence of this unfortunate paſſion. Affection has felt the keeneſt lacerations, and Genius been irrecoverably loſt, by a wanton ſport, which doomed to deſtruction the hopes of families, and conſumed the heart of the gameſter with corroſive agony.

Gameſter and *Cheater* were ſynonymous terms in the time of Shakeſpeare and Jonſon: they have hardly loſt much of their double ſignification in the preſent day.

THE ATHENIANS.

MARVILLE has given this pleaſing account of the Athenians—

'The Greeks were ſo poliſhed a nation, that they treated others as rude and barbarous; but, of all the Greeks, the Athenians poſſeſſed a more refined delicacy in the politer arts, and an exquiſite taſte for eloquence. The excellent orators who aroſe amongſt

amongſt them had familiarized them with the moſt perfect beauties of compoſition.

'Pericles, whoſe eloquence they compared to lightnings and thunders, had ſo accuſtomed their minds to ſuffer nothing but what was pure, elegant, and finiſhed, that thoſe who had to ſpeak in public, looked upon the loweſt of the people as ſo many cenſurers of what they were going to ſay. But, if the genius of this people had become ſo delicate by the attic eloquence of their orators, the native haughtineſs of the Greeks was much increaſed by their ſervile adulation; ſo that it required a wonderful dexterity to ſtretch the empire of Perſuaſion over men who always would be treated like maſters.

'The eſtabliſhment of the ſingular law of *Oſtraciſm*, which was occaſioned by the tyranny of Piſiſtratus, cauſed a double increaſe of pride to this people, who were already ſo preſumptuous. Thus runs the ſentence of this famous law—"Let no one of us excel the others; and, if there ſhould be one found of this deſcription, let him go and excel elſewhere." By this law, thoſe whoſe great merit and high reputation gave umbrage

brage to their citizens, were baniſhed for ten years.

'It was, in it's commencement, obſerved with ſo much rigour, that Ariſtides, who was ſurnamed *The Juſt*, and who had performed ſo many great actions for the glory of his country, was condemned to baniſhment: and, although this ſeverity had greatly abated of it's rigour under Alcibiades, and that it was aboliſhed in the courſe of time; there remained, in the manners and minds of the Athenians, a great jealouſy of thoſe who had diſtinguiſhed themſelves by ſome extraordinary merit; and a rigorous ſeverity towards their orators, which conſtrained them to be very circumſpect. The rules they had impoſed on them went ſo far as to prohibit their diſplaying ornaments too elaborate, which might diſguiſe their real ſentiments—images and motions, capable of affecting and ſoftening their auditors—for they regarded the firſt as falſe lights, that might miſlead their reaſon; and the latter, as attempts to encroach on their liberty, by ſwaying their paſſions. It is to this we muſt attribute that coldneſs and auſterity which pervade the diſcourſes of theſe

orators, and which rather proceeded from the reſtraint laid on them than from the qualities of their genius.

'Beſides that the Athenians were haughty, jealous of their power, and auſtere towards their orators, they had an impatience, and a volatility of diſpoſition, which occaſioned them frequently to paſs from one extreme to another, by ſudden and unexpected reſolutions, and often broke all the meaſures and ſchemes of thoſe who attempted to gain them over to their ſentiments.

'A hand raiſed, or a loud cry from ſome factious perſon, in an aſſembly, was often the ſignal for an advice that was to be diſcloſed, or of a counſel which was to be taken: and as it happens, that thoſe who are the moſt inſolent when they command, are the moſt ſupple when they obey; the Athenians, who had been ſo haughty during the proſperity of their republic, were the moſt abject ſlaves to the ſucceſſors of Alexander; and afterwards to the Romans, when they became their maſters. This feeble people had, in the bottom of their hearts, a fund of meanneſs and timidity, which made them conſtrain their orators to conform themſelves

themſelves to their manners and their genius. To ſucceed with them, it became neceſſary to appear to reſpect them, whilſt they taught them to fear; to flatter and to cenſure them at the ſame time—a policy which Demoſthenes, who well knew this people, with great ſucceſs ſo ſkilfully applied.

'This people has, however, produced great men, and in great numbers; but they had ſo ſeldom a ſhare in the public reſolutions, that their merit, of which they have left ſo many illuſtrious teſtimonies, cannot, however, make a general rule to judge of the character of this people.'

To this ingenious diſcrimination of the character of the Athenians, I cannot forbear tranſcribing an animated deſcription of their luxuries, carried to ſuch an exceſs of refinement, and opulent elegance, that thoſe who are fond of cenſuring our modern diſſipations, may be reminded, that we have never yet approached thoſe of the Grecians or the Romans. It is extracted from Dr. Gillies's Hiſtory of Greece.

'Inſtead of the bread, herbs, and ſimple fare, recommended by the laws of Solon,

the Athenians, ſoon after the 80th Olympiad, availed themſelves of their extenſive commerce, to import the delicacies of diſtant countries, which were prepared by all the refinements of cookery. The wines of Cyprus were cooled with ſnow in ſummer; in winter, the moſt delightful flowers adorned the tables and perſons of the wealthy Athenians. Nor was it ſufficient to be crowned with roſes, unleſs they were likewiſe anointed with the moſt precious perfumes. Paraſites, dancers, and buffoons, were an uſual appendage of every entertainment. Among the weaker ſex, the paſſion for delicate birds, diſtinguiſhed by their voice or plumage, was carried to ſuch an exceſs, as merited the name of madneſs. The bodies of ſuch youths as were not addicted to hunting and horſes, which began to be a prevailing taſte, were corrupted by a commerce of harlots, who had reduced their profeſſion into *ſyſtem*, while their minds were ſtill more polluted by the licentious philoſophy of the Sophiſts. It is unneceſſary to crowd the picture; vices and extravagance took root in Athens in an adminiſtration the moſt ſplendid and proſperous.

Perhaps

Perhaps this laſt obſervation is cleared up by the remarks of Marville; for it appears that, although at the helm of adminiſtration ſat ſuch illuſtrious characters, they had little or no ſhare in the adminiſtration, ſince the haughtineſs and volatility of the Athenians were ſuch, that they would not even bear the reprimands of their Orators.

It has been obſerved, that even the Mechanics in Athens poſſeſſed a claſſic taſte, and a niceneſs of ear, which could only be the effect of a general diffuſion of national elegance. This may ſerve as an anecdote of their boaſted *Atticiſm*.

Philip of Macedon, in the preſent age, would have merited the title of a Claſſical Scholar. I have already given the noble letter he wrote to Ariſtotle on the birth of his ſon. The preſent anecdote will prove, that he muſt have been—like the late Frederic—not leſs partial to the contemplative Minerva, than to the armed Pallas. To give a proof of his generoſity, he made a preſent to the vanquiſhed Athenians of five thouſand meaſures of wheat; but this was not to be given by him without accompanying it by an oration. While he was

holding his diſcourſe to the people, he committed a ſoleciſm in language, which the attic ear of an Athenian immediately catching, he boldly reproved him. 'For this,' the Claſſic Monarch continued, 'I grant you five thouſand more.'

THE ITALIANS.

THE character of the Italians, even ſo late as in the laſt century, preſents a melancholy contemplation to the Philoſopher. How are we to account for a whole nation being infected with ſome of the darkeſt paſſions that ſtain the human ſoul? Atheiſm and Debauchery pervaded every rank; and the hand of the Italian continually graſped the dagger and the drug. What yet heightens the enormity of theſe crimes, is the 'immortal hatred'—to make uſe of a poetical expreſſion—which characterized this Nation of Aſſaſſins. Naudé, who draws his remarks from perſonal obſervation, with one or two anecdotes, will inform the reader that theſe cenſures are not unjuſt.

'Italy

'Italy is crowded with thoſe kinds of men who penetrate as far into Nature as their abilities permit them; and, having done this, will believe nothing more. To trace God, in the diſorder in which the world is now, we muſt poſſeſs modeſty and humility. Italy abounds with Libertines and Atheiſts; yet the number of their writers, who have written on the Immortality of the Soul, is incredible. But I am apt to think that thoſe very writers believe no more than the reſt: for I hold this maxim certain, that *the doubt* in which they are is one of the firſt cauſes that obliges them to write; and add, alſo, that all their writings are ſo feeble, that no one can ſtrengthen his faith by their ſentiments. Thus, inſtead of inſtructing, they make a reader perfectly ſceptical.

'Italy is a country, at the ſame time, full of Impoſtures and Superſtitions: ſome do not believe enough, and others believe every thing. Every day, without truth, and without reaſon, miracles take place. I remember that a certain poor man was nearly drowned, and was drawn out of the water almoſt dead. He recovered; and his

recovery was firmly believed to be owing to a medal of Saint Philip of Neri, which he happened to have in his chaplet. I did not ſee any thing miraculous in this, I ſaid; and that it certainly was not always a miracle when a man eſcaped from being drowned; nor did I believe that Saint Philip thought one moment concerning the fate of this man.

'It is but three months ſince, that the church of this new ſaint fell in at Trepani, when more than a dozen of the congregation, who were invoking his favours, got wounded and killed. It was then, rather, that the ſaint ſhould have ſhewn his miraculous powers, and have ſaved thoſe good Chriſtians who were ſupplicating God and his ſaintſhip. Had this been the caſe, it would have turned out an excellent miracle, and, what few miracles are accompanied by, have had a conſiderable number of witneſſes to verify it.

'The Italians are an agreeable people enough; but, too frequently, they are found vindictive and treacherous. Revenge and treachery are the great ſins of the Italians and

and the Orientals; and they poiſon to the very mice in their houſes.

'It is a maxim received into the politics of this country, however it may be inimical to the laws of Chriſtianity, that it is beſt to defend and to avenge ourſelves before worſe happens. As they have great ſenſe, they will never offend you; but they will never pardon you, if you offend them; and they will purſue their revenge, after an interval of fifty years has elapſed ſince the offence had been firſt given. They have this proverb much in eſteem—'*Chi offende, non perdona mai.*'

Deſcartes, in one of his Letters, writes thus—'Be not ſo deſirous to live under Italian ſkies; there is a contagion that poiſons it's breezes; the heat of the day kindles a fever in the delicate frame; the evening airs are unwholeſome; and the deep ſhades of the night *conceal* robberies and aſſaſſinations!'

The following anecdotes of Italian revenge are of good authority. An Italian feigned to be reconciled with one who had offended him. One evening, when they walked out together in a retired ſpot, the Italian

Italian ſeized him by the back; and, drawing a dagger, threatened to ſtab him, if he did not abjure and curſe the Creator. The other, in vain, entreated that he might not be obliged to commit what he felt a horror in doing; but, to ſave his life, at length he complied. The aſſaſſin, having now compleated his wiſh, plunged the poignard in his boſom; and exulting exclaimed, that he had revenged himſelf in the moſt dreadful manner poſſible; for he had cauſed the body and the ſoul of his enemy to periſh at a ſingle ſtroke!

One Giuſeppe Bertoldo, after an abſence of ten years, heard that a perſon, who had ſerved him an ill turn, reſided in flouriſhing circumſtances in India: he embarks directly; he arrives; he follows him cloſely for two years; and, at length, having found him one day alone, and unarmed, in a ſolitary ſpot, he aſſaſſinates him.

There is a narration, written in Italian, in a manuſcript in the French king's library, tacked to the end of a volume intitled—'*Le glorie degl' incogniti di Padoua.*' It diſplays a chain of treachery diſhonourable to the human character. It is tranſlated in the

the Addenda to the Anecdotes of Mr. Andrews. In Addiſon's Travels, there is an account of an aſſaſſination in Italy, not leſs remarkable than thoſe we have noticed. I ſhall add an inſtance of *poiſoning*, which cannot fail to intereſt the reader of ſenſibility.

Francis of Medicis, after the death of his lady, fell deeply in love with a young noble Venetian, named Bianca Capella, whom he married. This lady, who paſſionately loved the duke her huſband, was the cauſe of his death; attempting to revenge herſelf *à l' Italienne*—as my author expreſſes it—of a prince who was a relation of Francis. She had, with this deſign, poiſoned ſome olives that were to have been preſented to him. Francis, having met the ſervant, took two, and eat them: very ſhortly after he began to feel their mortal effects. Bianca Capella, who now ſaw the miſtake that had taken place, and the *qui pro quo* that had cauſed the death of her beloved duke, took alſo of the ſame olives; and, having ſwallowed them, ſhe threw herſelf on the bed, embracing her dying lord, and expired in his arms.

Voltaire,

Voltaire, in his Univerſal Hiſtory, obſerves, that *aſſaſſinations* were common in Italy in the ſixteenth century. He deſcribes forcibly the great misfortune of it's wanting a general police. He notices the banditti that for a long time infeſted it, in the midſt of the polite arts. Theſe are ſome of his words: 'The uſe of the *ſtiletto* was but too common in the towns, while the banditti infeſted the country. The *ſcholars* of Padua were accuſtomed to knock people down in the night, as they walked through the piazzas.'

I have quoted the opinion of Voltaire to ſtrengthen my own; which, indeed, became very neceſſary, as it ſeems to differ from that of the ingenious Monthly Reviewer.

Since the above has been written, an Italian, a man of letters, has acknowledged, that the repreſentation which I have given of this polite nation is by no means exaggerated. He has even confeſſed, that this character can hardly be ſaid to be unjuſt, if applied to them even ſo late as *within half a century*.

SPANISH ETIQUETTE.

THE Etiquette—or Rules to be obſerved in the royal palaces—is neceſſary, writes Baron Bielfield, for keeping order at court. In Spain, it was carried to ſuch lengths as to make martyrs of their Kings. Here is an inſtance; at which, in ſpite of the fatal conſequences it produced, one cannot refrain from ſmiling—

Philip the Third being *gravely ſeated*—as Spaniards generally are—by a chimney where the fire-maker of the court had kindled ſo great a quantity of wood that the Monarch was nearly ſuffocated with heat, his *grandeur* would not ſuffer him to riſe from the chair; and the domeſtics could not *preſume* to enter the apartment, becauſe it was againſt the *Etiquette*. At length, the Marquis de Potat appeared, and the King ordered him to damp the fires: but *he* excuſed himſelf; alledging, that he was forbidden by the *Etiquette* to perform ſuch a function, for which the Duke D'Uſſeda ought to

to be called upon, as it was his buſineſs. The Duke was gone out; the *fire* burnt fiercer; and the *King* endured it, rather than derogate from his *dignity*. But his blood was heated to ſuch a degree, that an eryſipelas broke out in his head the next day; which, being ſucceeded by a violent fever, carried him off in 1621, and in the twenty-fourth year of his age.

The palace was once on fire; a ſoldier, who knew the King's ſiſter was in her apartment, and muſt inevitably have been conſumed in a few moments by the flames, at the riſk of his life, ruſhed in, and brought her Highneſs ſafe out in his arms: but the Spaniſh *Etiquette* was here woefully broken into! The loyal ſoldier was brought to trial; and, as it was impoſſible to deny that he had entered her apartment, the judges condemned him to die! The Spaniſh Princeſs, however, condeſcended, in conſideration of the circumſtance, to *pardon* the ſoldier, and very benevolently ſaved his life!

When Charles the Second received the compliments of the Grandees, who kiſſed hands on occaſion of his aſcending the throne,

one in the exceſs of his zeal ventured to uſe the word *Friend*, in his compliments of condolance and felicitation. The grave young monarch, ſtarting from him, and ſwelling with authority, exclaimed—*Los Reyes no tienen ſus Vaſſallos por Amigos, ſino por Servidores:* kings have not their Vaſſals for Friends, but for Servants.—An elegant monarch lamented the hard fortune of *Kings*, that they could have no *friend*. Charles muſt have thought differently.

One more inſtance, not leſs extravagant than any of theſe. When Iſabella, mother of Philip II. was ready to be delivered of him, ſhe commanded that all the lights ſhould be extinguiſhed; that if the violence of her pain ſhould occaſion her face to change colour, no one might perceive it. And when the midwife ſaid—Madam, cry out, that will give you eaſe—ſhe anſwered in *good Spaniſh*—How dare you give me ſuch advice? I would rather die than cry out.

After this, we may exclaim, with our Engliſh Satiriſt—

'Spain gives us *pride*—which Spain to all the earth
May largely give, nor fear herſelf a dearth!'

CHURCHILL.

POPE

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CHURCHILL.

POPE

POPE SIXTUS THE FIFTH.

A SINGULAR revolution of fortune happened to Pope Sixtus the Fifth. He was originally a ſwine-herd. When he firſt came to Rome, he was conſtrained to beg alms. Having collected a little ſilver, he one day ſtood deliberating with himſelf, whether he ſhould employ it in the purchaſe of a loaf, which the keenneſs of his appetite reminded him would prove a very agreeable acquiſition; or, in a pair of ſhoes, which his ten toes terribly complained of wanting. In this conflict of irreſolution, his face betrayed the anxiety of his mind. A tradeſman, who had for ſome time obſerved his embarraſſment, aſked him the occaſion of it. He told him frankly the cauſe; but he did it in ſo facetious a manner, that the tradeſman reſolved to finiſh his perplexity by inviting him to a good dinner. When Sixtus became Pope, he did not forget to return the dinner to the benevolent tradeſman.

To give an inſtance of his abilities as a politician. When he firſt aſpired in his mind to the Popedom, while he was yet a Cardinal, he counterfeited illneſs and old age for *fifteen years*. During the Conclave, which was aſſembled to create a Pope, he continually leaned on his crutch; and very frequently interrupted the ſage deliberations of the Conclave by a hollow cough, and violent ſpitting. This ſcheme took ſo well, that the Cardinals fell into the trap; and every one thinking that, by electing Sixtus, he might himſelf ſtand a chance of being in a ſhort time elected, he was choſen unanimouſly. Soon after the election was concluded, the new Pope performed a *miracle*: his legs became vigorous; his body, that had been before curbed, became firm and erect; his cough was diſſipated; and he ſhewed, in a ſhort time, of what he was capable.

What he had obtained by ſuch ſingular artifice he maintained with as ſingular haughtineſs. Cardinal Eſte, for a written promiſe which Sixtus gave him, greatly aſſiſted in making him Pope; but Sixtus did not always grant the Cardinal the many favours he was continually aſking. Once,

in a paſſion, he ſaid—*Padre ſanto, Io vi ó fatto Papa.*—Holy Father! it was me who made you Pope. To which Sixtus replied—*Laſciatemi dunque eſſere Papa.*—Let me, then, be Pope. Such are generally the replies of thoſe politicians, whoſe ſuperior *Machiaveliſm* (if the expreſſion be allowed) has turned to their own account the intereſted motives of inferior politicians.

VICAR OF BRAY.

THE reader has frequently heard this reverend ſon of the Church mentioned: probably his name may have outlived the recollection of his pious manœuvres: he was in his principles a Sixtus the Fifth.

The Vicar of Bray, in Berkſhire, was a Papiſt under the reign of Henry the Eighth, and a Proteſtant under Edward the Sixth; he was a Papiſt again under Queen Mary, and at length became a Proteſtant in the reign of Queen Elizabeth. When this ſcandal to the gown was reproached for his verſatility of religious creeds, he made anſwer,

ſwer, 'I cannot help that: but, if I changed my religion, I am ſure I kept true to my principle; which is, to live and die Vicar of Bray!'

THE BODY OF CÆSAR.

A SKILFUL orator ſometimes employs perſuaſions more forcible than the figures or flowers of rhetoric can yield. Here is an inſtance—

Marc Antony, haranguing the Roman people after the death of Cæſar, who had juſt been aſſaſſinated by the Senate, held out to the obſervation of the people the *robe* of this great man, all bloody, and pierced through in two-and-twenty places. This made ſo great an impreſſion on the minds of thoſe who were preſent, that it appeared, not that Cæſar *had been* aſſaſſinated, but that the conſpirators were then actually aſſaſſinating him.

Scudery has a fine verſe on this ſubject—

C'eſt le ſang de Ceſar, Romains, qui parle a vous.
Ye Romans, mark! 'tis Cæſar's blood that ſpeaks.

The ſentiments of Anthony, King of Navarre, father to Henry IV. of France, muſt have been ſimilar, as appears by the following anecdote. The Duke of Guiſe had reſolved to aſſaſſinate him in the preſence of Francis the Second. Anthony of Navarre, ſays Voltaire, had a fearleſs heart. He was informed of the conſpiracy; which did not, however, hinder him from going to the chamber in which it was to have been effected. 'If they kill me (he told his confidential friend) take my *bloody ſhirt*, bring it to my ſon, and my wife: they will *read in my blood* what they ſhall do to revenge me.'

PATRIOTIC MALEVOLENCE.

THERE is a paſſion exiſting in the heart of man, that I am at a loſs whether to conſider as proceeding from an exceſs of malevolence, or an exceſs of patriotiſm. This paſſion cannot ſuffer even that the Hero or Author of a rival nation ſhould be found to merit praiſe, though an interval of a thouſand years may have elapſed ſince their days!

Whole

Whole hiſtories have been written in this ſtyle, where the hiſtorian has ſet out with a reſolution of detracting from, or denying, the merits of a rival nation. To give an inſtance in modern times—

A French writer has wilfully miſrepreſented the famous anecdote recorded of our Canute, and endeavoured to convey an idea that we have ever been a nation of haughty barbarians. It cannot be ignorance, but wilful miſrepreſentation. The anecdote was never related but in one manner, and which reflects great honour on our ancient monarch. The author attempts to prove, that the Engliſh nation have been overbearing from the remoteſt times; and this he inſtances by giving the anecdote of Canute in this ſenſeleſs narration—

'Canute, King of England, imitating his predeceſſors, who called themſelves lords and ſovereigns of the ſea, reſolved to take poſſeſſion of this title ſolemnly, that, in future times, it ſhould not be conteſted. Perſuaded that he could not render this act more authentic than by obliging the ſea itſelf to come and pay him homage, as to it's ſovereign, about the time of the tide, he raiſed his throne by the ſea-ſide; and there,

apparelled in his royal robes, he held this language to the ſea, when it rolled towards him—" Know, that thou art ſubjected to me: the earth on which I ſit is mine; and that, till now, none has ever dared to revolt from my will. I command thee, then, that thou remain where thou art, without daring to approach thy lord, and ſoil his robes!" Scarce had he concluded this ſpeech, when a wave overturned his throne; and, having wetted him from head to foot, taught him in what manner he was to rely on the obedience of this element.'

Who does not here immediately perceive, that, to throw out a ſatirical ſtroke on the Engliſh nation for their naval power, the author has wilfully diſguiſed this famous reproof of Canute to his courtiers, and endeavoured to turn into ridicule the pride and the boaſt of the Britiſh nation?

It is thus, alſo, that the Spaniſh Literati have ſpread an uncandid report concerning the *Gil Blas* of *Le Sage*. Deſpairing of producing a compoſition of ſimilar merit, yet ſeeming deſirous of the honour, they have taken advantage of his Spaniſh characters and his mode of narration, and they have ventured

ventured to ſay, that, that celebrated work is *a tranſlation from the Spaniſh*. They have contrived this abſurd information in the following manner: the Spaniſh author having interſperſed a variety of political paſſages throughout the original, which were highly offenſive to the government, it remained, for this reaſon, unpubliſhed. When Le Sage was ſecretary to the French ambaſſador, he, who knew the value of the work, reſcinded the offending parts, and formed from the remains that agreeable romance. Similar reports prevail againſt every eminent perſon, in common life; but that they ſhould ſo frequently occur in the republic of letters, can only be attributed to that diſhoneſt patriotiſm which would level every merit of a rival nation.

DOUGLAS.

It may be recorded, as a ſpecies of Puritanic ſavageneſs and Gothic barbariſm, that, no later than in the year 1757, a man of genius was perſecuted becauſe he had written a

Tragedy, which tended by no means to hurt the morals; but, on the contrary, by awakening the ſweeteſt piety, and the nobler paſſions, would rather elevate the ſoul, and purify the mind.

When Mr. Home, the author of the tragedy of Douglas, had it performed at Edinburgh; and, becauſe ſome of the divines, his acquaintance, attended the repreſentation, the clergy, with the monaſtic ſpirit of the darkeſt ages, publiſhed the preſent Paper, which I ſhall abridge for the contemplation of the reader, who may wonder to ſee ſuch a compoſition written in the eighteenth century.

'On Wedneſday, February the 2d, 1757, the Preſbytery of Glaſgow came to the following reſolution. They having ſeen a printed Paper, intituled—"An Admonition and Exhortation of the reverend Preſbytery of Edinburgh;" which, among other *evils* prevailing, obſerving the following *melancholy*, but *notorious*, facts: that one, who is a Miniſter of the Church of Scotland, did *himſelf* write and compoſe *a Stage-play*, intituled—"The Tragedy of Douglas," and got it to be acted at the theatre of Edinburgh;

burgh; and that he, with ſeveral other Miniſters of the Church, were preſent; and *ſome* of them, *oftener than once*, at the acting of the ſaid Play, before a numerous audience. The Preſbytery, being *deeply affected* with this new and ſtrange appearance, do publiſh theſe ſentiments, &c.'—Sentiments with which I will not diſguſt the reader.

CRITICAL HISTORY OF POVERTY.

Mr. Morin has formed a little Hiſtory of Poverty, which I ſhall endeavour to abridge.

It is difficult preciſely to fix on the epoch of Poverty, or to mark with accuracy the moment of it's birth. Chronologiſts are ſilent; and thoſe who have formed genealogies of the Gods, have not noticed this Deity's, though ſhe has been admitted as ſuch in the Pagan heaven, and has had temples and altars on earth. The Fabuliſts have pleaſingly narrated of her, that at the feaſt which Jupiter gave on the birth of Venus, ſhe modeſtly ſtood at the gate of the

palace, to gather the remains of the celeſtial banquet; when ſhe obſerved Plutus, the God of Riches, inebriated, not with wine, but with nectar, roll out of the heavenly reſidence; and, paſſing into the Olympian gardens, he threw himſelf on a vernal bank. She ſeized this opportunity to become familiar with the God. The frolickſome Deity honoured her with his careſſes; and, from this amour ſprung the God of Love, who reſembles his father in jollity and mirth, and his mother in his nudity. This fabulous narration is taken from the divine Plato. Let us now turn to it's hiſtoric extraction.

Poverty, though of remote antiquity, did not exiſt from the earlieſt times. In the firſt Age, diſtinguiſhed by the epithet of the Golden, it certainly was unknown. In the terreſtrial Paradiſe it never entered. This Age, however, had but the duration of a flower: when it finiſhed, Poverty began to appear. The anceſtors of the human race, if they did not meet her face to face, knew her in a partial degree. She muſt have made a rapid progreſs at the time of Cain; for Joſephus informs us, he ſcoured the country with a banditti. Proceeding from this obſcure

obſcure period, it is certain ſhe was firmly eſtabliſhed in the Patriarchal age. It is then we hear of merchants, who publicly practiſed the commerce of vending ſlaves, which indicates the utmoſt degree of Poverty. She is diſtinctly marked by Job: this holy man proteſts, that he had nothing to reproach himſelf with reſpecting the Poor, for he had aſſiſted them in their neceſſities.

As we advance in the Scriptures, we obſerve the Legiſlators paid great attention to their relief. Moſes, by his wiſe precautions, endeavoured to ſoften the rigours of this unhappy ſtate. The diviſion of lands, by tribes and families; the ſeptennial jubilees; the regulation to beſtow, at the harveſt-time, a certain portion of all the fruits of the earth for thoſe families who were in want; and the obligation of his moral law, to love one's neighbour as one's ſelf; were ſo many mounds erected againſt the inundations of Poverty. It was thus that the Jews, under their Ariſtocratic government, had few or no Mendicants.—Their Kings were unjuſt; and, rapaciouſly ſeizing on inheritances which were not their right, increaſed the

numbers of the Poor. From the reign of David there were oppreſſive governors, who devoured the people as their bread. It was ſtill worſe under the foreign powers of Babylon, of Perſia, and the Roman Emperors. Such were the extortions of their publicans, and the avarice of their governors, that the number of mendicants was dreadfully augmented; and it was probably for that reaſon that the opulent families conſecrated a tenth part of their property for their ſuccour, as appears in the time of the Evangeliſts. In the preceding ages, no more was given—as their caſuiſts aſſure us—than the fortieth, or thirtieth part; a cuſtom which this unfortunate nation, to the preſent hour, preſerve, and look on it as an indiſpenſable duty; ſo much ſo, that if there are no Poor of their nation where they reſide, they ſend it to the moſt diſtant parts. The Jewiſh merchants always make this charity a regular charge in their tranſactions with each other; and, at the cloſe of the year, render an account to the Poor of their nation.

By the example of Moſes, the ancient legiſlators were taught to pay a ſimilar attention

tention to the Poor. Like him, they publiſhed laws reſpecting the diviſion of lands; and many ordinances were made for the benefit of thoſe whom fires, inundations, wars, or bad harveſts, had reduced to want. Convinced that *idleneſs* more inevitably introduced poverty, than any other cauſe, they puniſhed it rigorouſly: the Egyptians made it criminal; and no vagabonds or mendicants were ſuffered, under any pretence whatever. Thoſe who were convicted of ſlothfulneſs, and ſtill refuſed to labour for the public, when labours were offered to them, were puniſhed with death. It was the Egyptian taſk-maſters who obſerved that the Iſraelites were an idle nation, and obliged them to furniſh bricks for the erection of thoſe famous pyramids, which are the works of men who otherwiſe had remained vagabonds and mendicants.

The ſame ſpirit inſpired Greece. Lycurgus would not have in his republic either *poor* or *rich:* they lived and laboured in common. As, in the preſent times, every family has it's ſtores and cellars, ſo they had public ones, and diſtributed the proviſions according to the ages and conſtitutions of

of the people. If the ſame regulation was not preciſely obſerved by the Athenians, the Corinthians, and the other people of Greece, the ſame maxim exiſted in full force againſt idleneſs.

According to the laws of Draco, Solon, &c. a conviction of wilful poverty was puniſhed with the loſs of life. Plato, more gentle in his manners, would have them only baniſhed. He calls them enemies of the ſtate; and pronounces, as a maxim, that where there are great numbers of mendicants, fatal revolutions will happen; for, as theſe people have nothing to loſe, they ſeize and plan opportunities to diſturb the public repoſe.

The ancient Romans, whoſe univerſal object was the public proſperity, were not indebted to Greece on this head. One of the principal occupations of their Cenſors was to keep a watch on the vagabonds. Thoſe who were condemned as incorrigible ſluggards were ſent to the mines, or made to labour on the public edifices. The Romans of thoſe times, unlike the preſent race, did not conſider the *far niente* as a pleaſing occupation: they were convinced, that their libera-

liberalities were ill-placed in beſtowing them on ſuch men. The little republics of the *Bees* and the *Ants* were often held out as an example; and the laſt, particularly, where Virgil ſays, that they have elected overſeers, who correct the ſluggards—

'——Pars agmina cogunt
Caſtigant que moras.' VIRGIL.

And, if we may truſt the narratives of our travellers, the *Beavers* purſue this regulation more rigorouſly and exactly than even theſe induſtrious ſocieties. But their rigour, although but animals, is not ſo barbarous as that of the ancient Germans; who, Tacitus informs us, plunged the idlers and vagabonds in the thickeſt mire of their marſhes, and left them to periſh by a kind of death that reſembled their inactive diſpoſitions.

Yet, after all, it was not inhumanity that prompted the ancients thus ſeverely to chaſtiſe idleneſs: they were induced to it by a ſtrict equity; and it would be doing them injuſtice to ſuppoſe, that it was thus they treated thoſe *unfortunate Poor* whoſe indigence was occaſioned by infirmities, by age, or

or unforeſeen calamities. They perhaps exceeded us in genuine humanity. Every family conſtantly aſſiſted it's branches, to ſave them from being reduced to beggary; which, to them, appeared worſe than death. The magiſtrates protected thoſe who were deſtitute of friends, or incapable of labour. When Ulyſſes was diſguiſed as a mendicant, and preſented himſelf to Eurymachus, this prince, obſerving him to be robuſt and healthy, offered to give him employment, or otherwiſe to leave him to his ill fortune. When the Roman Emperors, even in the reigns of Nero and Tiberius, beſtowed their largeſſes, the diſtributors were ordered to except thoſe from receiving a ſhare whoſe bad conduct kept them in miſery; for that it was better the lazy ſhould die with hunger than be fed in idleneſs.

Whether the police of the ancients was more exact, or whether they were more attentive to practiſe the duties of humanity, or that ſlavery ſerved as an efficacious corrective of idleneſs; it clearly appears how little was the miſery, and how few the numbers, of their Poor. This they did, too, without having recourſe to hoſpitals.

At

At the eſtabliſhment of Chriſtianity, when the Apoſtles commanded a community of riches among their diſciples, the miſeries of the poor became alleviated in a greater degree. If they did not abſolutely live together, as we have ſeen religious orders, yet the rich continually ſupplied their diſtreſſed brethren: but matters greatly changed under Conſtantine. This Prince, with the beſt intentions, publiſhed edicts in favour of thoſe Chriſtians who had been condemned, in the preceding reigns, to ſlavery, to the mines, the galleys, or priſons. The Church felt an inundation of prodigious crowds of theſe unhappy men, who brought with them urgent wants and corporeal infirmities. The Chriſtian families formed then but a few: they could not ſatisfy theſe men. The magiſtrates protected them: they built ſpacious hoſpitals, under different titles, for the ſick, the aged, the invalids, the widows, and orphans. The Emperors, and the moſt eminent perſonages, were ſeen in theſe hoſpitals, examining the patients. Sometimes they aſſiſted the helpleſs, and ſometimes dreſſed the wounded. This did ſo much honour to the new religion, that Julian the

Apoſtate introduced this cuſtom among the Pagans. But the beſt things are ſeen continually perverted.

Theſe retreats were found inſufficient. Many ſlaves, proud of the liberty they had juſt recovered, looked on them as priſons; and, under various pretexts, wandered about the country. They diſplayed, with art, the ſcars of their former wounds, and expoſed the imprinted marks of their chains. They found thus a lucrative profeſſion in begging, which had been interdicted by the laws. The profeſſion did not finiſh with them: men of an untoward, turbulent, and licentious diſpoſition, gladly embraced it. It ſpread ſo wide, that the ſucceeding Emperors were obliged to inſtitute new laws; and it was permitted to individuals to ſeize on theſe mendicants for their ſlaves and perpetual vaſſals: a powerful preſervative againſt this diſorder. It is obſerved in almoſt every part of the world but ours; and it is thus that no where elſe they ſo abound with beggars. China preſents us with a noble example. No beggars are ſeen loitering in that country. All the world are occupied, even to the blind and the lame. Thoſe who are

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incapable of labour, live at the public expence. What is done *there*, may alſo be performed *here*. Then, inſtead of that hideous, importunate, idle, licentious poverty —as pernicious to the police as to morality —we ſhould ſee the poverty of the earlier ages humble, modeſt, frugal, robuſt, induſtrious, and laborious. Then, indeed, the fable of Plato might be realized: Poverty may be embraced by the god of riches; and, if ſhe did not produce the voluptuous offspring of Love, ſhe would become the fertile mother of Agriculture, and the ingenious mother of the fine Arts, and of all kinds of Manufactures.

SLAVERY.

I HAVE chiefly collected the preſent Anecdotes from the ingenious Compiler of '*L'Eſprit des Uſages et des Coutumes*.'

It avails little to exclaim againſt Slavery; it is an evil ſo natural to man, that it is impoſſible totally to eradicate it. Man will be a tyrant; and, if he poſſeſſed an adequate

ſtrength, he would enſlave whatever ſurrounded him. Dominion is ſo flattering to pride, and to idleneſs, that it is impoſſible to ſacrifice it's enjoyments. Even the Slave himſelf requires to be attended by another Slave: it is thus with the Negro of Labat; who, ſince his ſtate permits of none, aſſumes a deſpotic authority over his wife and children.

There are Slaves even with ſavages; and, if force cannot eſtabliſh ſervitude, they employ other means to ſupply it. The Chief of the *Natchès* of Louiſiana diſpoſes at his will of the property of his ſubjects: they dare not even refuſe him their head. He is a perfect deſpotic prince. When the preſumptive heir is born, the people devote to him all the children at the breaſt, to ſerve him during his life. This petty Chief is a very Seſoſtris; he is treated in his cabin as the Emperor of China is in his palace. Indeed, the origin of his power is great: the *Natchès* adore the Sun, and this Sovereign has palmed himſelf on them for the Brother of the Sun!

Servitude is ſometimes as pleaſing to the ſlave as it is gratifying to the maſter; and

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can any thing more ſtrongly convince us, that the greater part of men are unworthy of taſting the ſweets of liberty? It was thus, when the Monarchs of France were deſirous of deſpoiling the Barons of the authority they had uſurped, the bondmen, accuſtomed to ſlavery, were ſlow in claiming their liberty. To effect this, it became neceſſary to *compel* them by laws; and Louis Hutin ordered, that thoſe villains, or bondmen, who would not be enfranchiſed, ſhould pay heavy fines.

The origin of Slavery, in ſome countries, ariſes from ſingular circumſtances. If a Tartar met in his way a man, or woman, who could not ſhew a paſſport from the King, he would ſeize on the perſon as his right and property.

Formerly, in Circaſſia, when the huſband and wife did not agree, they went to complain to the governor of the town. If the huſband was the firſt who arrived, the governor cauſed the woman to be ſeized and ſold, and gave another to the huſband, and, on the contrary, he ſeized and ſold the huſband, if the wife arrived firſt.

Liberality, and the deſire of obliging—

who could credit it?—occaſion the depriving others of their liberty. An Iſlander of Mindanao, who redeems his ſon from Slavery, makes him his own ſlave; and children exerciſe the ſame benevolence and rigour on their parents.

In Rome, the debtor became the ſlave of his creditor; and, when it happened that they could take nothing from him who had loſt every thing, they took his liberty. It is even believed, that the law of the Twelve Tables permitted them to cut into pieces an inſolvent debtor!

It is ſince the eſtabliſhment of the commerce and ſale of Negroes, that men have committed the moſt enormous crimes. The Mulattoes of Loanda ſeduce the young women wherever they paſs; they return to them, ſome years afterwards; and, under the pretext of giving the children a better education, they carry them off to ſell them.

Thus, alſo, the women of Benguela, in colluſion with their huſbands, allure other men to their arms. The huſband falls ſuddenly on them, impriſons the unfortunate gallants, and ſells them the firſt opportunity; and he is not puniſhed for theſe violences.

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Beſides, the Negroes ſell their children, their parents, and their neighbours! They lead to the country-houſe of the merchant their unſuſpectful victims, and there deliver them into the hands of their purchaſer. While they are loaded with chains, and ſeparated for ever from their moſt endearing connections, it is in vain they raiſe loud and melancholy cries: the infamous vender ſmiles, and ſays it is only a cunning trick. Le Maire informs us, that an old Negro reſolved to ſell his ſon; but the ſon, who ſuſpected his deſign, haſtened to the factor; and, having taken him aſide, ſold him his father!

The iſlanders of Biſſagos are paſſionately fond of ſpirituous liquors; and, on the arrival of a veſſel, the weakeſt, without diſtinction of age, friendſhip, or relationſhip, become the prey of the ſtrongeſt, that they may ſell them to purchaſe liquors.

It appears that, in the Eaſt, and particularly at Batavia, the life of a ſlave entirely depends on the caprice of his maſter: the ſlighteſt fault brings on him the moſt afflicting treatment. They bind him to a gallows; they flog him unmercifully with

ſplitted canes; his blood flows in a ſtream, and his body is covered with wounds: but, fearful that he may not die in ſufficient tortures, they ſcatter abundantly over them ſalt and pepper. So little care is paid to theſe unfortunate men amongſt the Maldivians, that they lie entirely at the mercy of every one. Thoſe who practiſe on them any ill treatment, receive only half the puniſhment that the laws exact from any one who had ill-treated a free perſon. The ſlighteſt chaſtiſement which is inflicted on them, at Java, is to carry about their necks a piece of wood, with a chain, and which they are condemned to drag all their lives.

The ſlaves of the kingdom of Angola, and many other countries of Africa, never addreſs their maſters but on their knees. They do not even allow them the honours of decent burial; they throw their bodies in the woods, where they become the food of wild beaſts.

If thoſe on the Gold Coaſt eſcape, and are retaken, they loſe an ear for the firſt offence of this kind: a ſecond offence is puniſhed with the loſs of the other. At the third, it is allowed their maſters either to

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ſell them to the Europeans, or to cut off their heads.

Religious fanaticiſm increaſes the inhumanity of the pirates of Africa. The Moors and the Europeans reciprocally deteſt each other; and, ſince they redeem their captives, the Mahometans have become unmerciful, that they may the more powerfully excite their friends to redeem them with heavy ranſoms. We muſt not credit every thing Hiſtorians record; but it is certain that the police does not puniſh the maſter who kills his ſlaves; that religious prejudices totally ſtifle the feelings of humanity; and that the zealous Muſſulman inflicts continual tortures on theſe unfortunate men, that they may abjure their religion.

The Spaniards, and the Knights of Malta, for their repriſals, chain to the galley all the Mahometans they make priſoners; and, it is thus that the fate of the Chriſtian ſlaves on the Northern Coaſt of Africa, is the natural conſequence of a war which never can terminate.

When the NEGROES of the Colonies ſolely depend on a brutal maſter, who can paint the horrors of their ſituation? Without

out dwelling on the cruelties which they ſuffer in Africa, before they are ſold, and during the voyage; the greater part believe, that, after their embarkation, the Europeans intend to maſſacre them in the moſt terrible manner imaginable; to burn, calcine, and pulverize their bones, to be employed as gunpowder; and they alſo imagine, that the Europeans manufacture an oil with their fat and marrow.

If they do not finiſh their taſk, they are laſhed with rods till they are covered with blood. Sometimes they pour over the raw wounds a pound of melted pitch; and ſometimes they heighten their unſupportable ſmart, by ſcattering over them handfuls of pepper!

The habit of ſuffering endows them with an admirable patience. It is thus *Labat* expreſſes himſelf on this head. 'They are ſeldom heard to cry out, or to complain. It is not owing to inſenſibility, for their fleſh is extremely delicate, and their feelings irritable. It proceeds from an uncommon magnanimity of ſoul, which ſets at defiance pain, grief, and death itſelf. I have more than once ſeen ſome broken on the wheel, and

and others tormented by the moſt dreadful machines inventive cruelty could produce, without their giving vent to one murmur, or ſhedding one tear. I ſaw a Negro burnt, who was ſo far from being affected, that he called for a little lighted tobacco, on his way to the place of execution; and I obſerved him ſmoke with great calmneſs, at the moment his feet were conſuming in the midſt of the flames. There were two Negroes condemned; the one to the gallows, the other to be whipped by the hand of the executioner. The Prieſt, in a miſtake, confeſſed him who was not to have died. They did not perceive it, till the moment the executioner was going to throw him off; they made him deſcend; the other was confeſſed; and, although he expected only to be whipped, he mounted the ladder with as much indifference as the firſt deſcended from it, and as if the choice of either fate was alike to him.'

How grievous muſt be the unfortunate deſtiny of thoſe Negroes, when they poſſeſs a ſoul ſo great, and ſentiments ſo ſublime! Atkins, examining once ſome ſlaves, obſerved one of a noble ſtature, who appeared

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ed to him not leſs vigorous than imperious; he glanced on his companions, whenever they murmured or wept, looks of reproach and diſdain. He never turned his eyes on the overſeer; and, if commanded to riſe, or to ſtretch his leg, he did not by any means immediately obey. His exaſperated maſter wearied himſelf with laſhing his naked body with his rod. He was going to diſpatch him in his fury, had it not been obſerved to him, that if he ſold him, he might get an uncommon price for a ſlave of his appearance. The Negro ſupported this perſecution with heroic intrepidity: he preſerved a rigid ſilence; a tear or two only trickled down his cheek; when, as if he bluſhed for his weakneſs, he turned aſide to hide them. 'I learnt,' Atkins writes, 'that he was a Chief of ſome villages who had juſt come from oppoſing the ſlave traffick of the Engliſh.' Mr. Mackenzie, in one of his novels, has deſcribed this ſcene with the pen of a maſter; and certainly draws the picture after the deſcription of Atkins.

Many European nations abandon the Negroes to the caprice of their maſters, or to the deſpotic deciſion of the magiſtrate. The French

French have drawn up ſome regulations, which have been called *the Black Code*. This article treſpaſſes ſo much on our uſual limits, that we cannot extract any for the contemplation of the reader; let it be ſufficient, however, to obſerve, that they are eternal records of European cupidity, and European inhumanity.

In a word, they have reduced them to the degree of brutes, and they have treated them with infinitely more inhumanity. Whatever the arbitrary decrees of a planter —continues our ingenious compiler—may perform, they cannot take from them the human figure, nor the human voice: they ſeem, indeed, exaſperated to find that they bear an affinity to their own ſpecies!

A NEW RELIGION.

ALL the world knows how ſucceſsful ſome impoſtors have been in the eſtabliſhment of religions. We Europeans are well perſuaded, that the Jewiſh and the Chriſtian are derived from Divine authority. We are

are perfectly ſatisfied that Mahomet, Manco Capac, Confucius, the Lama of Tartary, are impoſtors; though a greater number of nations reſpect *their* various holy ſcriptures more than the true Bible. As voyagers have made new diſcoveries, new religions have been diſcovered. The liſt of religious impoſtors it were not difficult to augment. The Jews have ſeen five or ſix fictitious Meſſiahs—Sabbatei Sevi the moſt remarkable of them. I am convinced, that not a few religions have failed in their eſtabliſhment; and I will oppoſe to theſe impoſtors a man, who was more learned and able than any of them. But circumſtances were not favourable to his ſyſtem: he had not, like Mahomet, to join with his Alcoran, a good armoury of ſwords in his poſſeſſion.

About the middle of the fifteenth century, ſome time before the Turks had become maſters of Conſtantinople, a great number of philoſophers flouriſhed. *Gemiſtus Pletho* was one diſtinguiſhed by the excellence of his genius, by the depth of his erudition, and chiefly by his being a warm Platoniſt. Such were his eminent abilities, that, in his old age, thoſe whom his novel ſyſtem had

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greatly irritated, either feared or reſpected him. He had ſcarcely breathed his laſt, when they began to abuſe Plato and our Pletho. Here is an account, written by George of Trebizond—

'There has lately aroſe amongſt us a ſecond Mahomet; and this ſecond, if we do not take care, will exceed in greatneſs the firſt, by the dreadful conſequences of his wicked doctrine, as the firſt has exceeded Plato. A diſciple and rival of this philoſopher, in philoſophy, in eloquence, and in ſcience, he had fixed his reſidence in the Peloponneſe. His common name was *Gemiſtus*, but he aſſumed that of *Pletho*. Perhaps Gemiſtus, to make us believe more eaſily that he was deſcended from heaven, and to engage us to receive more readily his doctrine and his new law, wiſhed to change his name, according to the manner of the ancient patriarchs; of whom it is ſaid, that at the time the name was changed they were called to the greateſt things. He has written with wonderful art, and with great elegance. He has given new rules for the conduct of life, and for the regulation of human affairs; and, at the ſame time, has vomited forth a great

great number of blaſphemies againſt the Catholic religion. It is certain, he was ſo zealous a Platoniſt, that he entertained no other ſentiments than thoſe of Plato, concerning the nature of the Gods, Souls, Sacrifices, &c. I have heard him, myſelf, when we were together at Florence, ſay, that in a few years all men on the face of the earth would embrace, with one common conſent, and with one mind, a ſingle and ſimple religion, at the firſt inſtructions which ſhould be given by a ſingle preaching. And when I aſked him, if it would be the religion of Jeſus Chriſt, or that of Mahomet? he anſwered—"Neither one nor the other; but a *third*, which will not greatly differ from *Paganiſm*." Theſe words I heard with ſo much indignation, that ſince that time I have always hated him: I look upon him as a dangerous viper; and I cannot think of him without abhorrence.'

The pious writer of this account is too violently agitated: he might, perhaps, have beſtowed a ſmile of pity, or contempt; but the bigots of religion are not leſs inſane than the impious themſelves.

It was when Pletho died, that the malice of

of his enemies collected all it's venom. We cannot but acknowledge from this circumſtance, that his abilities muſt have been aſtoniſhingly vaſt, to have kept ſuch crowds ſilent: and, it is not improbable, this ſcheme of impiety was leſs impious than the majority of the people imagined. Not a few Catholic writers lament that his book was burnt, and greatly regret the loſs of Pletho's work; which, they ſay, was not meant to ſubvert the Chriſtian religion, but only to unfold the ſyſtem of Plato, and to collect what he and other philoſophers had written on religion and politicks. At the ſame time, however, we muſt recollect the expreſs words of Pletho, which we come from tranſcribing as given us by George of Trebizond.

Of his religious ſcheme, the reader may now judge, by this ſummary account. The general title of the volume ran thus—'This Book treats of the Laws, of the beſt Form of Government, and what all men muſt obſerve in their public and private ſtations, to live together in the moſt perfect, the moſt innocent, and the moſt happy manner.' The whole was divided into Three Books.

The titles of the chapters, where Paganiſm was openly inculcated, are reported by Gennadius, who condemned it to the flames, but who has not thought proper to enter into the manner of his arguments, &c. The impiety and the extravagance of this new legiſlator appeared, above all, in the articles which concerned Religion. He acknowledges a plurality of Gods: ſome ſuperior, whom he placed above the heavens; and the others, inferior, on this ſide the heavens. The firſt, exiſting from the remoteſt antiquity; the others younger, and of different ages. He gave a king to all theſe gods; and he called him ΖΕΥΣ—or *Jupiter*—as the Pagans named this power formerly. According to him, the Stars had a Soul; the Demons were not malignant Spirits; and the World was Eternal. He eſtabliſhed Polygamy; and was even inclined to a community of women. All his work was filled with ſuch follies; and with not a few impieties, which my pious author will not venture to give.

What the intentions of Pletho were, it would be raſh and ungenerous in us to determine. If the work was only an arrange-

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ment of the Heathen notions, it was an innocent and curious volume. It is allowed, that he was uncommonly learned and humane, and had not paſſed his life entirely in the ſolitary receſſes of his ſtudy.

I cannot quit this article without recollecting ſome ſimilar works even of the preſent day! The ideas of the phrenetic *Emanuel Swedenburgh* are warmly cheriſhed by a ſect, who have ſo far diſgraced themſelves as to beſtow on their ſociety the name of this man. Mr. *T. Taylor*, the Platonic philoſopher, and *the modern Pletho*, conſonant to that philoſophy, profeſſes Polytheiſm.

A book publiſhed by a perſon known by the title of *walking Stuart*, is not leſs to be diſtinguiſhed; and we have ſeen a *Vanini* in our days, if ſuch a perſon as *W. Hammond* of Liverpool ever exiſted.

An eccentric genius frequently exclaimed—Oh, that I but knew the Oriental languages! I have the fineſt ſyſtem of religion poſſible: it is ſuperior to all others. It would perfectly ſuit the Orientaliſts. O that I but knew their language; I ſhould grow opulent in a ſhort time!

Houſſaie records an anecdote of Aibzema an able politician, who was agent for the Hanſeatic towns. But, with all his abilities, he was continually fluctuating in his religious opinions. In that critical time, each ſect or religion was deſirous of drawing him to their ſide; but none could ſucceed. When he was at the Hague, his landlady informed him, that there had been to enquire for him that day a number of miniſters, Lutherans, Calviniſts, Arminians, Arians, and Gomariſts, who all expreſſed an eager wiſh to converſe with him. 'Madam,' he anſwered, 'I beg you would tell all theſe gentlemen, that it is very uſeleſs to come for the ſubject they do; becauſe I am reſolved to die *incognito*.'

HISTORIAN.

THE famous Le Clerc, great in his day as a journaliſt, obſerves, that there are four principal things eſſential to conſtitute a good Hiſtorian; and, without which, nothing

thing conſiderable from him can be expected. The firſt is, to be well inſtructed in what he undertakes to relate. The ſecond, to be able, without any diſguiſes, to ſay what he thinks to be the truth. The third is, to be capable of relating what he knows. The fourth, to be capable of judging of the events, and of thoſe who occaſion them. If we reflect on the ability of the Hiſtorian in theſe four points, we may be enabled to judge if a Hiſtory is well or ill written.

'HISTORY' (ſays Dr. King, at the concluſion of his keen Reflections on Varillas) is, indeed, a ſerious matter; not to be written *careleſsly*, like a letter to a friend; nor with *paſſion*, like a billet to a miſtreſs; nor with *braſs*, like a declamation for a party at the bar, or the remonſtrance of a miniſter for his prince; nor, in fine, by a man unacquainted with the world, like ſoliloquies and meditations. It requires a long experience, a ſound judgment, a cloſe attention, an unqueſtionable integrity, and a ſtyle without affectation.

Hiſtory ſhould never be dedicated to *kings*. Capriata, an eſteemed Italian hiſtorian, dedicated his work not to *princes*, but to *pri-*

vate men; for he was fearful that an *epiſtle dedicatory* to a *monarch*, would have given reaſon to ſuppoſe that he had not written his hiſtory with all that moderation and truth which the hiſtorical art requires. It was very judicious; for the ſincerity of an hiſtorian would have compoſed an aukward panegyric. Few dedicate to *kings* without the hope of ſome gratification. Bayle obſerves—*C'eſt une Coutume de piper aux Souverains a qui l'on adreſſe un ouvrage.* The hiſtorian ſhould only dedicate his works to Poſterity.

QUEEN ELIZABETH.

VIGNEUL Marville has written, in his lively and bold manner, what I muſt confeſs I think juſt, concerning our 'Virgin-Queen.'

'Elizabeth, Queen of England, paſſionately admired handſome and well-made men; and he was already far advanced in her favour who approached her with beauty and with grace. On the contrary, ſhe had

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ſo unconquerable an averſion for ugly and ill-made men, who had been treated unfortunately by Nature, that ſhe could not endure their preſence.

'When ſhe iſſued from her palace, her guards were careful to diſperſe from before her eyes hideous and deformed people, the lame, the hunch-backed, &c. in a word, all thoſe whoſe appearance might ſhock her delicate ſenſations.

'There is this ſingular and admirable in the conduct of Elizabeth, that ſhe made her pleaſures ſubſervient to her politics, and ſhe maintained her affairs by what in general occaſions the ruin of princes. So ſecret were her amours, that, even to the preſent day, their myſteries cannot be penetrated; but the utility ſhe drew from them is public, and always operated for the good of her people. Her lovers were her miniſters, and her miniſters were her lovers. Love commanded, Love was obeyed; and the reign of this princeſs was happy, becauſe it was a reign of *Love*, in which it's chains and it's ſlavery are liked!'

The origin of Raleigh's advancement in the queen's graces, was by an action of gal-

lantry, which perfectly gratified her majeſty, not inſenſible to flattery. He found the queen taking a walk; and a wet place incommoding her royal footſteps, Raleigh immediately ſpread his new pluſh cloak acroſs the miry place. The queen ſtepped cautiouſly on it, and paſſed over dry; but not without a particular obſervation of him who had given her ſo eloquent, though ſilent a flattery. Shortly afterwards, from Captain Raleigh, he became Sir Walter, and rapidly advanced in the queen's favour.

There is little doubt that Elizabeth felt the amorous paſſion in an extreme degree; particularly for her favourite the Earl of Eſſex. *Every reader* does not know that that paſſion *could not be gratified:* there were phyſical reaſons againſt it; *her amours would have coſt her, her life.* So well was ſhe perſuaded of this, that, one day when ſhe was warmly preſſed to marry the Duke of Alençon, who courted her with ardour, ſhe anſwered, that ſhe did not conſider herſelf as ſo little loved by her ſubjects, that they were deſirous of burying her before her time.

Hume

Hume has furniſhed us with ample proofs of the *paſſion* which her courtiers feigned for her, and which, with others I ſhall give, confirm the opinion of Vigneul Marville, who did not know, probably, the *reaſon* why her amours were never diſcovered; which, indeed, never went further than mere gallantry. Hume has preſerved, in his notes, a letter written by Raleigh. It is a perfect amorous compoſition. After having exerted his poetic talent to exalt *her charms*, and *his affection*, he concludes, by comparing her majeſty, who was then *ſixty*, to Venus and Diana. Sir Walter was not her only courtier who wrote in this ſtyle.

Thoſe who are intimately acquainted with the private anecdotes of thoſe times, know what encouragement this royal coquette gave to moſt who were near her perſon. Dodd, in his Church Hiſtory, ſays, that the Earls of Arran and Arundel, and Sir William Pickering, 'were not out of hopes of gaining Queen Elizabeth's affections in a matrimonial way.'

She encouraged every perſon of eminence: ſhe even went ſo far, on the anniverſary of her coronation, as publicly to take

take a ring from her finger, and put it on the Duke of Alençon's hand. She alſo ranked amongſt her ſuitors, Henry the Third of France, and Henry the Great. There was alſo *a taylor* who died for love of her majeſty.

When Buzenval ridiculed her bad pronunciation of the French language, ſhe never forgave him. And when Henry IV. ſent him over to her on an embaſſy, ſhe would not receive him. So nice was the irritable pride of this great Queen, that ſhe made her private injuries matters of ſtate.

'This Queen,' (writes Du Maurier, in his *Memoires pour ſervir à l'Hiſtoire de Hollande*) 'who diſplayed ſo many heroic accompliſhments, had this foible—of wiſhing to be thought beautiful by all the world. I heard from my father, that, having been ſent to her, at every audience he had with her majeſty, ſhe pulled off her gloves more than a hundred times, to diſplay her hands, which indeed were very beautiful and very white.'

Houſſaie, in his Memoires Hiſtoriques, &c. vol. I. p. 74, has given the following anecdote of Elizabeth, which I give in his own words, but do not venture to tranſlate

ſo ſcandalous, though ſo gallant, an interview.

'Un jour, Nicolas de Harlay, étant à l'audience de la reine d'Angleterre Eliſabeth, lui coula quelque mot de mariage avec le roi ſon maitre. *Il ne faut pas ſonger a cela*, repondit-elle; *mon Gendarme* (c'eſt le nom de guerre qu'elle donnoit à Henri IV.) *n'eſt pas mon fait, ni moi le ſien: non pas que je ne ſois encore en état de donner du plaiſir à un mari qui me conviendroit, mais pour d'autres raiſons.* Là-deſſus levant ſes jupes et le bas de ſa chemiſe, elle lui montra ſa cuiſſe. Harlay mit un genou à terre, et la lui baiſa. Eliſabeth s'en facha, ou fit ſemblant de s'en facher, comme d'un manquement de reſpect. *Madame* dit-il, *pardonnez-moi ce que je viens de faire: c'eſt ce qu'auroit fait mon Maitre, s'il en avoit vu autant.* Cette excuſe plut à la reine qui ſe connoiſſoit fort en galanterie, et Henri IV. en loua Harlay.'

I have yet another anecdote, not leſs curious. It is relative to the affair of the Duke of Anjou and our Elizabeth. It is another proof of her partiality for handſome men. The

The writer was Lewis Guyon, a contemporary of the times he notices.

'Francis Duke of Anjou being deſirous of marrying a crowned head, cauſed propoſals of marriage to be made to Elizabeth Queen of England. Letters paſſed betwixt them, and their portraits were exchanged. At length her majeſty informed him, that ſhe would never contract a marriage with any one who ſought her, if ſhe did not firſt *ſee his perſon*. If he would not come, nothing more ſhould be ſaid on the ſubject. This prince, over-preſſed by his young friends, (who were as little able of judging as himſelf) paid no attention to the counſels of men of maturer judgment. He paſſed over to England without a ſplendid train. The ſaid lady contemplated his *perſon:* ſhe found him *ugly*, disfigured by deep ſcars of the *ſmall-pox*, and that he alſo had an *ill-ſhaped noſe*, with *ſwellings in the neck!* All theſe were ſo many reaſons with her, that he could never be admitted into her good graces.'

Queen Elizabeth was taught to write by the celebrated *Roger Aſcham*. Her writing

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is extremely beautiful and correct, as may be ſeen by examining a little manuſcript book of prayers, preſerved in the Britiſh Muſeum.

CROMWELL.

In the Funeral Oration of Henrietta, Queen of England, the character of Cromwell is delineated by a pencil of which the ſtrokes are firm, though delicate—

'A man was ſeen with a profundity of mind that exceeds our belief. As finiſhed a Hypocrite as he was a ſkilful Politician; capable of undertaking any thing, and of concealing what he undertook; equally indefatigable and active in peace as in war; who left nothing to Fortune which he could ſeize from her by foreſight and prudence; but, for what remained, always ſo vigilant and ſo ready, that he never failed to improve the occaſions ſhe preſented him. In a word, he was one of thoſe daring and adventurous minds which ſeem born to change the affairs of the world.'

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The ambaſſador from the French Court in that day was an able Miniſter; and that he was, at the ſame time, a fine Writer, the following ſketch of Cromwell evinces. It has the advantage of being given by one who was a witneſs to what he obſerves—

'He was gentle and cruel when either was neceſſary for his intereſts. He had no faith in religion, no honour in his profeſſions, no fidelity to his friends, than as the ſemblance of theſe virtues ſerved towards his aggrandizement. He knew better than any man to put into practice all the pious grimaces and inſinuating manners of the falſe votariſts of religion; and to conceal, under an humble air and popular addreſs, an unmeaſurable ambition. In a word, he poſſeſſed, in the ſupreme degree, all the qualities of a great Politician; and there was nothing wanting to compleat his good fortune, but to have acquired his ſucceſs by better means, to have lived longer, and to have had children worthy of ſucceeding him.'

EDWARD THE FOURTH.

OUR Edward the Fourth was a gay and voluptuous Prince; and, what is ſingular, he probably owed his crown to his enormous debts, and paſſion for the fair ſex. He had not *one* Jane Shore, but *many*. Hear honeſt Philip de Comines, his contemporary. He ſays, that what greatly contributed to his entering London as ſoon as he appeared at it's gates, was the great debts this Prince had contracted, which made his creditors gladly aſſiſt him; and the high favour in which he was held by the *Bourgeoiſes*, into whoſe good graces he had frequently glided, and who gained over to him their huſbands—who, I ſuppoſe, for the tranquillity of their lives, were glad to depoſe or raiſe monarchs.

Theſe are De Comines's words—'Many ladies, and rich citizens wives, of whom formerly he had great privacies and familiar acquaintance, gained over to him their huſbands and relations.'

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This is the deſcription of his voluptuous life; we muſt recollect, that the writer had been an eye-witneſs, and was an honeſt man; while modern Hiſtorians only view objects through the coloured medium of their imagination, and do not always merit the latter appellation.

'He had been, during the laſt twelve years, more accuſtomed to his eaſe and pleaſures than any other Prince who lived in his time. He had nothing in his thoughts but *les dames*, and of them more than was *reaſonable*; and hunting-matches, good eating, and great care of his perſon. When he went, in their ſeaſons, to theſe hunting-matches, he always cauſed to be carried with him great pavilions for *les dames*; and, at the ſame time, gave ſplendid entertainments; ſo that it is not ſurprizing that his perſon was as jolly as any one I ever ſaw. He was then young, and as handſome as any man of his age; but he has ſince become enormouſly fat.'

Since I have got old Philip in my hand, the reader will not, perhaps, be diſpleaſed, if he attends to a little more of his *naiveté*, which will appear in the form of a *converſa-*

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zione of the times. He now relates what paſſed between Edward and the King of France—

'When the ceremony of the oath was concluded, our king, who was deſirous of being friendly, began to ſay to the King of England, in a laughing way, that he muſt come to Paris, and be jovial amongſt our ladies; and that he would give him the Cardinal de Bourbon for his confeſſor, who would very willingly abſolve him of any *ſin* which perchance he might commit. The King of England ſeemed well pleaſed at the invitation, and laughed heartily; for he knew that the ſaid cardinal was *un fort bon compagnon*. When the king was returning, he ſpoke on the road to me; and ſaid, that he did not like to find the King of England ſo much inclined to come to Paris. "He is," ſaid he, "a very *handſome* king: he likes the women too much. He may probably find one at Paris that may make him like to come too often, or ſtay too long. His predeceſſors have already been too much at Paris and in Normandy;" and that his company was not agreeable *this ſide of*

the ſea; but that, beyond the ſea, he wiſhed to be *bon frere et amy*.'

I feel an inclination to give another converſation-piece; but, leſt the reader ſhould not ſo keenly reliſh the honeſt old narrator as myſelf, it may be neceſſary to reſtrain my pen.

A RELIC.

HENRY the Third was deeply tainted with the vileſt ſuperſtition. He was a prince of a daſtardly diſpoſition; and, like all bigots, endeavoured, by mean ſubterfuge and low cunning, to circumvent others: incapable of that noble frankneſs which characterizes an honeſt man not bigotted to the ſenſeleſs rites of ſuperſtition. As an inſtance of his bigotry, take this account of a Relic, which is too curious to abridge—

'Henry ſummoned all the great men of the kingdom, A.D. 1247, to come to London on the feſtival of Saint Edward, to receive an account of a certain ſacred benefit which

which *Heaven* had lately beſtowed on England. The ſingular ſtrain of this ſummons excited the moſt eager curioſity, and brought great multitudes to London at the time appointed. When they were all aſſembled in Saint Paul's Church, the King acquainted them, that the Great Maſter of the Knights Templars had ſent him, by one of his Knights, a phial of cryſtal, containing a *ſmall portion of the precious blood of Chriſt*, which he had ſhed upon the *Croſs* for the ſalvation of the world, *atteſted to be genuine* by the ſeals of the Patriarch of Jeruſalem, of ſeveral Archbiſhops, Biſhops, and Abbots. This, he informed them, he deſigned to carry, the next day, in ſolemn proceſſion, to Weſtminſter, attended by them, and by all the Clergy of London, in their proper habits, with their banners, crucifixes, and wax-candles; and exhorted all who were preſent to prepare themſelves for that ſacred ſolemnity, by ſpending the night in watching, faſting, and devout exerciſes.

'On the morrow, when the proceſſion was put in order, the King approached the ſacred phial with *reverence*, *fear*, and *trembling*; took it in both his hands; and, hold-

ing it up higher than his face, proceeded under a canopy, two aſſiſtants ſupporting his arms. Such was the devotion of Henry on this occaſion, that, though the road between Saint Paul's and Weſtminſter was very deep and miry, he kept his eyes conſtantly *fixed on the phial*, or on *heaven*. When the proceſſion approached Weſtminſter, it was met by two Monks of that Abbey, who conducted it into the church, where the King depoſited the venerable Relic; which,' ſays the Hiſtorian, 'made all England ſhine with glory, dedicating it to God and Saint Edward.'

CHARLES THE FIRST.

A FRENCH writer has recorded an anecdote of this unfortunate prince, which characterizes the claſſical turn of his mind, and the placability of his diſpoſition.

'A Frenchman, who had formed a tender connection with the wife of one of the principal enemies of Charles—who was then put under arreſt, but very careleſsly guarded —having

—having learnt from this lady, that they had reſolved to make the king periſh on a ſcaffold, communicated the intelligence to Mr. De Bellicore, the French ambaſſador, who immediately ran to the king, to give him the important notice. Bellicore was kept in waiting for a long time: at laſt the king came to him, and ſaid—'I have been at a comedy: and I never was more entertained.'—'Ah, Sire!' anſwered Bellicore, 'it is about a *tragedy* of which I have to ſpeak to you!' And then informed him of what had been lately communicated to him; entreating him, at the ſame time, to ſave himſelf by a veſſel, which he could inſtantly prepare. The king calmly anſwered him with this line from an old Latin poet—*Qui procumbit humi, non habet unde cadat*—'He who lies proſtrate on the earth need not fear to fall.'—'Sire,' ſaid Bellicore, 'they may occaſion *his head* to fall!'

This ſhews that he did not ſuſpect their cruelties would ever have been carried to the length they were; and it muſt be confeſſed, when he had been brought ſo *low*, all the reſt was perſecuting inhumanity.

'KING OF ENGLAND, FRANCE, &c.'

NOTHING can be more empty and ridiculous than the title which our monarchs aſſume of—'*The Kings of France.*' It would characterize a great prince to eraze from his true honours this fictitious one. An *Engliſh* monarch ſhould not ſuffer his dignity to be expoſed to the ſmile of the philoſopher.

Charpentier very temperately ſtates the only two principles by which our kings can aſſumes thi title. The firſt, from Edward the Third being ſon of Iſabella of France, who was ſiſter to three Kings of France, Louis Hutin, Philip the Long, and Charles the Fair, who died without children: ſo that Edward, their nephew, diſputed the crown of France with *Philip de Valois*, on the foundation of the Salique law, which had never yet been agitated. This law ſays, that the kingdom of France *ne tombant point eu quenouille:* i. e. 'The ſceptre of France ſhall never degenerate into a diſtaff.' The children

children of the daughters of France can never ſucceed to it. As the preſent monarchs of England are not deſcendants of this *Edward*, they cannot have any pretenſions to the crown of France, if it had not been a maxim with them, that the rights once devolved on the crown are for ever unalienable and impreſcriptible. The ſecond principle is, the donation which Charles the Sixth made of the crown of France to our Henry the Fifth, his ſon-in-law, to the excluſion of his ſon Charles the Seventh.

We may add here, that Cromwell offered to ſell Cardinal Mazarine all the vouchers for France, which are preſerved in the Tower, for a hundred thouſand crowns. It was at this price he rated the claims of England to the crown of France; but the Cardinal wiſely deemed even that ſum too high a price.

If it be a maxim with our crown, of which I am ignorant, that the rights once devolved upon it, are unalienable and impreſcriptible, it may be ſaid that we poſſeſs the United States of America; but, I believe, this ſovereignty would not be ſo eaſily permitted as that of the French monarchy.

WILLIAM THE CONQUEROR.

THAT it is dangerous to exerciſe our raillery on thoſe men whoſe 'ſwords are ſharper than their pens,' the preſent anecdote may verify.

Philip the Firſt, of France, frequently indulged his humour at the expence of the Conqueror's rather too large *enbonpoint* and prominent belly. When William remained uncommonly long at Rouen, Philip, who did not much approve of his proximity to his court, frequently, in a jeſting manner, enquired of his courtiers if they did not know when William would lie-in? The Conqueror, informed of this *jeſt*, gave him to underſtand that, when he ſhould get abroad, he would come to return his compliments, for his kind enquiries, to Saint Genevieve, at Paris, with ten thouſand lances, inſtead of candles! Whatever might be the wit of theſe monarchs, the arms of William were not contemptible. Such was the vengeance he took for the

raillery of Philip, that he deſolated in a ſhort time the French Vexin, burnt the city of Mantes, and maſſacred the inhabitants; and, had not his death impeded his progreſs, he very probably would have conquered France, as he had England.

PARR AND JENKINS.

Of theſe men, who are ſingular inſtances of a patriarchal longevity of life, the reader may not be diſpleaſed to attend to the following well-authenticated notices concerning them.

Thomas Parr was born in the laſt year of King Edward the Fourth, anno 1483. He married his firſt wife, Jane, at eighty years of age; and, in above thirty years, ſhe brought him but two children, the eldeſt of which did not live above three years. He married his ſecond wife, Catherine, when he was an hundred and twenty years of age, by whom he had one child. He lived till he had attained to ſomething above one hundred and fifty years of age. Thomas Earl of Arundel

del cauſed him to be brought to Weſtminſter about two months before his death: there he paſſed moſt of his time in ſleep; and an ocular witneſs has thus deſcribed him—

'From head to heel, his body had, all over,
A quickſet, thickſet, nat'ral, hairy cover.'

It is ſuppoſed this removal, by taking him from his native air, and the diſturbance of much company, haſtened his death. He died there, November 15, 1634, in the ninth year of King Charles the Firſt, and was buried in the Abbey.

Henry Jenkins lived till he was an hundred and ſixty-nine years of age. A remarkable circumſtance diſcovered the age of this man. Being ſworn a witneſs in a cauſe of an hundred and twenty years, the judge could not help reproving him, till he ſaid he was *then* butler to the Lord Conyers; and, at length, his name was found in ſome old regiſter of the Lord Conyer's menial ſervants. Dr. Tancred Robinſon, who ſent the account of this man to the Royal Society, adds farther, that Henry Jenkins, coming into his ſiſter's kitchen to beg an alms, he aſked him how old he was? After a little pauſing, he ſaid, he was about

about one hundred and ſixty-two or three. The Doctor aſked him, what Kings he remembered? He ſaid, 'Henry the Eighth.' What public things he could longeſt remember? He ſaid, 'the fight at Flowden Field.' Whether the King was there? He ſaid, 'No, he was in France, and the Earl of Surrey was General.' How old he was then? He ſaid, 'About twelve years old.' The Doctor inſpected an old Chronicle that was in the houſe, and found that the battle of Flowden Field was one hundred and fifty-two years before; that the Earl he named was General; and that Henry the Eighth was then at Tournay.

Jenkins from a labourer became a beggar, and could neither write nor read. He lived by alms which he collected about ſome places in Yorkſhire. He died December the 8th, 1670, and lies buried at Bolton in that ſhire, where, in 1743, a monument was erected to his memory.

THE SENATE OF JESUITS.

THERE is to be found, in a book intitled —'Interêts et Maximes des Princes et des Etats Souverains, Par M. Le Duc de Rohan; Cologne, 1666'—an anecdote concerning the Jeſuits; ſo much the more curious, as neither Puffendorf or Vertot have noticed it in their Hiſtories, though it's authority cannot be higher. It was probably unknown to them.

When Sigiſmond, King of Sweden, was elected King of Poland, he made a treaty with the States of Sweden, by which he obliged himſelf to paſs every fifth year in that kingdom. In the courſe of time, being conſtrained, by the wars he had with the Ottoman Court, with Muſcovy, and Tartary, to remain in Poland, to animate, by his preſence, the wars he held with ſuch powerful enemies; he failed, during fifteen years, of accompliſhing his promiſe. To remedy this, in ſome ſhape, by the advice of

of the Jeſuits, who had gained the aſcendant over him, he created a Senate, which was to reſide at Stockholm, compoſed of forty choſen Jeſuits, to decide on every affair of ſtate. He publiſhed a declaration in their favour; and preſented them with letters-patent, by which he clothed them with the Royal authority.

While this ſenate of Jeſuits was at Dantzic, waiting for a fair wind to ſet ſail for Stockholm, he publiſhed an edict, that they ſhould receive them as his own Royal perſon. A public Council was immediately held. Charles, the uncle of Sigiſmond, the prelates, and the Lords, reſolved to prepare for them a ſplendid and magnificent entry.

But, in a private Council, they came to very contrary reſolutions: for the Prince ſaid, he could not bear that a Senate of Prieſts ſhould command, in preference to all the honours and authority of ſo many Princes and Lords, natives of the country. All the others agreed with him in rejecting this Holy Senate. It was then the Archbiſhop roſe, and ſaid—'Since Sigiſmond has diſdained to be our King, ſo alſo we muſt

muſt not acknowledge him as ſuch; and from this moment we ſhould no more conſider ourſelves as his ſubjects. His authority is *in ſuſpenſo*, becauſe he has beſtowed it on the Jeſuits who form this Senate. The People have not yet acknowledged them. In this interval of reſignation on the one ſide, and aſſumption of the other, I diſpenſe you all of the fidelity the king may claim from you as his Swediſh ſubjects.' When he had ſaid this, the Prince of Bithynia, addreſſing himſelf to Prince Charles, uncle of the King, ſaid —'I own no other King than you; and I believe you are now obliged to receive us as your affectionate ſubjects, and to aſſiſt us to chaſe theſe vermin from the ſtate.' All the others joined him, and acknowledged Charles as their lawful Monarch.

Having reſolved to keep their declaration for ſome time ſecret, they deliberated in what manner they were to receive and to precede this Senate in their entry into the harbour, who were on board a great galleon, which they had cauſed to caſt anchor two leagues from Stockholm, that they might enter more magnificently in the night, when the fire-works they had prepared

would appear to the greateſt advantage. About the time of their reception, Prince Charles, accompanied by twenty-five or thirty veſſels, appeared before the Senate. Wheeling about, and forming a caracol of ſhips, they diſcharged a volley, and emptied all their cannon on the galleon of this Senate, which had it's ſides pierced through with the balls. The galleon was immediately filled with water, and ſunk, without one of the unfortunate Jeſuits being aſſiſted; on the contrary, they cried to them, that this was the time to perform ſome miracle, ſuch as they were accuſtomed to do in India and Japan; and, if they choſe, they could walk on the waters!

The report of the cannon, and the ſmoke which the powder occaſioned, prevented either the cries or the ſubmerſion of the holy fathers from being obſerved: and, as if they were conducting the Senate to the town, Charles entered triumphantly; went into the church, where they ſung *Te Deum*; and, to conclude the night, he partook of the entertainment which had been prepared for the ill-fated Senate.

The Jeſuits of the city of Stockholm having

having come, about midnight, to pay their reſpects to the Fathers of the Senate, perceived their loſs. They directly poſted up *placards* of excommunication againſt Charles and his adherents, who had cauſed the Senate to periſh. They ſolicited the people to rebel; but they were ſoon chaſed from the city, and Charles made a public profeſſion of Lutheraniſm.

Sigiſmond, King of Poland, began a war with Charles in 1604, which laſted two years. Diſturbed by the invaſions of the Tartars, the Muſcovites, and the Coſſacs, a truce was concluded.

THE LOVER'S HEART.

THE following tale is recorded in the Hiſtorical Memoirs of Champagne, by Bougier. It has been a favourite narrative with the old romance writers; and the principal incident, however objectionable, has been diſplayed in ſeveral modern poems. It is probable, that the *true* hiſtory will be acceptable,

ceptable, for it's tender and amorous incident, to the fair reader.

Since this little hiſtory has been publiſhed, I have found it related by Howel, in his 'Familiar Letters,' in one addreſſed to Ben Jonſon. It differs in ſome minute circumſtances. He recommends it to him as a ſubject 'which peradventure you may make uſe of in your way:' and concludes by ſaying—'In my opinion, which vails to your's, this is choice and rich ſtuff for you to put upon your loom, and make a curious web of.'

The Lord De Coucy, vaſſal to the Count De Champagne, was one of the moſt accompliſhed youths of his time. He loved, with an exceſs of paſſion, the lady of the Lord Du Fayel, who felt for him a reciprocal affection. It was with the moſt poignant grief this lady heard her lover acquaint her, that he had reſolved to accompany the King and the Count De Champagne to the wars of the Holy Land; but ſhe could not oppoſe his wiſhes, becauſe ſhe hoped that his abſence might diſſipate the jealouſy of her huſband. The time of departure having come, theſe two lovers parted with ſorrows

of the moſt lively tenderneſs. The lady, in quitting her lover, preſented him with ſome rings, ſome diamonds, and with a ſtring that ſhe had woven herſelf of his own hair, intermixed with ſilk and buttons of large pearls, to ſerve him, according to the faſhion of thoſe days, to tie a magnificent hood which covered his helmet. This he gratefully accepted, and inſtantly departed.

When he arrived at Paleſtine, he received at the ſiege of Acre, in 1191, in glorioufly aſcending the ramparts, a wound, which was declared mortal. He employed the few moments he had to live, in writing to the Lady Du Fayel; and he made uſe of thoſe fervid expreſſions which were natural to him in his afflictive ſituation. He ordered his Squire to embalm his heart after his death, and to convey it to his beloved miſtreſs, with the preſents he had received from her hands in quitting her.

The Squire, faithful to the dying commands of his maſter, returned immediately to France, to preſent the heart and the preſents to the Lady of Du Fayel. But, when he approached the caſtle of this lady, he concealed himſelf in the neighbouring wood, till

till he could find ſome favourable moment to compleat his promiſe. He had the misfortune to be obſerved by the huſband of this lady, who recognized him, and who immediately ſuſpected he came in ſearch of his wife with ſome meſſage from his maſter. He threatened to deprive him of his life, if he did not divulge what had occaſioned him to come there. The Squire gave him for anſwer, that his maſter was dead; but Du Fayel not believing it, drew his ſword to murder him. This man, frightened at the peril in which he found himſelf, confeſſed every thing; and put into his hands the heart and letter of his maſter. Du Fayel, prompted by the felleſt revenge, ordered his cook to mince the heart; and, having mixed it with meat, he cauſed a ragout to be made, which he knew pleaſed the taſte of his wife, and had it ſerved to her. The lady eat heartily of the diſh. After the repaſt, Du Fayel inquired of his wife, if ſhe had found the ragout according to her taſte: ſhe anſwered him, that ſhe had found it excellent. 'It is for this reaſon,' he replied, 'that I cauſed it to be ſerved to you, for it is a kind of meat which you very much liked.

You have, Madam,' the ſavage Du Fayel continued, 'eat the heart of the Lord De Coucy.' But this ſhe would not believe, till he ſhewed her the letter of her lover, with the ſtring of his hair, and the diamonds ſhe had given him. Then, ſhuddering in the anguiſh of her ſenſations, and urged by the darkeſt deſpair, ſhe told him—'It is true that I loved that heart, becauſe it merited to be loved: for never could it find it's ſuperior; and, ſince I have eaten of ſo noble a meat, and that my ſtomach is the tomb of ſo precious a heart, I will take care that nothing of inferior worth ſhall be mixed with it.' Grief and paſſion choaked her utterance. She retired into her chamber: ſhe cloſed the door for ever; and, refuſing to accept of conſolation or food, the amiable victim expired on the fourth day.

THE HISTORY OF GLOVES.

THE preſent learned and curious diſſertation I have compiled from the papers of an ingenious Antiquarian. The originals are to be

be found in the Republic of Letters. Vol. X. p. 289.

To proceed regularly, we muſt firſt enquire into the antiquity of this part of dreſs; and ſecondly, ſhew it's various uſes in the ſeveral ages of the world.

Some have given them a very early original, imagining they are noticed in the 108th Pſalm, where the Royal Prophet declares, he will caſt his *Shoe* over Edom. They go ſtill higher; ſuppoſing them to be uſed in the times of the Judges, Ruth iv. 7, where it is ſaid, it was the cuſtom for a man to take off his *Shoe* and give it to his neighbour, as a token of redeeming or exchanging any thing. They tell us, *the word* which in theſe two texts, is uſually tranſlated *Shoe*, is by the Chaldee paraphraſt in the latter, rendered *Glove*. Caſaubon is of opinion that *Gloves* were worn by the Chaldeans, becauſe the word here mentioned is in the Talmud Lexicon explained—*the cloathing of the hand*. But it muſt be confeſſed, all theſe are mere conjectures; and the Chaldean paraphraſt has taken an unallowable liberty in his verſion.

Let us, then, be content to begin with

the authority of *Xenophon*. He gives a clear and diſtinct account of *Gloves*. Speaking of the manners of the Perſians, he gives us a proof of their effeminacy; that, not ſatisfied with covering their head and their feet, they alſo guarded their hands againſt the cold with *thick Gloves*. *Homer*, ſpeaking of Laertes at work in his garden, repreſents him with *Gloves on his hands, to ſecure them from the thorns*. *Varro*, an ancient writer, is an evidence in favour of their antiquity among the Romans. In Lib. ii. Cap. 55. *de Re Ruſtica*, he ſays, that olives gathered by the naked hand, are preferable to thoſe gathered with *Gloves*. *Athenæus* ſpeaks of a celebrated glutton, who always came to table with *Gloves* on his hands, that he might be able to handle and eat the meat while hot, and devour more than the reſt of the company.

Theſe authorities ſhew, that the ancients were not ſtrangers to *Gloves*; though, perhaps, their uſe might not be ſo common as amongſt us. When the ancient ſeverity of manners declined, the uſe of *Gloves* prevailed among the Romans; but not without ſome oppoſition from the Philoſophers. *Muſonius*,

ſonius, a Philoſopher, who lived at the cloſe of the firſt century of Chriſtianity, among other invectives againſt the corruption of the age, ſays, *It is a ſhame, that perſons in perfect health ſhould clothe their hands and feet with ſoft and hairy coverings.* Their convenience, however, ſoon made their uſe general. *Pliny* the Younger informs us, in his account of his uncle's journey to Veſuvius, that his ſecretary ſat by him, ready to write down whatever occurred remarkable; and that he had *Gloves* on his hands, that the coldneſs of the weather might not impede his buſineſs.

In the beginning of the ninth century, the uſe of *Gloves* was become ſo univerſal, that even the Church thought a regulation in that part of dreſs neceſſary. In the reign of *Lewis le Debonnaire*, the Council of Aix ordered, that the Monks ſhould only wear *Gloves* made of ſheep-ſkin.

That time has made alterations in the form of this, as in all other apparel, appears from the old pictures and monuments.

Let us now proceed to point out the various uſes of *Gloves* in the ſeveral ages; for, beſide their original deſign for a covering of

the hand, they have been employed on ſeveral great and ſolemn occaſions: as in the ceremony of *Inveſtitures*, in beſtowing lands; or, in conferring *dignities*. Giving poſſeſſion by the delivery of a *Glove*, prevailed in ſeveral parts of Chriſtendom in later ages. In the year 1002, the Biſhops of Paderborn and Moncerco were put into poſſeſſion of their ſees by receiving a *Glove*. It was thought ſo eſſential a part of the epiſcopal habit, that ſome Abbots in France, preſuming to wear *Gloves*, the Council of Poitiers interpoſed in the affair, and forbid them the uſe of them, on the ſame footing with the ring and ſandals, as being peculiar to Biſhops.

Monſieur Favin obſerves, that the cuſtom of bleſſing *Gloves* at the Coronation of the Kings of France, which ſtill ſubſiſts, is a remain of the Eaſtern practice of Inveſtiture by *a Glove*. A remarkable inſtance of this ceremony is recorded in the German Hiſtory. The unfortunate *Conradin* was deprived of his crown and his life by the uſurper *Mainfroy*. When, having aſcended the ſcaffold, the injured Prince lamented his hard fate, he aſſerted his right to the Crown;

Crown; and, as a token of Inveſtiture, threw his *Glove* among the crowd; begging it might be conveyed to ſome of his relations, who ſhould revenge his death. It was taken up by a Knight, who brought it to Peter, King of Arragon, who was afterwards crowned at Palermo.

As the delivery of *Gloves* was once a part of the ceremony uſed in giving poſſeſſion; ſo the depriving a perſon of them, was a mark of diveſting him of his office, and of degrading him. Andrew Herkla, Earl of Carliſle, was, in the reign of Edward the Second, impeached of holding a correſpondence with the Scots, and condemned to die as a traitor. Walſingham, relating other circumſtances of his degradation, ſays —'His ſpurs were cut off with a hatchet; and his *Gloves* and ſhoes were taken off, &c.'

Another uſe of *Gloves* was in a duel: on which occaſion, he who threw one down, was thereby underſtood to give defiance; and he who took it up, to accept the challenge.

The uſe of ſingle combat, at firſt deſigned only for a trial of innocence, like the ordeal fire and water, was, in ſucceeding ages, practiſed

practiſed for deciding right and property. Challenging by the *Glove* was continued down to the reign of Queen Elizabeth, as appears by an account given by Spelman, of a duel appointed to be fought in Tothill Fields, in the year 1571. The diſpute was concerning ſome lands in the county of Kent. The Plaintiffs appeared in Court, and demanded a ſingle combat. One of them threw down his *Glove*, which the other immediately took up, carried off on the point of his ſword, and the day of fighting was appointed; but the matter was adjuſted in an amicable manner by the Queen's judicious interference.

Though ſuch combats are now no longer in uſe, we have one ceremony ſtill remaining among us, in which the challenge is given by a *Glove*, viz, at the Coronation of the Kings of England: upon which occaſion, his Majeſty's champion, compleatly armed, and well mounted, enters Weſtminſter Hall, and proclaims that, if any man ſhall deny the prince's title to the crown, he is ready to maintain and defend it by ſingle combat. After which declaration he throws

throws down his *Glove*, or gauntlet, as a token of defiance.

This cuſtom of challenging by the *Glove* is ſtill in uſe in ſome parts of the world. It is common in Germany, on receiving an affront, to ſend a *Glove* to the offending party, as a challenge to a duel.

The laſt uſe of *Gloves* to be mentioned here was for carrying the *Hawk*, which is very ancient. In former times, princes and other great men took ſo much pleaſure in carrying the hawk on their hand, that ſome of them have choſen to be repreſented in this attitude. There is a monument of Philip the Firſt of France ſtill remaining; on which he is repreſented at length, on his tomb, holding a *Glove* in his hand.

Mr. Chambers ſays that, formerly, judges were forbid to wear *Gloves* on the bench. No reaſon is aſſigned for this prohibition. Our judges lie under no ſuch reſtraint; for both they and the reſt of the court make no difficulty of receiving *Gloves* from the ſheriffs, whenever the ſeſſion or aſſize concludes without any one receiving ſentence of death, which is called a *Maiden aſſize*. This cuſtom is of great antiquity.

Our

Our curious antiquarian has alſo preſerved a very ſingular anecdote concerning *Gloves*. Chambers informs us, that it is not ſafe at preſent to enter the ſtables of princes without pulling off the *Gloves*. He does not, indeed, tell us in what the danger conſiſts. A friend from Germany explains the matter. He ſays, it is an ancient eſtabliſhed cuſtom in that country, that whoever enters the ſtables of a prince, or great man, with his *Gloves* on his hands, is obliged to forfeit them, or redeem them by a fee to the ſervants. The ſame cuſtom is obſerved in ſome places at the death of the ſtag; in which caſe the *Gloves*, if not taken off, are redeemed by money given to the huntſmen and keepers. This is practiſed in France; and the late king never failed of pulling off one of his *Gloves* on that occaſion. The reaſon of this ceremony is not known.

We meet with the term *Glove-money* in our old records; by which is meant, money given to ſervants to buy *Gloves*. This, no doubt, gave riſe to the ſaying of *giving a pair of Gloves*, to ſignify making a preſent for ſome favour or ſervice.

To the honour of the *Glove*, it has more than

than once been admitted as a term of the tenure of holding lands, One Bortran, who came in with William the Conqueror, held the manor of Farnham Royal by the ſervice of providing a *Glove* for the king's right hand on the day of his coronation, and ſupporting the ſame hand that day while the king held the royal ſceptre. In the year 1177, Simon de Mertin gave a grant of his lands in conſideration of fifteen ſhillings, one pair of *white Gloves* at Eaſter, and one pound of cummin.

ANECDOTES OF FASHIONS.

THE origin of many, probably of moſt Faſhions, was in the endeavour to conceal ſome deformity of the inventor. Thus Charles the Seventh, of France, introduced Long Coats, to hide his ill-made legs. Shoes, with very long points, full two feet in length, were invented by Henry Plantagenet, Duke of Anjou, to conceal a very large excreſcence which he had upon one of his feet. When Francis I. was obliged

to

to wear his hair ſhort, owing to a wound he received in the head, it became a prevailing faſhion at Court.

Sometimes, Faſhions are quite reverſed in one age from thoſe of another. Thus Bags, when firſt in faſhion in France, were only worn *en diſhabille*. In viſits of ceremony, the hair was tied in a ribband, and floated over the ſhoulders—all which is exactly contrary to our preſent faſhion. Queen Iſabella, of Bavaria, as remarkable for her gallantry as the fairneſs of her complexion, introduced a faſhion of leaving the ſhoulders and part of the neck uncovered.

It is ſaid that Patches were invented in England in the reign of Edward VI. by an Italian or Spaniſh lady, who in this manner ingeniouſly covered a wen which ſhe had on her neck.—When the Spectator wrote (obſerves his commentator) full-bottomed wigs were invented by a French barber, Duviller, (whoſe name they bore) for the purpoſe of concealing a deformity in the ſhoulders of the Dauphin.

In England, about the reign of Henry the Fourth, they wore long-pointed Shoes, to ſuch an immoderate length, that they could

could not walk till they were faſtened to their knees with chains. Luxury improving on this ridiculous mode, it was the cuſtom of an Engliſh Beau of the fourteenth century to have theſe chains of gold or ſilver. A very accurate account of one of this deſcription may be found in Henry's Hiſtory of Great Britain, in his chapter on Manners, &c. Vol. IV. The Ladies of that period were not leſs fantaſtical in their dreſs; and it muſt be confeſſed, that the moſt cynical ſatiriſt can have no reaſon, on a compariſon with thoſe times, to cenſure our preſent modes.

The curious reader will find ample information on this ſubject in the ſepulchral monuments of Mr. Gough. In the reign of Richard II. their dreſs was extravagantly ſumptuous. Sir John Arundel had a change of no leſs than 52 new ſuits of cloth of gold tiſſue; adapted, I ſuppoſe to the number of weeks in the year.—The prelates in Chaucer's age indulged in all the oſtentatious luxury of dreſs; for, he ſays, though ſomething muſt be ſubſtracted from the account of a ſatirical bard, that they had, 'chaunge of clothing everie daie.'

The moſt ſhameful extravagance in dreſs is the following one, given by Brantome. Elizabeth of France, Queen to Philip II. of Spain, never wore a gown twice; every day ſhe had a new one; and who can doubt this information, ſince Brantome aſſures us that he received it from her majeſty's own *tailleur*, who, he adds, from a poor man, became as rich as any one he knew.

There are flagrant follies in Faſhions, which (Marville juſtly obſerves) we muſt ſuffer while they reign; and which do not appear in a truly ridiculous light, till they happen to be out of faſhion. In the reign of Henry III. of France, they could not exiſt without an abundant uſe of Comfits. All the world carried in their pockets a *Comfit-box*, as commonly as we do now ſnuff-boxes. When the Duke of Guiſe was killed at Blois, he was found with his Comfit-box in his hand.

Bayle informs us, that ſhort and tight Breeches were ſo much the rage in France, that Charles V. was obliged to baniſh this mode by *edicts*, which Mezeray gives. An Italian author, who wrote in the fifteenth century, ſuppoſes that an Italian traveller, whoſe

whoſe modeſty was nice, would not paſs through France, becauſe he would not offend his eyes by ſeeing men whoſe cloaths did not cover the parts we do not name. There is ſome reaſon for this raillery, for the faſhion of wearing ſhort breeches was carried to an extravagance in the French court as well as in our own.

The variety of dreſſes worn in the reign of Henry the Eighth is alluded to in a print of a naked Engliſhman holding a piece of cloth hanging on his right arm, and a pair of ſhears in his left hand. It was invented by Andrew Borde, a facetious wit of thoſe days. Under the print is an inſcription in verſe. Theſe are the firſt lines:

'I am an Engliſhman, and naked I ſtand here,
Muſing in my mind, what Rayment I ſhall were;
For now I will were this, and now I will were that,
And now I will were, what I cannot tell what.'

In the year 1735, the gentlemen wore no hats, but a little chapeau de bras; in 1745, they wore a very ſmall hat; in 1755, they wore an enormous one: this may be ſeen

in Jeffrey's curious collection of habits, in various nations and periods of time, with their different dreſſes.

Walſingham appears to date the introduction of French faſhions among us, from the taking of Calais in 1347.

Faſhions frequently derive their names from ſome temporary circumſtances; as after the battle of Steenkirk and Ramilies, cravats were called Steenkirks, and wigs Ramilies.

Jean des Caures, an old French writer, who died in 1586, has written in his Moral Eſſays a long declamation againſt the prevailing faſhions of his day. Amongſt other things, we learn a ſingular cuſtom which the ladies there had of carrying *Mirrors*, which were fixed to their waiſts. For which abomination, with others, he reaſonably concludes, they are loſt, and will be damned through all eternity. Theſe are ſome of his expreſſions—'Alas! in what an age do we live! To ſee ſuch a depravity on the earth which we ſee, that induces them even to bring into Church theſe ſcandalous Mirrors, which hang about their waiſts! Let all

all Hiſtories, divine, human, and prophane, be read; never will it be found, that theſe objects of vanity were ever thus brought into public by the moſt meretricious women. It is true, at preſent, none but the ladies of the court venture to wear them; but it will not be long before every citizen's daughter, and every female ſervant will wear them.' This obſervation is not unjuſt. The court in every age, and in every country, are the modellers of faſhions; ſo that all the ridicule, of which they are ſo ſuſceptible, muſt fall upon them, and not upon the citizens, who are here but ſervile imitators.

To this article, as it may probably arreſt the volatile eye of our fair reader, we add what may ſerve as a hint for the heightening of her charms. Tacitus remarks of *Poppea*, the Queen of Nero, that ſhe concealed a *part* of her face: 'To the end,' he adds, 'that the imagination having fuller play by irritating curioſity, they might think higher of her beauty, than if the whole of her face had been expoſed.'

There is a ſentiment in Taſſo beautifully expreſſed, and which I recommend to the attention of the ladies.

'*Non copre ſue bellezze, e non l'eſpoſe.*'

She did not cover, nor expoſe her beauties.

It is a fine deſcription of the artleſs charms of an amiable virgin. Perhaps ſome apology is needful for concluding this topic with the following juvenile poem.

STANZAS,

ADDRESSED TO LAURA, INTREATING HER NOT TO PAINT, TO POWDER, OR TO GAME, BUT TO RETREAT INTO THE COUNTRY.

AH, LAURA! quit the noiſy town,
And FASHION's perſecuting reign:
Health wanders on the breezy down,
And Science on the ſilent plain.

How long from Art's reflected hues
Shalt thou a mimick charm receive?
Believe, my Fair! the faithful Muſe,
They ſpoil the bluſh they cannot give.

Muſt ruthleſs Art with torturous ſteel
Thy artleſs locks of gold deface,
In horrid folds their charms conceal,
And ſpoil at every touch a grace?

Too ſweet thy youth's enchanting bloom,
To waſte on midnight's ſordid crews:
Let wrinkled age the night conſume,
For age has but it's hoards to loſe.

Sacred to love, and ſweet repoſe,
An arbour's vernal ſeat is nigh;
That ſeat the lilac walls incloſe,
Safe from purſuing Scandal's eye.

There, as in every lock of gold
Some flower of pleaſing hue I weave,
A goddeſs ſhall the Muſe behold,
And many a votive ſigh ſhall heave.

So the rude Tartar's holy rite,
A feeble MORTAL once array'd;
Then trembled in that mortal's ſight,
And own'd DIVINE the power he MADE.*

*The *Lama*, or God of the Tartars, is compoſed of ſuch frail materials as mere Mortality; contrived, however, by the power of Prieſtcraft to be Immortal.

CURIOSITIES

OF

LITERATURE.

MISCELLANEA.

SINGULAR MEMORIES.

THE preſent is an article that, perhaps, may be thought by many readers apocryphal.

When Muretus was at Rome, (ſays Scaliger)—by way of parentheſis, I muſt obſerve, the relator and the auditor were the two firſt ſcholars in Europe—there came, one day, to the palace of the French ambaſſador, a Florentine of a very ill-favoured countenance, and whoſe eyes were continually declined on the ground. It was ſaid, that he poſſeſſed, in a wonderful degree, an

Artificial Memory. To give a proof of his powers, he begged the company, who were numerous, to ſeat themſelves regularly, that he might not be diſturbed; and that they would order to be written down to the number of *fifty thouſand words:* aſſuring them, that if they pronounced them diſtinctly, and if afterwards they were read ſlowly, he would repeat every word without heſitation. This was done. They would only have troubled him with a few; but he inſiſted that they ſhould proceed. The ſecretary of the ambaſſador was employed full *two hours* in writing the moſt ſingular words the company could ſelect; and among them was a Cardinal Peleve, who gave him Polyſyllables in the beſt or longeſt manner of our late Lexicographer. The Florentine, to the aſtoniſhment of the audience, recited them without the ſmalleſt omiſſion; and this he did, beginning ſometimes at the end, and ſometimes in the middle. He ſaid, that this Artificial Memory had cauſed him totally to loſe his natural one.

Jedediah Buxton's ſingular memory appears to have been of a different caſt: he could only *count* words, &c. for when he

went to the play, he is ſaid to have enumerated the *words* of Garrick, and the *ſteps* of the dancers; but he had not, like this man, any one who could be capable of contradicting him.

The memory of the great Dagueſſeau, Chancellor of France, was extremely ſingular. Such were his retentive powers, according to M. Thomas, that it was ſufficient for him to have read once attentively any poem, of tolerable length, to recite it correctly. It was in this manner he poſſeſſed moſt of the Greek poetry. At the age of eighty, a man of letters having quoted an epigram of Martial incorrectly, he immediately recited the whole; confeſſing that he had not read this author ſince the age of twelve years. Sometimes he even retained what had been only read to him. Boileau one day recited a Satire he had juſt compoſed. Dagueſſeau told him, coldly, that he knew the piece perfectly well; and to convince him of it, repeated it entire. The ſatiriſt, as may be ſuppoſed, was furiouſly agitated; but finiſhed, however, in admiring the felicity of his memory.

A ſtrange anecdote is recorded of Fuller, the

the author of 'The Worthies of England.' To prove the ſingular tenaciouſneſs of his memory, 'he undertook once, in paſſing to and fro from Temple Bar to the fartheſt part of Cheapſide, to tell, at his return, every ſign as it ſtood in order on both ſides of the way, repeating them either backwards or forwards; and he did it exactly.' It is alſo noticed of him, that 'he could repeat five hundred ſtrange words after twice hearing; and could make uſe of a ſermon verbatim, if he once heard it.'

Magliabechi had as ſingular a memory. To put it to a proof, a gentleman lent him a MS. Some time after it was returned, he came to him, with a melancholy face, to inform him that it was loſt. Magliabechi was not ſo much concerned; for he repeated exactly every word of the MS. which, it is ſaid, he had perfectly retained. It is alſo ſaid, that when he quoted any author in converſation, he alſo mentioned the volume and the page.

Calvin had a very faithful memory. It is ſaid that he never forgot any thing he wiſhed to retain. And whenever he was interrupted in his ſtudies, he could always reſume

reſume the thread of his work without being told where he had left it unfiniſhed.

Thomas Dempſter, a learned Scotchman of the ſeventeenth century, declared he never knew what it was to forget. It is probable he did not ſpeak truth: if he did, he muſt have been the eighth wonder of the world; for he read fourteen hours every day. But, with all his memory, he could not *remember* to write with elegance, ſo that he was never a favourite.

Egnatius, a poliſhed Italian, was alſo diſtinguiſhed for a fine memory. One day, when he was haranguing his audience, he had nearly finiſhed, when the Pope's Nuncio entered. He re-commenced his diſcourſe, and repeated it exactly; only he heightened the diction and diſplayed more eloquence than the firſt time. The Venetian ſenators, as well as literary men, uſed to conſult him; and he always anſwered their interrogatories without having recourſe to his books.

Ubbo Emmius, profeſſor at Groninguen, had a prodigious memory; difficult to be credited. It is related of him, that he could readily anſwer any queſtions in hiſtory without miſtaking the minuteſt circumſtances of time,

time, place, or perſons. He even recollected the figure, ſituation, and magnitude of towns and fortreſſes; the poſition of the rivers and highways; the heights of the mountains, &c.

This little ſketch will be ſufficient; it could, however, be augmented. Bayle obſerves, that Memory is the firſt thing that dies in men of letters.

The following curious obſervations on memory I find in the Bibliotheque Raiſonnée, an Amſterdam Literary Journal, which was publiſhed by the Wetſteins. Vol. xlix. p. 90.

'*Memory* does not differ from *Imagination*. Without *Memory* we can imagine nothing, and without *Imagination* we cannot recollect. I do not know if the ancients were not acquainted with the mechanical *Art of Memory*. They have at leaſt emphatically expreſſed it, by the word *Recordatio*, as if one ſhould ſay, to *memoriſe*; that is, to touch thoſe cords which have excited ſuch and ſuch ideas. When I ſee an orator decline his head, knit his brows, rub his temples, I repreſent his ſituation by that of a poor traveller, who is loſt in a town, knocking at every

every door till he has found him whom he ſought.

'What is called a great Memory, is only a great facility to move certain fibres of the brain. The old man only feels a want of Memory, becauſe he cannot put them in action.

'I knew one of ninety, who forgot from day to day all that he ſaw, all that he heard, but who ſaid, he remembered with eaſe the fields and the woods where he had kept ſheep in his youth. The fibres we are accuſtomed to move from our infancy have a more durable mobility: exerciſe nouriſhes and ſtrengthens them.'

Theſe are good arguments to ſhew the neceſſity of our youths daily exerciſing this mental faculty. And perhaps thoſe inſtances which I have collected of ſo many great men poſſeſſing it in almoſt an incredible degree, aroſe from their having practiſed it regularly by their continued ſtudies.

'A HEAVY HEART.'

THIS is an ancient vulgar phraſe; and it will be found, like the generality of ſimilar phraſes which have been long current, not deſtitute of ſignification. According to many eminent phyſicians, timid men have the heart very thick and heavy. Rioland relates, that he has ſometimes met with the hearts of perſons, of this deſcription, which have weighed from two to three pounds. Amongſt theſe was that of Mary De Medicis, which was nearly of the latter weight. It is probable, that the afflictions and the griefs of this unfortunate princeſs did not a little contribute to thicken and render '*her heart heavy*.'

BEARDS THE DELIGHT OF ANCIENT BEAUTIES.

WHEN the Fair were accuſtomed to behold their lovers with beards, the ſight of a ſhaved

a ſhaved chin excited ſentiments of horror and averſion; as much indeed as, in this effeminate age, would a gallant whoſe 'hairy excrement' ſhould

'Stream like a meteor to the troubled air.'

To obey the injunctions of his Biſhops, Louis the Seventh of France cropped his hair, and ſhaved his beard. Eleanor of Acquitaine, his conſort, found him, with this uncommon appearance, very ridiculous, and very contemptible. She revenged herſelf, by becoming ſomething more than a coquette. The King obtained a divorce. She then married the Count of Anjou, Henry II. who ſhortly after aſcended the Engliſh throne. She gave him, for her marriage dower, the rich provinces of Poitou and Guienne; and this was the origin of thoſe wars which for three hundred years ravaged France, and which coſt the French nation three millions of men. All which, probably, had never taken place, if Louis the Seventh had not been ſo raſh as to crop his hair and ſhave his beard, by which he became ſo diſguſtful in the eyes of the fair Eleanor.

ON THE FAIR-SEX HAVING NO SOULS; AND ON OLD WOMEN.

A SPANISH author has affirmed, that *brutes* have no ſouls; a French writer ſupports the ſame opinion; but an Italian, more bold, has ventured to maintain that the *fair-ſex* have likewiſe no ſouls, and are of another ſpecies of animal to man. This the author ſhews by various proofs drawn from the Scriptures, which he explains according to his own fancy. While this book was publiſhed in Latin, the Inquiſition remained ſilent; but, when it was tranſlated into the vulgar tongue, they cenſured and prohibited it. The Italian ladies were divided, on this occaſion, into two oppoſite parties; the one was greatly enraged to be made ſo inferior to the other ſex; and the other, conſidering themſelves only as *machines*, were content to amuſe themſelves in playing off the ſprings in the manner moſt agreeable to themſelves.

The Author of the Commentary on the Epiſtle

Epiſtles of St. Paul, falſely aſcribed to St. Ambroſe, ſays, on the eleventh chapter of the firſt Epiſtle to the Corinthians, that *women* are not made according to the image of the Creator.

The Mahometans are known to hold the ſame opinions concerning the ſouls of the female ſex. Very ungallantly, each Jew, among his morning benedictions, includes one *to thank God he has not made him a woman*, and the female Iſraelites retort by a very indecent ſelf-felicitation.

Beſides this indignity offered to the fair-ſex, Howel tells us, that as 'it was an opinion of the Jews that WOMAN is of an inferior creation to MAN, being made only for multiplication and pleaſure, therefore hath ſhe no admittance into *the body of the ſynagogue.*'

When Rouſſeau publiſhed his Letters from the Mountains, his enemies, who were but too numerous, ſpread a report amongſt the females in the village of Motiers, where he reſided, and about it's environs, that he had aſſerted that *Women had no Souls:* a circumſtance that really put the poor philoſopher in danger of ſharing the fate of Orpheus.

It was fortunate for him that the ſeaſon confined him to his houſe, as he would have been put in the laſt peril (as the French expreſs it) from theſe furious Bacchants, whoſe termagant ſpirits were irritated to the higheſt pitch in behalf of their *ſuſpected ſouls*.

Butler ſays in his Cervantic poem—

> 'Yes, 'tis in vain to think to gueſs
> At Women by *appearances*;
> That paint and patch their imperfections
> Of intellectual complections;
> And daub their tempers o'er with waſhes
> As artificial as their faces.

If *ſome* have been found to ſuſpect the fair-ſex are deprived of ſouls, *moſt* ſeem to treat OLD WOMEN as if they indeed had none. We do not feel for them all that eſteem, which the recollection of their amiable youth might inſpire.

'*An old woman*' has become a term of reproach; yet I do not ſee why it ſhould be more ſo than '*an old man*,' which, however, is frequently alledged as a reaſon for our paying an extraordinary deference to the perſon whoſe age is ſuppoſed to have claims

claims on our veneration. Certainly *ſenility* does not always indicate *wiſdom:* it may, with the ladies, be graced by the remains of a beautiful face, and ſometimes of engaging manners. Ninon de L'Enclos concealed love amidſt her wrinkles.

In rude nations the fate of old women is ſingularly unfortunate. They are totally deſpiſed, and ſometimes ſuffer death. Mr. Muller informs us, that an Oſtiac never approaches his wife after her fortieth year. He is, however, ſo kind as to keep her to regulate his domeſtic affairs, and to ſerve the *young woman* whom he has ſelected to occupy her former place.

Old women, in various parts of Africa, are ſubjected to a moſt rigorous chaſtity; and their ſlighteſt freedoms ſerve for a pretence to puniſh them by the ſword, and even by fire!

In Negroland they ſell them as ſoon as their beauty is on the decline; and, with the produce of this matrimonial commerce, they purchaſe young girls more frolickſome and handſome.

Bayle has ſmartly ſaid of the *age of ladies*

—that it is the only thing *they* can keep in profound *ſecreſy*.

ADAM NOT THE FIRST MAN.

AMONG the many ſingular opinions which ſome have endeavoured to eſtabliſh, and in which indeed they have themſelves firmly confided, not the leaſt to be diſtinguiſhed, is that of one Iſaac de la Peyrere, of Bourdeaux. He is the author of a book entitled, '*The Pre-Adamites*,' where he attempts to ſhew that Adam is not the firſt of men. He was always dreaming on this during his life, and died in it's firm belief. He would have been glad to have known, that an ancient Rabbin was ſo much inclined towards his ſyſtem, that he has even ventured to reveal the name of the *Preceptor* of Adam! But this Rabbin (as Menage obſerves) *was a Rabbin*, and that is ſaying enough.

When this book firſt made it's appearance, it was condemned to be burnt by the hand of

of the common hangman. Menage has preſerved a pretty *Bon Mot* of the Prince de Guemene which paſſed about the time this book made a noiſe. One Father Adam, a Jeſuit, preached at St. Germain, before the Queen. The ſermon was execrable; and being at the ſame time very perſonal, was greatly diſliked at Court. The Queen ſpoke concerning it to the Prince, and aſked him his opinion. 'Madam,' he replied, 'I am a *Pre-Adamite*.'—'What does that mean?' ſaid the Queen.—'It is, Madam,' the Prince wittily anſwered, 'that I do not think *Father Adam* to be the *firſt* of men.' Voltaire, at Ferney, had alſo a *Pere-Adam*, on whom he frequently played off this witticiſm of the Prince; and thoſe who are acquainted with his creed, may believe that his obſervations on Father Adam were not a little pungent.

Theſe Pre-Adamites bring to my recollection two humorous lines of Prior, in his Alma—

'And leſt I ſhould be wearied, Madam,
To cut things ſhort, come down to Adam.'

In the Memoirs of Niceron are the titles of twelve treatiſes publiſhed againſt Iſaac

de la Peyrere, the Pre-Adamite. And this ſatirical epitaph was alſo compoſed on him, that after having been pleaſed with four religions at *once*, he became a Pre-Adamite; but his indifference was ſuch, that, after eighty years, he had to chooſe one, the good man died without chooſing any.

La Peyrere ici-gît, ce bon Iſraelite,
Huguenot, Catholique, enfin Pre-Adamite,
Quatre religions lui plurent à la fois,
Et ſon indifference etoit ſi peu commune,
Qu'apres quatre vingt ans qu'il eut a faire un choix,
Le bon homme partit, et n'en choiſit aucune.

Loredano, a noble Venetian, who lived in the laſt century, has written *The Life of Adam*. This work is tranſlated by Richard Murray, 1748. It is compoſed with great wit and delicacy; but the world, in thoſe times leſs profane, was ſhocked at the romantic, and licentious air, which prevails throughout the work. This is the occupation which he gives, even to the divine Being himſelf, juſt after the firſt ſin of Adam—

'In the mean time God walked in the garden, amidſt the freſhneſs of the cool zephyrs, when,

when, at the decline of day, they blow with increaſed force. This action of the divine Majeſty ſhews the diſquietude which the ſin of Man occaſioned him, ſince, to moderate his juſt indignation, he ſeemed to want the aid of the evening breezes, which blow with a tempering coolneſs.'

On this licentious thought Bayle obſerves, that a Pagan poet would hardly have been excuſable to have written ſuch a circumſtance relative to Jupiter.

On the *name* of *Adam*, there is a neat epigram by the Duke of Saint Agnan. He addreſſed it to a famous poetic Carpenter, whoſe name was Maitre Adam, and whoſe verſes flowed from a charming natural talent. He ſays, that for his *verſes*, and his *name*, he was *the firſt man in the world*.

Ornement du Siecle ou nous ſommes,
Vous n'aurez rien de moi, ſi non
Que pour les vers, et pour le nom
Vous etes, *le premier des Hommes*.

THE ABSENT MAN.

WITH the character of Bruyere's Abſent Man, the reader is well acquainted. It is tranſlated in the Spectator, and it has been exhibited on the Theatre. The general opinion runs, that it is a fictitious character, or, at leaſt, one the Author has too highly coloured: it was well known, however, to his contemporaries, to be the Count De Brancas. The preſent Anecdotes concerning the ſame perſon, have been unknown to, or forgotten by, Bruyere; and, as they are undoubtedly genuine, and, at the ſame time, to the full as extraordinary as thoſe which characterize *Menalcas*, or the Abſent Man, it is but reaſonable to ſuppoſe, that however improbable it may appear, it is a faithful delineation of an anomalous character.

The Count was reading by the fire-ſide, but Heaven knows with what degree of attention, when the nurſe brought him his infant-child. He throws down the book; he

he takes the child in his arms—he was playing with her, when an important viſitor was announced. Having forgot he had quitted his book, and that it was his child he held in his hands, he haſtily flung the ſqualling innocent on the table.

The Count was walking in the ſtreet, and the Duke de la Rochefoucault croſſed the way, to ſpeak to him. 'God bleſs thee, poor man!' exclaimed the Count. Rochefoucault ſmiled, and was beginning to addreſs him —'Is it not enough,' cried the Count, interrupting him, and ſomewhat in a paſſion; 'is it not enough that I have ſaid, at firſt, I have nothing for you? Such lazy beggars as you hinder a gentleman from walking the ſtreets.' Rochefoucault burſt into a loud laugh; and awakening the Abſent Man from his lethargy, he was not a little ſurpriſed, himſelf, that he ſhould take his friend for an importunate mendicant!

WAX-WORK.

WAX-WORK has been brought ſometimes to a wonderful perfection. We have heard

heard of many curious deceptions occaſioned by the imitative powers of this plaſtic matter. There have been ſeveral exhibitions in London, which have pretended to an excellence they did not attain. It muſt be confeſſed, that a ſaloon, occupied by figures that repreſent eminent perſonages, forms a grand idea. To approach Voltaire, Franklin, or the great Frederick, yields to their admirers a delightful ſenſation. If we contemplate with pleaſure an inſipid Portrait, how much greater is the pleaſure, when, in an aſſemblage, they appear wanting nothing but that language and thoſe actions which a fine imagination can inſtantaneouſly beſtow!

There was a work of this kind which Menage has noticed, and which muſt have appeared a little miracle. In the year 1675, the Duke of Maine received a gilt cabinet, about the ſize of a moderate table. On the door was inſcribed—*The Chamber of Wit.* The inſide diſplayed an alcove and a long gallery. In an arm-chair was ſeated the figure of the Duke himſelf, compoſed of wax, the reſemblance the moſt perfect imaginable. On one ſide ſtood the Duke de la Roche-

Rochefoucault, to whom he preſented a paper of verſes for his examination. Mr. De Marcillac, and Boſſuet, Biſhop of Meaux, were ſtanding near the arm-chair. In the alcove, Madame de Thianges and Madame de la Fayette ſat retired reading a book. Boileau, the ſatiriſt, ſtood at the door of the gallery, hindering ſeven or eight bad poets from entering. Near Boileau ſtood Racine, who ſeemed to beckon to La Fontaine to come forwards. All theſe figures were formed of wax; and this imitation muſt have been at once curious for it's ingenuity, and intereſting for the perſonages it imitated.

CURIOUS AUTOMATA.

When Deſcartes reſided in Holland, with great labour and induſtry he made a female Automaton—which occaſioned ſome wicked wits to publiſh that he had an illegitimate daughter, named Franchine—to prove demonſtratively that beaſts have no ſouls, and that they are but machines nicely compoſed, and moves whenever another body ſtrikes them,

them, and communicates to them a portion of their motions. Having put this ſingular machine into a caſe on board a veſſel, the Dutch captain, who ſometimes heard it move, had the curioſity to open the box. Aſtoniſhed to ſee a little human form extremely animated, yet, when touched, appearing to be nothing but wood; little verſed in ſcience, but greatly addicted to ſuperſtition, he took the ingenious labour of the philoſopher for a little devil, and terminated the experiment of Deſcartes by throwing his *Wooden Daughter* into the ſea.

To this account of a curious Automaton, compoſed by a philoſopher, I ſhall add another, of one which was made by the mere ingenuity of a natural genius, and which ſeems to have diſplayed even more ſtriking effects. The one was the idol of philoſophy, the other of religion. The following deſcription is in Lambard's Perambulations. Kent, p. 227. For an account of Lambard, ſee Mr. Gough's Britiſh Topography.

'A carpenter of our country being a priſoner in France, got together fit matter for his purpoſe, and compacted of wood, wire, paſte,

paſte, and paper, a *Rood* of ſuch exquiſite art and excellence, that it not only matched in comelineſs and due proportion of parts the beſt of the common ſort; but, in ſtrange *motion*, variety of *geſture*, and nimbleneſs of *joints*, paſſed all others that before had been ſeen; the ſame being able to bow down and lift up itſelf; to ſhake and ſtir the hands and feet; to nod the head, and roll the eyes; to wag the chaps; to bend the brows: and, finally, to repreſent to the eye both the proper motion of each member of the body, and alſo a lively and ſignificant ſhew of a well-contented, or diſpleaſed, *mind*; biting the *lip*, and gathering a frowning, froward, and diſdainful face, when it would pretend *offence*; and ſhewing a moſt mild, amiable, and ſmiling cheer and countenance, when it would ſeem to be *well-pleaſed*.

'This was the Rood of Grace at Boxley, which was by Biſhop Fiſher expoſed at Paul's Croſs for a cheat, and broke to pieces.'

By ſimilar works, and which have been leſs happily executed, how many religious frauds have been ſucceſsfully practiſed. Mr.

Gough notices this piece of religious mummery in his Camden, vol. I. p. 232, in a ſummary way. Theſe particulars may gratify the curious, who are not antiquaries. Mr. Twiſs, in his CHESS, has given an accurate account of AN AUTOMATON CHESS-PLAYER, vol. I. p. 12.

PASQUIN AND MARFORIO.

ALL the world have heard of theſe *Statues:* they have ſerved as vehicles for the keeneſt ſatire in a land of the moſt uncontrouled deſpotiſm. The *Statue of Paſquin* (from whence the word *Paſquinade*) and that of *Marforio*, are placed in Rome, in two different quarters. *Marforio*'s is a *Statue* that lies at it's whole length: it repreſents, according to ſome, *Panarium Jovum*; and, according to others, the River *Rhine*, or the *Nar*. That of *Paſquin* is a marble *Statue*, greatly mutilated, which ſtands at the corner of the Palace of the Urſinos, and it is ſuppoſed to be the figure of a Gladiator. Whatever they may have been, is now of little

little conſequence: it is certain that to one or other of theſe *Statues* are affixed, during the concealment of the night, thoſe ſatires or lampoons which the authors wiſh ſhould be diſperſed about Rome without any danger to themſelves. When *Marforio* is attacked, *Paſquin* comes to his ſuccour; and when *Paſquin* is the ſufferer, he finds in *Marforio* a conſtant defender. It is thus, with a thruſt and a parry, the moſt ſerious matters are diſcloſed; and the moſt illuſtrious perſonages are attacked by their enemies, and defended by their friends.

An anonymous author has given us the following account of the origin of the name of the Statue of *Paſquin*.—A ſatirical ſhoemaker, who lived at Rome, and whoſe name was *Paſquin*, amuſed himſelf with rallying very ſeverely thoſe who paſſed by his ſhop. He ſoon became famous; and had he had time to *publiſh*, he would have been the Peter Pindar of his day. But his genius ſeems to have been ſatisfied to reſt on his ſhop-board. Some time after his death there was found under the pavement of his ſhop this ſtatue of an ancient Gladiator. It was ſoon ſet up; and, by univerſal conſent,

ſent, was inſcribed with his name. And they attempt to raiſe him from the dead, by frequently reviving his ſpirit, and rendering the ſtatue worthy of the name it bears.

I have not diſcovered the origin of the name of *Marforio*.

MUSIC.

NATURALISTS pretend, that animals and birds, as well as 'knotted oaks,' as Congreve informs us, are exquiſitely ſenſible to the charms of Muſic. This may ſerve as an inſtance:—An officer, having ſpoken ſomewhat too free of the Miniſter Louvois, was —as once was the cuſtom—immediately conſigned to the Baſtile. He begged the governor to permit him the uſe of his lute, to ſoften, by the harmonies of his inſtrument, the rigours of his priſon. At the end of a few days, this modern Orpheus, playing on his lute, was greatly aſtoniſhed to ſee friſking out of their holes great numbers of mice; and, deſcending from their woven habitations, crowds of ſpiders, who formed a circle

circle about him, while he continued breathing his ſoul-ſubduing inſtrument. His ſurprize was at firſt ſo great, that he was petrified with aſtoniſhment; when, having ceaſed to play, the aſſembly, who did not come to ſee his perſon, but to hear his inſtrument, immediately broke up. As he had a great diſlike to ſpiders, it was two days before he ventured again to touch his inſtrument. At length, having conquered, for the novelty of his company, his diſlike of them, he recommenced his concert, when the aſſembly was by far more numerous than at firſt; and, in the courſe of farther time, he found himſelf ſurrounded by a hundred *muſical amateurs*. Having thus ſucceeded in attracting this company, he treacherouſly contrived to get rid of them at his will. For this purpoſe, he begged the keeper to give him a cat, which he put in a cage, and let looſe at the very inſtant when the little hairy people were moſt entranced by the Orphean ſkill he diſplayed.

Marville has given us the following curious anecdote on this ſubject. He ſays, that doubting the truth of thoſe who ſay it is natural for us to love Muſic, eſpecially

the ſound of inſtruments, and that beaſts themſelves are touched with it, being one day in the country, I enquired into the truth; and, while a man was playing on the trump marine, made my obſervations on a cat, a dog, a horſe, an aſs, a hind, cows, ſmall birds, and a cock and hens, who were in a yard, under a window on which I was leaning. I did not perceive that the cat was the leaſt affected, and I even judged, by her air, that ſhe would have given all the inſtruments in the world for a mouſe, ſleeping in the ſun all the time; the horſe ſtopped ſhort from time to time before the window, lifting his head up now and then, as he was feeding on the graſs; the dog continued for above an hour ſeated on his hind legs, looking ſtedfaſtly at the player; the aſs did not diſcover the leaſt indication of his being touched, eating his thiſtles peaceably; the hind lifted up her large wide ears, and ſeemed very attentive; the cows ſlept a little, and after gazing as though they had been acquainted with us, went forward: ſome little birds who were in an aviary, and others on the trees and buſhes, almoſt tore their little throats

throats with ſinging; but the cock, who minded only his hens, and the hens who were ſolely employed in ſcraping on a neighbouring dunghill, did not ſhew in any manner that they took the leaſt pleaſure in hearing the trump marine.

A modern traveller aſſures us, that he has repeatedly obſerved in the iſland of Madeira, that the lizards are attracted by the notes of Muſic; and that he has aſſembled a number of them by the powers of his inſtrument. He tells us alſo, that when the Negroes catch them, for food, they accompany the chace by whiſtling ſome tune, which has always the effect of drawing great numbers towards them.

Ludicrous as the above anecdotes may appear, I cannot but be of opinion, that Muſic forcibly affects the human mind. Mr. Jackſon, the originality of whoſe obſervations is acknowledged, and who is himſelf ſo admirable a maſter in the art, in one of his thirty letters, ſarcaſtically aſks, in return to the queſtion of a great Poet, 'what paſſion cannot Muſic raiſe or quell? what paſſion *can* Muſic raiſe or quell?'—The following

anecdote, which I tranſcribe from the Laureat's commentary on Ariſtotle, p. 114, is more intereſting, and perhaps more ſtrongly diſplays the power of Muſic than any other recorded of ancient times.

'The RANS DES VACHES, mentioned by Rouſſeau, in his dictionary of Muſic, though without any thing ſtriking in the compoſition, has ſuch a powerful influence over the Swiſs, and impreſſes them with ſo violent a deſire to return to their own country, that it is forbidden to be played in the Swiſs Regiments, in the French ſervice, on pain of death.'

LOCUSTS.

THE Locuſts, ſo frequently mentioned in the Scriptures, and in many ancient Authors, are a ſpecies of Graſhoppers that have nothing in them diſguſtful. The Parthians, the Ethiopians, and the Arabs, found them delicious food. After cauſing them to fall from the trees by means of ſmoke, aſcending from fires kindled at their feet, they ſalted,

ſalted, dried them in the ſun, and preſerved them for food throughout the year. Saint John the Baptiſt ate them with wild honey, according to the cuſtom of the poor of thoſe times. They appear ſometimes in Aſia, and in Africa, in ſuch prodigious numbers, that they darken the air, and conſume in an inſtant the fruits and herbage of a whole country; the heaps of thoſe which die infect the air and occaſion a contagion. It is probable, that theſe Phenomena are the *Harpies* of the ancients, which even came to devour the meats on the table of the King of Bythinia; and if we add, that Calais and Zethus, the Children of Boreas, chaſed them from this country, and purſued them to the Iſles of Strophades, which are in the Ionian Sea, where they cauſed them to periſh, all this fiction may be underſtood thus—that the Northern winds had blown them into this Sea: and it is true, that nothing ſo certainly delivers a country which is infected with theſe inſects, as a ſtrong wind that carries them off to the Sea, where they infallibly muſt periſh. On this head the Reader may conſult Goldſmith.

ORIGIN OF SEVERAL VALUABLE DISCOVERIES.

It is certain that many of the moſt valuable diſcoveries have found their origin in the moſt trivial accidents. According to Pliny, the uſe of Glass is owing to the following circumſtance:—As ſome merchants were carrying nitre, they ſtopt near a river which iſſues from Mount Carmel. As they could not readily find ſtones to reſt their kettles on, they uſed, for this purpoſe, ſome of theſe pieces of nitre. The fire which gradually diſſolved the nitre, and mixed it with the ſand, occaſioned a tranſparent matter to flow, which, in fact, was nothing elſe than Glass.

Heylin, in his Coſmography, obſerves, that the Rudder, Helm, and the Art of Steering, were found out by one Typhis; who took his hint from ſeeing a kite, in flying, guide her whole body by her tail.

Dr. Granger has noticed of Jonas Moore, an eminent mathematician, that when he was

was employed by the commiſſioners to ſurvey the fens, he chanced to notice that the ſea made a curve line on the beach; from which he took the hint to keep it effectually out of Norfolk.

The purple colour dye was found out at Tyre, by the ſimple circumſtance of a dog ſeizing the fiſh Conchilis, or Purpura, by which his lips were obſerved to be tinged with that beautiful colour.

It is related of one Hanſen, a ſpectacle maker, at Middleburgh in Holland, that he diſcovered the uſe of the Teleſcope by his children, who while at play in their father's ſhop, happened by chance to place a convex and a concave glaſs in ſuch a manner, that in looking through them at the church weather-cock, they obſerved it appeared nearer, and much larger than uſual, and by their loud expreſſions of ſurprize, excited the curioſity of their father, who having aſcertained the fact, it was ſoon conveyed to the learned. See Lounger's Common Place Book, Vol. II.

It is ſaid that Galileo, accidentally fixing his eyes on the waving to and fro of a lamp, ſuſpended from the roof of a loſty building,

the regularity of it's vibrations firſt ſuggeſted to him the uſeful invention of a pendulum.

The origin of the uſe of ANTI-MOINE, or *Antimony*, is a remarkable circumſtance. Baſil Valentin, Superior of a College of Religioniſts, having obſerved that this mineral fattened the pigs, imagined that it would produce the ſame effect on the holy brotherhood. But the caſe was ſeriouſly different: the unfortunate fathers, who greedily made uſe of it, died in a very ſhort time. This is the origin of it's name, which I have written according to the pure French word. In ſpite of this unfortunate beginning, Paracelſus reſolved to bring this mineral into practice; he thought he could make it uſeful, by mixing it with other preparations, but he did not ſucceed according to his hopes. The Faculty, at Paris, were on this occaſion divided into two parties: the one maintained, that *Antimony* was a *poiſon*; the other affirmed, that it was an excellent *remedy*. The diſpute became more general, and the Parliament and the Sorbonne interfered in the matter: but ſome time afterwards, the world began to judge rightly concerning this excellent mineral; and it's wonderful

effects

effects have occaſioned the Faculty to place it among their beſt remedies.

The uſe of COFFEE is ſaid to have a ſimilar origin; that, however, was never attended with ſuch dreadful effects. A Prior of a monaſtery in the part of Arabia where this berry grows, having remarked that the goats who ate of it became extremely briſk and alert, reſolved to try the experiment on his Monks, of whom he ſo continually complained for their lethargic propenſities. The experiment turned out ſucceſsful; and it is ſaid, it was owing to this circumſtance that the uſe of this Arabian berry came to be ſo univerſal.

A caſual circumſtance diſcovered that excellent febrifuge, the JESUIT'S BARK. An Indian, in a delirious fever, having been left by his companions by the ſide of a river, as incurable, to quench his burning thirſt, he naturally drank copious draughts of the water, which having long imbibed the virtues of the bark which abundantly floated on the ſtream, it quickly diſperſed the fever of the Indian. He returned to his friends; and having explained the nature of his remedy, the indiſpoſed crouded about the margin

margin of the holy ſtream, as they imagined it to be, till they perfectly exhauſted all it's virtues. The ſages of the tribe, however, found at length in what conſiſted the efficacy of the ſtream. The Americans diſcovered it, in the year 1640, to the lady of the Viceroy of Péru, who recovered by it's uſe from a dangerous fever. In 1649 the reputation of this remedy was ſpread about Spain, Italy, and Rome, by the Cardinal de Lugo, and other Jeſuits. And thus, like the Antimony, it's name is ſignificant of it's origin.

Furetiere tells us in his dictionary, at the word *Quinquina*, that this febrifuge was called, in the beginning, *Cardinal de Lugo's Bark*, who diſtributed it very freely, though it was then extremely dear. Like all new diſcoveries, it was much oppoſed in it's commencement.

Amongſt the oppoſers of this valuable medicine was Gideon Harvey, an abundant writer, who was phyſician to James II. He was continually waging war with his brother phyſicians; and all his writings are replete with virulence and hypotheſis. The book of his which made moſt noiſe, is the one

now

now lying before me. It bears for title—'The Conclave of Phyſicians, detecting their Intrigues, Frauds, and Plots, againſt their Patients. Alſo a peculiar Diſcourſe of the Jeſuit's Bark. 1686.' This writer, who is for ever accounting for things in an uncommon way, has a very ſtrange notion reſpecting Bark. I ſhall tranſcribe his words. 'I am of opinion the foreſaid drug is *artificially* prepared, and that the tree ſpoken of affords nothing but the wood, into which the bitter taſte is immitted, by macerating it a convenient time in the juice of a certain Indian plant, to which that penetrating bitterneſs is peculiar. This having ſufficiently inſinuated into the pores of the bark, it is expoſed to the ſun, which knits it together into a ſolider texture. Hence it is that the bark, being reduced to powder, and ſteeped in any liquor, doth ſo eaſily part with it's bitterneſs, as being adventitious to it, and not connate to it's eſſential principles.' I have given this extract to ſhew what fancies are indulged by certain geniuſes againſt the moſt valuable diſcoveries when they are firſt made.

Inſtead

Inſtead of an article, a little volume ſhould be compoſed of ſimilar notices.

ANIMALS IMITATE LANGUAGE AND ACTION.

Sir William Temple, in his Memoirs, relates a ſtory concerning an old parrot, belonging to the Prince Maurice, that readily anſwered to ſeveral queſtions promiſcuouſly put to it. However ſingular the fact may appear, he aſſures us it was told him as ſuch by the Prince himſelf.

Scaliger tells us that he ſaw a crow, in the French King's court, that was taught to fly at partridges, or any other fowl, from the falconer's hand.

Cardinal Aſſanio had a parrot that was taught to repeat the Apoſtles Creed, verbatim, in Latin: and in the court of Spain there was one that could ſing the Gamut perfectly.

In the Roman Hiſtory an anecdote is recorded, the truth of which we have no reaſon

ſon to doubt. When the ſovereignty of the world was depending between Cæſar and Antony, a poor man at Rome bred up two crows, and taught them to pronounce, in their prattling language, a ſalutation to the Emperor; and, that he might be provided againſt all events, one of them ſaluted Cæſar, and the other Antony. When Auguſtus was returning as the conqueror, this man, with the crow on his hand, met him; and it was an ingenious and agreeable flattery, to which Auguſtus was not inſenſible, to be ſaluted by a crow with the acclamations of victory. He rewarded the novel adulator munificently. The neighbour of the man, however, having in vain eſſayed to teach the ſame language to two crows he had deſtined for this purpoſe, ſtung with envy at his happier fate, revealed to Auguſtus that this man had another crow at his houſe, with which he had intended to have ſaluted Antony, had Fortune favoured his party. This malicious intelligence intercepted the bounty of Auguſtus.

Perhaps nothing appears more wonderful than the ſight of an unweildy Elephant dancing. The manner of teaching this

grave animal ſo ludicrous an action is thus cruelly practiſed—They bring a *young Elephant* upon an iron floor heated underneath; and play on a muſical inſtrument, while he lifts up his legs, and ſhifts his feet about, by reaſon of the torture of the heat. This, frequently repeated, occaſions him to dance at the leaſt ſound of muſic.

But let us not ſuppoſe, that animals that thus imitate the actions and language of Rational Creatures, poſſeſs, therefore, in ſome degree, rationality and mental intelligence: for when an Elephant, for inſtance, dances to muſic, it is not from any principles of reaſon, but from the concatenation of the two ideas of *heat* and *muſic*, to which cuſtom has habituated him. So a Parrot may anſwer any queſtion it is accuſtomed to hear; but this action needs not the aid of reaſon, ſince it may be effected by *an habitual idea* of things. Even the inferior ranks of animals receive their *ideas* by the *ſenſes*. Such and ſuch ſounds often repeated, and ſuch and ſuch actions immediately preceding or immediately following thoſe ſounds, muſt neceſſarily form a *complex idea* both of the ſound and action; ſo that, when either

either ſuch action or ſuch ſound is repeated, an idea of the other muſt neceſſarily attend it. Thus Dogs are taught to fetch and carry; and Parrots ſpeak more words than one together. Theſe words, *Poor Poll!* for inſtance, being often repeated together, if one be mentioned, and the other left, there muſt neceſſarily be an idea of the other ſound, becauſe cuſtom and habit link them together. As two words are taught, ſo may three; and, if three, why not many? It is thus, by a *complex idea*, the Elephant dances; for, when he hears muſic, the idea of the heated floor occaſions him to dance.

The arguments here alledged for the power which ſome animals ſhew in imitating our ſpeech and actions, are chiefly drawn from an old Athenian Mercury.

FEMALE BEAUTY, AND ORNAMENTS.

THE Ladies in Japan gild their teeth; and thoſe of the Indies paint them red. The blackeſt teeth are eſteemed the moſt beautiful in Guzurat, and in ſome parts of Ame-

rica. In Greenland, the women colour their faces with blue and yellow. However freſh the complexion of a Muſcovite may be, ſhe would think herſelf very ugly if ſhe was not plaiſtered over with paint. The Chineſe muſt have their feet as diminutive as thoſe of the ſhe-goats; and, to render them thus, their youth is paſſed in tortures. In Ancient Perſia, an aquiline noſe was often thought worthy of the crown; and, if there was any competition between two Princes, the people generally went by this criterion of majeſty. In ſome countries, the mothers break the noſes of their children; and, in others, preſs the head between two boards, that it may become ſquare. The modern Perſians have a ſtrong averſion to red hair: the Turks, on the contrary, are warm admirers of theſe diſguſting locks. The Indian Beauty is thickly ſmeared with bear's fat; and the female Hottentot receives from the hand of her lover, not ſilks, or wreaths of flowers, but warm guts and reeking tripe, to dreſs herſelf with enviable ornaments.

In China, ſmall eyes are liked; and the girls are continually plucking their eyebrows, that they may be ſmall and long.

The

The Turkiſh women dip a gold bruſh in the tincture of a black drug, which they paſs over their eye-brows. It is too viſible by day, but looks ſhining by night. They tinge their nails with a roſe-colour.

An ornament for the noſe appears to us perfectly unneceſſary. The Peruvians, however, think otherwiſe; and they hang on it a weighty ring, the thickneſs of which is proportioned by the rank of their huſbands. The cuſtom of boring it, as our ladies do their ears, is very common in ſeveral nations. Through the perforation are hung various materials; ſuch as green cryſtal, gold, ſtones, a ſingle and ſometimes a great number of gold rings. This is rather troubleſome to them in blowing their noſes; and the fact is, ſome have informed us, that the Indian ladies never perform this very uſeful operation.

The female head-dreſs is carried, in ſome countries, to ſingular extravagance. The Chineſe Fair carries on her head the figure of a certain bird. This bird is compoſed of copper, or of gold, according to the quality of the perſon: the wings, ſpread out, fall

over the front of the head-dreſs, and conceal the temples. The tail, long and open, forms a beautiful tuft of feathers. The beak covers the top of the noſe; the neck is faſtened to the body of the artificial animal by a ſpring, that it may the more freely play, and tremble at the ſlighteſt motion.

The extravagance of the Myantſes is far more ridiculous than the above. They carry on their heads a ſlight board, rather longer than a foot, and about ſix inches broad: with this they cover their hair, and ſeal it with wax. They cannot lie down, nor lean, without keeping the neck very ſtraight; and, the country being very woody, it is not uncommon to find them with their head-dreſs entangled in the trees. Whenever they comb their hair, they paſs an hour by the fire in melting the wax; but this combing is only performed once or twice a year.

To this curious account, extracted from Duhalde, we muſt join that of the inhabitants of the Land of Natal. They wear caps, or bonnets, from ſix to ten inches high, compoſed of the fat of oxen. They then gradually

dually anoint the head with a purer greaſe; which, mixing with the hair, faſtens theſe *bonnets* for their lives!

HELL.

THE Cardinal Bellarmin, in his Treatiſe *du Purgatoire*, ſeems to be as familiarly acquainted with the ſecret tracks and the formidable diviſions of '*the bottomleſs pit*,' as Swedenburgh was with the ſtreets and bye-corners of '*the New Jeruſalem*.'

He informs us that there are, beneath the earth, four different places, or a profound place divided into four parts. He ſays, that the deepeſt place is *Hell*; which contains all the ſouls of the damned, where will be alſo their bodies after the Reſurrection, and where likewiſe will be incloſed all the Demons. The place neareſt Hell is *Purgatory*, where ſouls are purged; or, rather, where they appeaſe the anger of God by their ſufferings. He ſays, that the ſame fires, and the ſame torments, alike afflict in both theſe places; and that the only difference be-

tween Hell and Purgatory, conſiſts in their duration. Next to Purgatory is the *Limbo* of thoſe *Infants* who die without having received the Sacrament: and the fourth place is the *Limbo* of the *Fathers*; that is to ſay, of thoſe Juſt Men who died before the death of Jeſus Chriſt. But ſince the days of the Redeemer this laſt diviſion is empty; ſo that here is an apartment to be let!

Such ideas are the *tenets* which ſome, from the dawn of their reaſon, entertain with religious veneration. It has even been acknowledged by the bigots, that the more ridiculous, or the more unintelligible, may be the ſubject for belief, the greater merit it is to receive it without heſitation. Men have perſuaded themſelves, that what bears the ſtrongeſt evidence of falſhood, is the ſacred truth of a paternal Deity. And it had been well if, on ſpeculative points, they had only *differed* with their more rational or innocent fellow-creatures. But theſe bigots have written, in the warm *blood* of humanity, the articles of their faith. They have reared an altar to Superſtition, on which they have not ſacrificed the Scape-Goat, or the Paſchal Lamb; but they have plunged the

ſacerdotal

ſacerdotal knife into the boſom of their fellow-creatures. They have agonized the individual with the flaming *Auto da fés* of the Inquiſition: with a more dreadful ſcope they have ſent thouſands, with the ſword of the Cruſade, to ſpread deſolation in parts which had never till then heard of their name; and, gratifying at once their avarice and their religion, cities have been razed, and millions of inoffenſive men ſwept from the face of the earth, becauſe it had pleaſed Providence to place in their countries mines of gold and ſeas of pearl.

Prudentius, a Chriſtian Poet, whoſe verſe is not ſo much the inſpiration of the muſe, as the effuſions of the Saint (indeed he began to write verſe ſo late as fifty) has given us ſeveral circumſtances concerning Hell, though it is rather difficult to gueſs where he got his intelligence. He tells us, for a certain fact, that the damned have every year one day of repoſe; and that is, the day when Jeſus Chriſt iſſued from Hell. He conſoles us alſo, by informing us that God does not take offence lightly; ſo that Hell is not ſo crowded as it is imagined.

Cicero aſſures us, that there was not an

old woman in his time who lent any faith to the torments of Hell; and on this occaſion he obſerves, that Fabulous Traditions weaken in the courſe of time, but that Time ſerves to eſtabliſh Truth: and that it is to this reaſon we muſt attribute the long and the growing veneration which is rendered to the gods. Bayle ſupplies me with this obſervation.

ANATOMISTS.

THE ancient Anatomiſts muſt have felt a zeal for the ſcience which makes the imagination ſhudder. It was nothing leſs than diſſecting men *alive*; for this purpoſe, the bodies of criminals were devoted. This was the exerciſe of Herophilus, an ancient Phyſician, who Tertullian very juſtly treats as a Butcher; or, as we might ſay in the preſent age, a Cannibal.

MONKS.

'THE Monks of the preſent day,' ſays Charpentier, who died in the year 1702, 'lead ſober lives, when compared with their predeceſſors.' Some religious Fathers were called *The Hogs of Saint Anthony*. They retired from the world to make eight repaſts *per diem!* The order of the Chartreux was of a different complexion. It was, in it's original inſtitution, more auſtere than that of La Trappe. Amongſt other regulations for their food, it was written, that with *barley bread*, *water*, and *pulſe*, they were fully ſatisfied. And again, they promiſe to preſerve 'perpetual faſting, perpetual ſilence, and perpetual hair-cloth.' Every Saturday night was brought to each Father his portion of food for the week, with which they accommodated themſelves in their own cells, widely ſeparated from each other. But this *mortification* was not long held in eſteem: their ſeverities were mitigated, more and more, till at length

they have improved the order greatly, by admitting many of the luxuries of life. They now eat, inſtead of the dry barley bread which was brought to them on the Saturday nights, the neweſt loaves, made of the whiteſt flour; inſtead of water, they drink the richeſt wines, in greater quantities than heretofore they drank water. The pulſe was found rather inſipid food; ſo they have joined to it excellent fiſh: and, in fact, there is no luxury in which theſe Fathers, who were enjoined by their Founder 'perpetual faſts,' do not indulge their appetites.

'Ah, happy Convents! boſom'd deep in vines,
Where ſlumber Abbots, purple as their wines!'

POPE.

Mr. Merry, the Author of the *Della Cruſca Poems*, when he can get rid of his load of poetic tinſel, preſents ſometimes a thought of the true gold. He has written an Elegy on a View of the Chartreux, in which are theſe excellent lines—

'"Tis not by loſing Life that Heaven ye gain;
It is not Solitude that leads to GOD.'

PIOUS

PIOUS FRAUDS.

THE Abbey of Signi, in Champagne, was uncommonly rich and extenſive: but at this we muſt not be aſtoniſhed. Saint Bernard had promiſed thoſe who aſſiſted to found it, as much "*Spatium*," or place in Heaven, as they gave *land* to his Order of Citeaux. The good people of thoſe days had more faith in Saints than their graceleſs poſterity; and, had the Magiſtrates not reſtrained their pious zeal, this Abbey would have occupied a whole province.

So alſo, when Pope Urban had to combat with Clement the Seventh, he was obliged to have recourſe to the ſcheme of Saint Bernard. This is not wonderful: but it is wonderful, that, as ſoon as he publiſhed a Bull, promiſing a plenary remiſſion of their *Sins*, and a place in *Paradiſe*, to all who fought in his cauſe, or contributed money to ſupport it, our own nation flew up in arms; and, as an old Hiſtorian obſerves—'As ſoon as theſe Bulls were publiſhed in England,

land, the whole people were tranſported with joy, and thought that the opportunity of obtaining ſuch ineſtimable graces was not to be neglected.' The repreſentative of Saint Peter can no more iſſue ſuch roaring *Bulls: tempora mutantur!*

CHINESE PHYSICIANS.

THE Phyſicians of China, by feeling the arms of a ſick man in three places; to obſerve the ſlowneſs, the increaſe, or quickneſs, of the pulſe, can judge of the cauſe, the nature, the danger, and the duration, of his diſorder. Without their patient's ſpeaking, they reveal infallibly what part is affected. They are at once Doctors and Apothecaries, compoſing the remedies they preſcribe. They are paid when they have compleated a cure; but they receive nothing when their remedies do not take effect. Our Phyſicians, it muſt be confeſſed, are by no means ſo ſkilful as the Chineſe: but, in one thing, they have the advantage over them; which is, in taking their fees before they

they have performed the cure. And it is thus that Phyſicians, with little or no learning, ride in their chariots in London; while, in Pekin, they are very learned and walk on foot.

ÆTNA AND VESUVIUS.

It is very probable that Mount Veſuvius near Naples, and Mount Ætna in Sicily, form but different portions of *one* chain of Mountains that paſſes under the ſea and the Iſle of Lipari; for, whenever one of theſe Volcanos has a great eruption, it is obſerved, that the other, and the Volcano in the Iſle of Lipari, throw out more flames than ordinary. This remark is made by Longuerue.

ROMAN ROADS.

The magnificence of the Romans in their public edifices, infinitely ſurpaſſed

that of the laſt ages. The ſole inſpection of *their roads* is a moſt convincing proof. Theſe *Roads* ſet out from the column erected in the middle of Rome, and extended themſelves to the remoteſt borders of this vaſt Empire, for the convenience and the expedition of thoſe Legions which had ſubjugated ſo many nations. Theſe *Roads*, of which ſome ſtill remain, were high, broad, ſolid, and in ſeveral places branched out into great ſquares, which the ſubverting hand of Time ſeems yet to reſpect. *Our Roads*, on the contrary, are in a variety of places in ſo pitiful a condition, that three or four days of rain frequently interrupt the intercourſe of commerce, and delay the journeys of the beſt equipages.

All this is lamentably true; we need bluſh at the Romans poſſeſſing more magnificent *Roads* than ourſelves: we, who emulate them in all the ruin of their luxury; beſides, they never paid ſo much *Turnpike-money* as we do.

LIGHT SUMMER SHOWERS FORMING BURNING MIRRORS.

In the Summer, after ſome days of fine weather, during the heat of the day, if a ſtorm happens, accompanied with a few light ſhowers of rain; and if the Sun appears immediately after with all it's uſual ardour, it burns the foliage, and the flowers on which the rain had fallen, and deſtroys the hopes of the orchard. The burning heat, which the ardour of the Sun produces at that time on the leaves and flowers, is equal to the intenſe heat of *burning Iron*. Naturaliſts have ſought for the cauſe of this ſtrange effect, but they have ſaid nothing which ſatisfies a reaſonable mind. This is, however, the fact. In the ſerene days of the Summer, it is viſible that there gathers on the foliage and the flowers, as, indeed, on every other part, a little duſt, ſometimes more and ſometimes leſs, ſcattered by the wind. When the rain falls on this duſt, the drops

drops mix together, and take an oval or round form, as we may frequently obſerve in our houſes, on the duſty floor or cieling, when they ſcatter water before they ſweep them. It is thus theſe globes of water, mingled on the foliage, form ſo many of thoſe convex glaſſes which we call Burning Mirrors, and which produce the ſame effect. Should the rain be heavy and laſt long, the Sun would not then produce this burning heat, becauſe the force and the duration of the rain, will have deſtroyed the duſt which formed theſe drops of water; and theſe drops, loſing their globular form, in which alone conſiſted their cauſtic power, will be diſperſed without any extraordinary effect. For this obſervation, which, to the Naturaliſt muſt appear curious and novel, he is indebted to the ingenious Huet, Biſhop of Avranches.

BLEEDING AND EVACUATION, TWO REMEDIES FOR LOVE.

HUET has a very ſingular obſervation on Love, which he exemplifies by an Anecdote as ſingular.

Love, he ſays, is not merely a paſſion of the ſoul, but it is alſo a diſeaſe of the body, like *the Fever*. It is frequently in the blood, and in the mind, which are terribly agitated; and, to be cured, it may be treated as *methodically* as any other diſorder. Great Perſpirations, and copious Bleedings, that carry away with the humour the inflammable ſpirits, would purge the blood, calm the emotions, and replace every part in it's natural ſtate.

The great Condé, having felt a violent paſſion for Mademoiſelle de Vigean, was conſtrained to join the army. While his abſence laſted, his paſſion was continually nouriſhed by the tendereſt recollections of Love, and by an intercourſe of a continued correſpondence, till the concluſion of the campaign,

campaign, when a dangerous ſickneſs brought him to the moſt imminent danger. To the violence of his illneſs, violent Remedies were applied; and every thing that was moſt efficacious in phyſic was given to the Prince. He regained his *health*, but he had loſt his *Love:* the great Evacuations had carried away his paſſion; and when he thought himſelf a Lover, he found he had ceaſed to love.

On this Anecdote it is to be obſerved, that the fact is well authenticated; and, however the reader may feel himſelf inclined to turn Wit on this occaſion, it's veracity cannot in the leaſt be injured. But it muſt be confeſſed, that *Evacuations* may not always have on a deſpairing lover the ſame happy effect. 'When we would explain the mechaniſm of the human paſſions,' obſerves an ingenious writer, 'the obſervations muſt be multiplied.' This fact, then, does not tend to ſhew that the ſame remedies will cure every Lover, but that they did cure the Prince de Condé.

There is, however, another ſpecies of evacuation, not leſs efficacious, for a de-

ſpairing ſwain, which will probably amuſe the reader.

A German gentleman burned with an amorous flame for a German Princeſs. She was not inſenſible to a reciprocal paſſion; and to have him about her perſon, without giving ſcandal, ſhe created him her General. They lived ſome time much pleaſed with each other; but the Princeſs became fickle, and the General grew jealous. He made very ſharp remonſtrances; and the Princeſs, who wiſhed to be free, gave him his *congé*, and he was conſtrained to quit her. But his paſſion at every hour increaſed: he found he could not live out of her preſence; and he ventured to enter imperceptibly into her cabinet. There he threw himſelf at her feet, and entreated her forgiveneſs. The Princeſs frowned, and condeſcended to give no other anſwer, than a command to withdraw from her Royal Highneſs's preſence. The deſpairing lover exclaimed, that he was ready to obey her in every thing but that; that he was reſolved, in this, to diſobey her; and that he preferred to die by her hand. In ſaying

this, to give force to his eloquence, he preſented his naked ſword to the German Princeſs; who, perhaps, being little acquainted with the flowers of rhetoric, moſt cruelly took him at his word, and run him through the body. Fortunately his wound did not prove mortal: he was healed of the wound at the end of three months, and likewiſe of his paſſion, which had flowed away with the effuſion of blood.

INFECTIOUS DISEASES.

THE preſent article, from the learned Biſhop of Avranches, if not a valuable, forms at leaſt an ingenious ſpeculation.

Neither naturaliſts or phyſicians have informed us what is the cauſe which renders contagious ſo many diſeaſes, while others are not in the leaſt infectious. The gout, the gravel, the epilepſy, the apoplexy, are not caught by frequenting the company of the diſeaſed; but the plague, the dyſentery, the itch, the bloody-flux, occaſion frequently

ly terrible ravages by their infection. This is very probably the fact. It may be ſaid, in general, that all contagious diſeaſes produce *worms*,, which are contained in ulcers, puſtules, or pimples, either internal or external, ſome leſs and ſome more, and of different kinds. We ſhall not here examine the cauſe of the production of theſe *worms*; but their effect is common and unvaried, and ſometimes viſible. It is alſo well known that theſe worms, by undergoing a revolution, which in them is natural, change into the fly ſtate, and become *gnats:* this is done in a ſhort time, and in infinite numbers. As ſoon as theſe flies, imperceptible by their diminutive ſize, can lift themſelves by their wings, they take their flight. They are then ſcattered abroad; and, entering the bodies of men by reſpiration, they infuſe that poiſon by which they are engendered, and communicate that corruption from whence they have ſprung.

It is thus great fires have been found very ſerviceable in public contagions: kindled in divers places, they have, as many imagine, purified the air. The air is, indeed, purified,

but not in the manner generally ſuppoſed, by rarifying and changing it's compoſition, but in burning and conſuming theſe flying *gnats* with which the air is filled; and which, attracted by the light of the flames, mix with them, and are deſtroyed in the ſame manner as moths are by a candle. An oppoſite cauſe produces alſo the ſame effect; I mean, a ſharp froſt, that kills and deſtroys theſe terrible inſects, if not entirely, at leaſt the greater part: for it has been known, that ſo great have been their numbers, that many have eſcaped the rigours of the froſt, and have continued the infection; as it happened ſome centuries back, in the dreadful plague, which deſolated Denmark, and the neighbouring countries.

BABYLON, THEBES, AND NINEVEH.

Of the ſituation of theſe three greateſt cities in the univerſe, of which hiſtory preſents us with ſo many wonderful accounts, we are ignorant: there does not remain the

ſlighteſt

ſlighteſt veſtige. The hundred gates of Thebes; the hanging gardens, and innumerable ſtreets of Babylon; Nineveh (to uſe the expreſſion of Scripture) 'that great city, in which were more than ſix ſcore thouſand perſons;' are all melted away, 'like the baſeleſs fabric of a viſion.' They are, however, marked in maps.

AMBER-GRIS.

AMBER-GRIS is nothing elſe than *honey*, which abounds in the extenſive mountains of the ſide of Ajan, melted by the heat of the ſun; and which, falling into the ſea, is condenſed or petrified by the coldneſs of the water. The proof is, that very frequently bees are found incloſed in morſels of Amber-gris. This opinion is ingenious: it is given by the Abbé Longuerue; but the opinions of what Amber-gris is compoſed are ſo various, that, the fact is, we are ignorant of it.

THE PROMISES OF THE FAIR WRITTEN ON THE SEA SANDS.

THE following is a little adventure of Love, which is a great favourite with the Spaniſh nation, and wears ſomething of an original air.

A fair-one, walking by the ſea-ſide, wrote with her finger on the ſands—

Antes muerta, que mudada.
I will die before I change.

He for whom theſe words were intended followed ſoon after. Having recognized the hand of the perſon whom he loved, his heart beat with rapture at the marks ſhe left of her fidelity and her conſtancy. But, while he was dwelling with pleaſure on theſe delicious words, a wave from the ſea rolled over and effaced them. This occaſioned our raptured lover to muſe in another mode; and, however violent his paſſion might have been, he directly concluded, that it was not prudent to rely on things ſaid by a woman, and

and written on ſand. George de Montemajor, a Spaniſh poet, has turned the thought into verſe:

Mira el amor lo que ordena,
Que os viene a hazer creer,
Coſas dichas por Muger,
Y eſcritas en el Arena.

Which may be thus imitated—

The Lover, as he pleas'd ſurveys
The billet from his Fav'rite's hand,
Believes the things a Woman ſays,
Believes the things ſhe writes on ſand.

A TRAVELLER'S SINGULARITIES.

BALTHAZAR GRATIAN, Author of the *Courtier*, has frequently very ſingular ſtrokes of imagination. In one of his works, he ſuppoſes his Hero to travel in ſearch of a *true Friend*. Among the moſt ſingular curioſities he meets with in his travels, are to be diſtinguiſhed the following ones—A poor *Judge*, with his wife, neither of whom had any fingers to their hands; a great

Lord, without any debts; a *Prince* who was never offended at the truth being told him to his face; a *Poet*, who became rich by the produce of his works; a *Monarch*, who died without any ſuſpicion of having been poiſoned; a humble *Spaniard*; a ſilent *Frenchman*; a lively *Engliſhman*; a *German*, who diſliked wine; a *learned Man* recompenſed; a chaſte *Widow*; a *Madman* diſcontented; a ſincere *Female*; and, what was more ſingular than all theſe ſingularities, a *true Friend!*

GENEALOGY.

WELCH Genealogies have long been a ſtanding jeſt: who does not know their partiality to Cadwallader? Yet there are others which can diſturb the muſcles of the graveſt Philoſopher; and, perhaps, make the moſt ingenious Herald ſmile at his own ingenuity. Charles the Fifth, and Louis the Thirteenth, have cauſed their Genealogies to reach to *Adam*. De Crouy, who married the heireſs of the De Crouys in the time of Saint Louis, becauſe he came from *Hungary*, reſolved,

if

if he brought nothing, at leſt to bring *a Genealogy:* and ventured to trace his deſcent from *Attila*, King of the Huns; who, it muſt be allowed, is a more regal anceſtor than *Adam* himſelf.

Arthur Kelton, a miſerable verſifier, who wrote in the reign of Edward the Sixth, publiſhed, at the end of his CHRONICLE, a GENEALOGY of BRUTES, in which the pedigree of our young monarch is lineally drawn through thirty-two generations, from *Oſiris, the firſt King of Egypt!* Wood reproaches our author for his ignorance; but, as Warton obſerves, 'in an heraldic enquiry, ſo difficult and ſo new, many miſtakes are pardonable.'

In a book publiſhed in 1604, James the Firſt has his genealogy derived from *Noah*. And William Slater more elaborately draws it from *Adam*.

To give the moſt ſplendid genealogy poſſible, I ſhall preſent the reader with that of Semiramis; with which Mr. T. Taylor, the modern Platoniſt, has favoured me. He is not a little delighted with the expreſſive grandeur of the names, and the ſublimities of her pretenſions.

The

The Genealogy of Semiramis, Queen of Babylon, as inſcribed by her on a Pillar.

My Father was Jupiter Belus; my Grand-father
Babylonic Saturn; my Great-grandfather
Ethiopian Saturn; my Great-
grandfather's father Ægyptian
Saturn; and my
Great-grandfather's
Grandfather
Cœlus Phœnix Ogyges. From Ogyges to my
Grandfather, THE SUN has wandered round
his orb once and thirty hundred times.
From my Grandfather to my Fa-
ther ſix and fifty times. From
my Father to me, twice and
ſixty times.
Semiramis in this mountain
Olympus,
Dedicates to her Father-in-law
Jupiter Belus, and to her
Mother Rhea,
This Column, Temple, and
Statue.

The arms of modern families are, for the greater part (obſerves Menage) the ſigns of their ancient ſhops.

Fuller, in his Worthies of England, amongſt

amongſt ſeveral exceptions which he ſuppoſes may be made to his work, has one very applicable to the preſent ſubject. In his Eighth Exception it is ſaid, 'You, out of flattery, conceal the *mean extraction* of many (eſpecially modern) men, who have attained to great preferment, pointing at the place of their *birth*, but ſuppreſſing their parentage.'

To this he anſwers—'I conceive myſelf to have done well in ſo doing. If enquiry be made into all men's deſcent, it would be found true what the poet doth obſerve—

Majorum primus quiſquis fuit ille tuorum
Aut paſtor fuit, aut illud quod dicere nolo.

The firſt of all thine anceſtors of yore,
Was but a ſhepherd, or——I ſay no more.'

The cauſtic Boileau has two excellent lines on the ſubject of *Genealogies*, in his fifth Epiſtle—

'Quoique fils de Meûnier, encor blanc du Moulin,
Il eſt pret à fournir ſes titres en Velin.

A miller's ſon, ſcarce clean'd from dirt and flour,
Does proudly on his vellum titles pore.'

SOLOMON AND SHEBA.

I RECOLLECT a pretty Story, which, in the Talmud or Gemara, ſome Rabbin has attributed to Solomon.

The power of this Monarch had ſpread his wiſdom to the remoteſt parts of the known world. A private Scholar in general, paſſes his life in obſcurity; and Poſterity—a ſolitary conſolation—ſpreads his name to the moſt diſtant regions. But when a King is a Student, the caſe is reverſed. Queen Sheba, attracted by the ſplendour of his reputation, or, more probably, urged by the inſatiable curioſity of the female, viſited this poetical King at his own court, with the ſole intention of *aſking him queſtions*. The Rabbin does not inform me, if her examination of the Monarch was always made in the chamber of audience; there is reaſon to ſuſpect that they frequently retired, for the ſolution of many a hard problem, to the philoſophic ſolitude of a private cabinet. But I do not intend by any means

means to make this work (as Lord Lyttelton anſwered to a curious female concerning his Hiſtory) 'a vehicle for antiquated ſcandal.'

It is ſufficient, that the incident I now relate paſſed as Solomon ſat ſurrounded by his court. At the foot of the throne ſtood the inquiſitive Sheba; in each hand, ſhe held a wreath of flowers; the one, compoſed of natural, the other, of artificial flowers. Art, in the labour of the mimic wreath, had exquiſitely emulated the lively hues, and the variegated beauties of Nature; ſo that, at the diſtance it was held by the Queen for the inſpection of the King, it was deemed impoſſible for him to decide—as her queſtion imported—which wreath was the natural, and which the artificial. The ſagacious Solomon ſeemed poſed; yet, to be vanquiſhed, though in a trifle, by a trifling woman, irritated his pride. The ſon of David—he who had written treatiſes on the vegetable productions 'from the cedar to the hyſſop,' to acknowledge himſelf outwitted by a woman, with ſhreds of papers and glazed paintings! The honour of the Monarch's

Monarch's reputation for divine ſagacity ſeemed diminiſhed; and the whole Jewiſh court looked ſolemn and melancholy. At length, an expedient preſented itſelf to the King; and, it muſt be confeſſed, worthy of the Natural Philoſopher. Obſerving a cluſter of Bees hovering about a window, he commanded that it ſhould be opened: it was opened; the Bees ruſhed into the Court, and alighted immediately on one of the wreaths, while not a ſingle one fixed on the other. The deciſion was not then difficult; the learned Rabbins ſhook their beards in rapture, and the baffled Sheba had one more reaſon to be aſtoniſhed at the wiſdom of Solomon.

This would make a pretty poetical Tale. It would yield an elegant deſcription, and a pleaſing moral; that *the Bee* only *reſts* on the natural beauties, and never *fixes* on the *painted flowers*, however inimitably the colours may be laid on. This, applied to the *Ladies*, would give it pungency.

FRENCH AND SPANIARDS.

A LITTLE work, publiſhed after that famous intermarriage which overcame the enmity of the two Courts of France and Spain, though it could not that of the two nations, preſents us with a humorous contraſt of their manners, diſpoſitions, habits, &c.

'A Frenchman,' ſays our author, 'entering his friend's houſe, will immediately aſk for ſome refreſhment: a Spaniard would rather periſh with hunger or thirſt. A Frenchman ſalutes a lady by kiſſing her: a Spaniard, on preſenting a lady his hand, will cover it with his cloak, and retreat back ſeveral paces to bow to her at a hundred ſteps diſtant.

'I have often been tempted,' ſays the author, who was a Spaniard, 'to aſk the midwives if it was poſſible that a French child could be brought into the world in the ſame manner as a Spaniſh infant—ſo diſſimilar they prove from their birth!

'The French have a lively apprehenſion,

hating idleneſs, and reducing their knowledge into practical uſe; but they do not penetrate deeply into any matter. The Spaniard, on the contrary, is fond of abſtract and abſtruſe ſpeculation, and dwells continually on an object. The French are afraid of believing too much; the other of believing too little. The former will diſpatch the weightieſt buſineſs in the midſt of noiſe and tumult, amidſt the levity of aſſemblies, or gaieties of the table; whilſt the grave Spaniard cannot bear the buzzing of a fly to diſturb his fixed attention. In love, the one is light and talkative; the other, conſtant and ſecret. The Spaniard will diſguiſe his poverty under a thouſand pretences, and invent as many fictions to perſuade you his appearance is owing to the neceſſity of concealing his perſon; whilſt the Frenchman will preſs his wants upon you with the moſt perſevering importunity. In every minutia, this difference is traced; both at the toilette and table: in mixing wine, the Spaniard puts the water firſt in the glaſs; whilſt the Frenchman puts the wine firſt. A troop of Frenchmen will walk abreaſt in the ſtreet with abundance of tattle;

whilſt the Spaniards will walk with meaſured gravity, in a defile, like a proceſſion. A Frenchman, diſcovering a perſon at a diſtance, beckons with an uplifted hand, drawn towards his face: the Spaniard bends his hand downwards, and moves it towards his feet.'

This contraſt of humours and manners he ſeems inclined to attribute to the difference of climate: in the one country, ſettled and conſtant; in the other, ever varying, as the genius of it's inhabitants.

ATTIC PLEASANTRIES.

THE Biſhop of Belley was a great Wit, and very happy in extemporaneous effuſions; but his wit bears too frequently the alloy of puns and clenches. The following are neat—

'Après leur mort, les *Papes* deviennent des *Papillons*; les *Sires* des *Cirons*, et les *Rois* des *Roitelets*.'

For the ſatisfaction of thoſe who are

pleaſed with clenches, I tranſcribe the following connected and ingenious ones—

'Le Maire d'une petite ville ſituée ſur le bord du Rhône fit ce compliment a un General des Armées du Roi en Piémont.

'Monſeigneur, tandis que Louis le Grand fait aller l'Empire de mal *en pire*, *damner* le Dannemarc, *ſuer* la Suede; tandis que ſon digne rejetton fait *baver* les Bavarois, rend les troupes de Zelle, ſans *zele*, et fait des *eſſais* aux Heſſois; tandis que Luxembourg fait *fleurir* la France a Fleurus, met en *flamme* les Flamands, *lie* les Liegois, et fait danſer la Caſtanaga ſans *caſtagnettes*; tandis que le Turc *hongre* les Hongrois, fait *eſclaves* les Eſclavons, et reduit en *ſervitude* la Servie; enfin, tandis que Catinat *demonte* les Piémontois, que St. Ruth ſe *rue* ſur les Savoyards; vous, Monſeigneur, non content de faire ſentir la peſanteur de *vos doigts* aux Vaudois; vous, faites encore la *barbe* aux Barbets, ce que nous oblige d'etre avec un profond reſpect, &c.'

Stephen Dolet was a Poet, a Printer, and a Grammarian. He had given very liberal ſtrictures on religious matters, for which

which he was impriſoned; and, not having kept his promiſe of turning a good Catholic, he was condemned to be burnt as an Atheiſt, at Paris, on the third of Auguſt 1546. As he proceeded to the place of execution, he obſerved the people commiſerate his fate; on which he made this verſe—

'Non dolet ipſe DOLET, ſed pia turba dolet.'

The Doctor who accompanied him anſwered—

'Non pia turba dolet, ſed dolet ipſe DOLET.'

Among the many puerile amuſements which Faſhion has frequently ſanctioned, there was one which merits to be diſtinguiſhed. It was the contrivance of arranging letters and words, apparently without ſignification, ſo as to form a perfect ſentence in the pronunciation. Among the moſt tolerable of theſe was the following one, choſen as the device of one who had thrown off the yoke of an unworthy miſtreſs—

J, A, C, O, B, I, A, L;

which letters, pronounced in the French language, have this compleat ſignification—

J'ai, aſſéz obei à Elle.

Something ſimilar has been lately given by the ingenious Harry Erſkine, who inſcribed on his *Tea-Cheſt* the following Latin words—

TU DOCES.

Theſe, however inapplicable they may appear, when tranſlated into our vernacular tongue, run thus—

THOU TEA-CHEST!

The ſecond perſon ſingular of the verb *docere* making a very neat pun of the ſubſtantive *Tea-Cheſt*.

Juan Rufo, a Spaniſh wit, ſaid of a tireſome Buffoon, that he was *a little leaden Bell.*

Here is an inſtance of Cacophony: John Taylor, the Water Poet, entitles one of his volumes of poetry—

'Mad Verſe, Sad Verſe, Glad Verſe, and Bad Verſe.'

Another—

ALE, ALE-vated into an ALE-titude; for Ale, *elevated into an Altitude.*

Such are the miſerable conceits of vulgar Wits!

Fuller,

Fuller, ridiculouſly quaint, obſerves of *Shakeſpeare*, that he *reſembled Martial*. The reader is curious, perhaps, to know in what reſpect:—it is in the *warlike nature* of his name; as *Shake-ſpeare*, like *Martial*, relates to war.

A rich grocer had retired from his ſhop, and had written under one of his devotional pictures, in his country ſeat, the Latin motto—

Reſpice finem.

A French wag eraſed the initial R and the final m, to remind him of his origin; and there very appoſitely remained

eſpice fine. (*fine ſpices.*)

It is a pleaſantry perfectly characteriſtic of that vulgar fanatic, Hugh Peters; when, in a print prefixed to his life, he is repreſented in the pulpit, amidſt a full congregation; while he is turning an hour-glaſs; near him are theſe words—'*I know you are good fellows; ſtay, and take the other glaſs.*'

When the Freneh King lay in imminent danger, every corporation attended prayers daily for the benefit of his majeſty's health. It was to this cuſtom an academician (ſome-

what too facetious for a ſerious eulogium on the king) alluded, when he ſaid, 'The *merchant* quits his buſineſs, to bend at the foot of the altar; the *artiſan* leaves his work unfiniſhed; the *phyſician* quits his patient; and the *patient* is all the better for it.'

It was the literary humour of a certain Mecenas, who frequently added to the luſtre of his patronage the chearful ſteams of a good dinner, to place his gueſts according to the ſize and thickneſs of the books they had printed. At the head of the table, in the moſt honourable places, ſat thoſe who had publiſhed volumes in *folio*, *foliiſſimo*; next the authors in *quarto*; then thoſe in *octavo*. *——This was not a fair eſtimate: Blackmore would have had at that table the precedence of Gray. It is a fine remark of Greſſet—

'Le Dieu du gout et du genie,
A rarement eu la manie,
Des honneurs de l' IN-FOLIO.'

The lively God of Genius and of Wit,
Rarely with FOLIO PRIDE is madly ſmit.

* Addiſon, who appears to have been a great reader of the Anas, has ſeized this idea, and applied it with his felicity of humour, in No. 529 of the Spectator.

Dr.

Dr. Granger ſupplies me with two curious puns. Hobbes was much pleaſed with the following epitaph, which was made for him, to be engraven on his tomb-ſtone:

THIS IS THE PHILOSOPHER'S STONE.

The punning Fuller would have been delighted with this for himſelf—

HERE LIES FULLER'S EARTH.

CURIOSITIES

OF

LITERATURE.

PHILOLOGICAL OBSERVATIONS.

THE MOTHER TONGUES.

SCALIGER obſerves, there are four Mother, or radical, Tongues in Europe. *Theos*, the Greek; *Deus*, the Latin, the French, the Italian, and the Spaniſh. *Got*, the Daniſh, the Engliſh, the German, the Dutch, and the Flemiſh. *Goii*, the Sclavonian. There are ſix leſſer or inferior languages, independent of the above four. The Baſk, the low Breton, the Hungarian, the Iriſh, the Swediſh, and the Tartarian. The Welch language muſt alſo be diſtinguiſhed; though it bears ſo great an affinity to the low Breton,

ton, that, it is ſaid, theſe nations underſtand each other with little difficulty. The Iriſh and the Danes once ſpoke the ſame language. The Baſk is the ancient Spaniſh, as the Cantabrians ſpoke it in the time of the Romans.

THE LATIN TONGUE.

THE fate of the Latin Tongue may be divided into ſix Ages. The Barbarous and Uncultivated Age; the Middle Age; the Golden, the Silver, the Braſs, and the Iron Ages.

The Barbarous Age laſted from four to five hundred years; from Romulus, in whoſe reign more Greek than Latin was ſpoken, till Livius Andronicus, the firſt who cauſed plays to be acted at Rome.

The Middle Age extends itſelf from Andronicus till the days of Cicero. During this interval of time many authors began to write the Latin language. The moſt diſtinguiſhed are, Ennius, Nævius, Plautus, Terence, and Lucretius. The poem of the laſt

laſt writer does ſo much honour to this age, that, we muſt candidly acknowledge, it would not be unworthy even of the Golden Age of pure Latinity, were it ſomewhat leſs obſcure.

The Golden Age of the Latin language began in the time of Cicero, and finiſhed with the reign of Auguſtus; ſo that, without a metaphor, it is but an Age. Then flouriſhed Varro, Cicero, Julius Cæſar, Cornelius Nepos, Virgil, Horace, Ovid, Severus Albinovanus, Salluſt, and others; a part of whoſe works have happily eſcaped the ravages of Time.

The Silver Age, which commences at the death of Auguſtus, and terminates with Antonine the Pious, was very fruitful in excellent compoſitions; but it's language began to loſe ſomewhat of it's richneſs and it's purity, in ſpite of the indefatigable Quintilian, who vainly attempted to revive the Golden Age. Seneca, whoſe ſtyle is one continued affectation, who is for ever on the ſtretch to catch points, antitheſis, and other trivial ſports of the mind, enervates manly ſentiment, and ſhocks a correct taſte. It was him who corrupted the Latin language.

The Age of Braſs commences from the reign of Antoninus, and reaches till Honorius, under whoſe reign the invaſions of the Barbarians took place. Beſides profane authors, who abound in this age, it produced Tertullian, Arnobius, Lactantius, Cyprian, Saint Hilary, Prudentius, Ambroſe, Jerome, Auguſtin, Damaſes, and Sulpicius Severus.

The irruptions of the Barbarians occaſioned an Age of Iron to the Latin language. Who has not heard declamations againſt the Goths and Vandals? This dreadful epoch laſted from ſix to ſeven ages. During this time ſome authors, however, aroſe, who have done honour to the Latin tongue; but it muſt be recollected, that the ignorance of theſe times was ſo deplorable, that our great Alfred complains, that in England it was difficult to find a prieſt who could read; and the Hiſtorian of Univerſal Hiſtory muſt record, that the knowledge of the Eccleſiaſtics conſiſted only in ſome very barbarous Latin.

Several learned men, ſays Charpentier, have written, that the *pronunciation* of the Latin is very different to what it was anciently. That the Romans diſtinguiſhed the

ſhort *i* from the long *i*; that they pronounced the *c* in the word *dicit*, as in *dico*; that in *artium* they articulated the *t* as in *arti*; and that the *u* had the ſound of *w*. According to this mode of pronunciation, theſe lines of Latin—

Utinam Ciceronem audiviſſemus, Romani, ut prononciaremus voces veſtras ut decet,

Should be read thus—

Whotinam Kikeronem audiwiſſemoos Romani; oot pronoukiaremoos vokes weſtras oot deket.

All this may be the effect of a learned fancy. It is, however, certain, that every nation pronounce the Latin differently, and give it the accent of their maternal tongue. The Bavarians ſay *poter*, for *pater*; the Polands pronounce *quamfam*, for *quamquam*; *agfa*, for *aqua*. And the French ſmile at us, becauſe we pronounce *canis* according to our national accent. We may take our revenge; for they pronounce it according to their own.

Aldus Manutius compoſed the firſt Latin Grammar. It was printed at Paris in 1500. The *Method of the Port Royal* is the firſt

which freed itſelf from the bondage of preſcribing rules in Latin, to learn the Latin language.

The Latin language is ranked amongſt thoſe they call *dead*, becauſe they are no more the languages the vulgar of any nation ſpeak; and, being regulated by the ancient authors, cuſtom can no more tyrannize over them. But it may be ſaid, in a figurative ſenſe, that they are living ones, by the conſtant uſe the Learned make of them; and it may not be improper to call them *the Languages of the Land of Science.*

THE ENGLISH LANGUAGE.

I HAVE extracted from two Authors of a diſtant interval of time—ſince one is honeſt Peter Heylin, who wrote in the days of our firſt Charles; and the other, Mr. Sheridan, whoſe Lectures are well known—the preſent article concerning that language, which it becomes us not ſo much to enlarge as to preſerve.

Peter Heylin thus obſerves in his Coſmography

graphy—'The Engliſh language is a decompound of Dutch, French, and Latin, which I conceive rather to add to it's perfection, than to detract any thing from the worth thereof, ſince out of every language we have culled the moſt ſignificant words, and equally participate in that which is excellent in them: their imperfections being rejected; for it is neither ſo boiſterous as *the Dutch*, nor ſo effeminate as *the French*, yet as ſignificant as *the Latin*; and, in the happy conjunction of two words into one, little inferior to *the Greek*.'

Mr. Sheridan thus ingeniouſly has written on the ſame topic—'Upon a fair compariſon, it will appear that *the French* have emaſculated their tongue, by rejecting ſuch numbers of their conſonants; and made it reſemble one of their painted *Courtezans*, adorned with fripperies and fallals. That *the German*, by abounding too much in harſh Conſonants and Gutturals, has great ſize and ſtrength, like the ſtatue of *Hercules Farneſe*, but no grace. That *the Roman*, like the buſt of *Antinous*, is beautiful indeed but not manly. That *the Italian* has beauty, grace,

grace, and ſymmetry, like the *Venus* of Medicis, but is feminine; and that *the Engliſh* alone reſembles the ancient *Greek*, in uniting the three powers, of ſtrength, beauty, and grace, *like the Apollo of Belvedere*.'

I contemplate with great pleaſure the claſſical ſtatue which is here offered to the imagination. When I recollect the ſweetneſs of *Addiſon*, the ſtrength of *Johnſon*, and the grace of *Melmoth*, I riſe into enthuſiaſm, and exult in the conviction that *the Engliſh* is the moſt perfect of the European languages. The embarraſſed periods of Hooker, Raleigh, and Clarendon, will no more languiſh on the ear. We have poliſhed the ſolid marble of our anceſtors. With ſtrength, to which we have no pretenſions, they have extracted it from the quarry; but we are the artificers who, with the dexterous uſe of the file, can ſmooth their aſperities, can arrange into elegance, and can heighten into luſtre. No more ſhall ſome future *Waller* ſing, that he who employs the Engliſh language, writes his verſes on *ſand*; and that, to endure to poſterity, he muſt carve in the *marble* of Latin and Greek.

The

The Golden Age of the Engliſh language, however, ſeems approaching to it's firſt ſtate. Nothing contributes ſo much to corrupt it's purity as an inundation of French tranſlations, rather than tranſlations from the French. The avarice of ſome, and the hunger of others, are continually pouring on us whole volumes, disfigured with Galliciſms; and, not infrequently, whole ſentences in French are aukwardly introduced as improvements, doubtleſs, to ſupply the deficiences of the Engliſh language, or rather thoſe of the tranſlator.

Yet, it muſt be confeſſed, there are ſome few *French words* which, with great felicity, expreſs a ſenſe of which we have no exact or parallel expreſſions. We may, indeed, make uſe of phraſes which may ſerve tolerably well to explain our meaning; but the delicacy of expreſſion ſeems to be loſt.

The ingenious Vigneul Marville has ventured to cenſure our language. Perhaps, he was no competent judge of it's demerits; at leaſt, his criticiſm is too often more ſprightly than ſound. But we muſt confeſs, that it is now a century ſince he flouriſhed;

and, if we reflect on the ſtate of our language in his day, it will not be found totally unjuſt.

'The ſtyle of the Engliſh writers is long and embarraſſed, very difficult to tranſlate into Latin, into French, or into Italian. We muſt recollect this when we read the works of the Engliſh Authors in their own language with an intention to tranſlate them. Perhaps, the Engliſh would bear better to be tranſlated into Spaniſh than into French, as the French is more happily rendered into Greek than into Latin. The Italian will find no language which, without injuring it's delicacies and it's diminutives, can afford a verſion. The German language is well enough adapted to the Latin.'

The reader may be pleaſed, probably, to hear an ingenious Frenchman writing on our language, thus expreſs himſelf—

'He who loves the ſciences, ſhould not neglect the Engliſh language. If he would become acquainted with thoſe excellent productions which breathe the warmeſt ſpirit of liberty, let him give his ſtudies to this language. Sir Richard Steele, ſo celebrated for his other compoſitions, has given us a

good Grammar, accompanied with excellent Notes. The Grammar of Dr. Wallis is only proper for thoſe who are converſant with the Latin.'

Perhaps, the above-mentioned Grammar is quite forgotten. I have in my poſſeſſion 'A Grammar of the Engliſh Tongue, with Notes, giving the Grounds and Reaſon of Grammar in general, printed for John Brightland, 1711.' To which is prefixed, 'The Approbation of Iſaac Bickerſtaff, Eſq;' who, I ſuppoſe, is Sir Richard Steele, dreſſed out in maſquerade. He ſays, 'that this Grammar of the Engliſh Tongue has done that juſtice to our language which, till now, it never obtained. The *Text* will improve the moſt ignorant, and the *Notes* employ the moſt learned. I therefore enjoin all my female correſpondents to buy, read, and ſtudy, this Grammar, that their letters may be ſomething leſs enigmatic, &c.' It is dedicated to Queen Anne. The Notes are copious, and by no means trifling; they are not unworthy of accompanying Lowth's Grammar.

THE DUTCH AND GERMAN LANGUAGES.

THE knowledge of theſe two languages is more uſeful to travellers and merchants than to men of letters. Theſe two languages are diſagreeable in their words and their pronunciation; nor is their manner of expreſſion clear. Neither the Dutch or the Germans make uſe of that eaſy phraſeology which ſimply follows the connexion of our ideas, which joins naturally word with word, according to their different ſignifications: they imitate rather the figurative turn of the Latin, in thoſe inverſions of phraſe which hold the mind in ſuſpenſe till the cloſe of the ſentence. They bear ſo ſtrong an affinity to each other, that it is eaſy for one, who is converſant with either, to know the other. The Dutch is hardly any thing elſe than the old German. The ſound of the German language is more full and more agreeable than the Dutch.

CHARACTER OF THE FRENCH, THE SPANISH, AND THE ITALIAN LANGUAGES.

THERE is this difference between theſe three languages. The *Italian* owes much of it's merit and it's ſoftneſs to it's peculiar turn of phraſe, and the manner in which it employs it's diminutives: thus it expreſſes, with great felicity, the ſentiments of Love. The *Spaniſh* draws all it's nobleneſs, and it's pomp, from gigantic expreſſions and hyperboles, of which no other language will admit. The *French* appears to hold a middle rank between theſe two languages: it can expreſs with ſtrength and vivacity, the language of reaſon, by repreſenting things as they are; it is thus well calculated for the compoſitions of Hiſtory, Controverſy, Theology, and Philoſophy. It ſeems, however, to be very unfortunate in it's poetical productions: the French are hardly aware of it themſelves; but there is no correct ear that has been accuſtomed to Engliſh verſification, that can bear, with any degree of patience,

it's tireſome monotony. A French poet, who was as great an admirer of Latin verſes as of wine, compares French verſification to the drinking of water. It's ſatiric verſe, however, has the preference.

The *Italian*, of all the European languages, after the French, is the moſt general in uſe. The facility with which it is acquired, is one great cauſe of it's univerſality. Yet it muſt be remarked, that if it is attained in ſome tolerable degree with ſo much eaſe, it is, indeed, difficult to grow converſant with all it's delicacies, or to write or ſpeak it to perfection. Thoſe who wiſh to be informed of the beſt authors who have written in this language, ſhould conſult the '*Reggionamento della Eloquenza Italiana*,' of the Abbé Fontanini, corrected and illuſtrated by the Notes of Apoſtolo Zeno, printed in two volumes, quarto, at Venice, 1753. A work, that bears for it's title—'The It lian Library; containing an Account of the Lives and Works of the moſt valuable Authors of Italy, by Giuſeppe Baretti,' printed for Millar, 1757—is very uſeful for one who wiſhes to recognize the numerous authors who have written in this polite

polite language, at leaſt by their names. The criticiſms are amuſive and bold, in the manner of Baretti; whoſe pages, it muſt be confeſſed, whatever might be his errors as a man, or as an author, ſeldom were found to weary the reader.

THE FRENCH LANGUAGE.

Mr. Valois has given the following critical hiſtory of the French Language, which may gratify the philologiſt.

The French language, as now in uſe, derives it's origin from the Latin, or the Roman language corrupted; as do alſo the Italian and the Spaniſh: it is mixed with German, and even Gauliſh words. Anciently, they called Ruſtic Roman (as may be ſeen by the Acts of the Council of Tours, of the year 813) that language which the Gauls, in that time comprehended under the name of Romans, employed, as well as the greater part of the French, Normans, and chiefly the people of Aquitaine and Languedoc. The earlieſt example which

we have of this language called Ruſtic Roman, is in Nitard, book III, who gives the oath of Louis, King of Germany, and the treaty which he made with King Charles. We read in Fauchet, that the poets only began to make uſe of this language about the year 1150. We do not find, or at leaſt rarely, Patent Letters of the Kings of France, Edicts, or Declarations in this language, till about 1220. The laws which William the Conqueror gave to the Engliſh nation, and which yet exiſt, are in the Ruſtic language, from whence the French is derived.

Abbé Longuerue obſerves on his language, that the progreſs it made from 1630 to 1670 was aſtoniſhing. Peliſſon, in his Panegyric on Louis XIV. ſays, that it was at it's perfection :—he was a prophet. Auguſtus, who had ſeen the Latin language at it's acmé, ſaw the commencement of it's decline : this happened to Louis XIV. While Racine lived, he did all he poſſibly could to bring back the Academy to the ſtyle of D'Ablancourt and Patru, in declaring that they were our maſters ; but his trouble was

loſt.

loſt. A corrupt taſte has prevailed ſince his death, more than before.

An Engliſhman who admires the brilliancy and the vivacity of *French proſe*, who is delighted with the lively ſallies of *Voltaire*, enchanted with the pictureſque diction of *Rouſſeau*, and who is familiar with all the graces, and all the delicacies, of that elegant crowd of *fine writers* of which the French have juſt reaſon to exult, cannot but attribute ſuch complaints to that faſtidiouſneſs of criticiſm, which will always exiſt to chaſtiſe and mortify the great writers of the age. The French critics, however, ſay, that the celebrated authors about the time of Louis XIV. diſplayed and reſpected more the true taſte of the ancients; but that the moderns have ſacrificed every thing to the *bel eſprit*; a term difficult to render into Engliſh.

LANGUAGE.

'THERE is not,' obſerves a ſpirited French writer, 'any language which may be deemed compleat; any that can expreſs

all our ideas, and all our ſenſations; their ſhades are imperceptible, and too numerous. No one can preciſely reveal the *degree* of ſenſation which he feels. We are conſtrained, for inſtance, to deſcribe, under the general name of *Love* and *Hate*, all their variety of paſſion. It is thus alſo of our *Griefs* and *Pleaſures*; ſo that all languages but imperfectly expreſs the ſenſations of man.'

THE LIVING LANGUAGE.

THERE is no Living language in Europe which is older than five hundred years. If we hope for immortality, we muſt write in *Latin*; but then we ſhall find no readers.

Chaucer, Gower, Lydgate, and an infinite number of excellent writers, have fallen martyrs to their patriotiſm, by writing in their mother tongue. Spenſer is not always intelligible without a gloſſary; and when Shakeſpeare's *Rape of Lucrece* was republiſhed, a few years after his death, his editor thought proper to explain certain expreſſions which had then become obſolete.

'The

'The Living languages,' ſays Menage, 'are more difficult to acquire than the Dead. It is now fifty years I have laboured on my own: and I muſt confeſs I am far from having attained perfection. To know and to write excellently our mother tongue, one muſt be acquainted with the ancient languages, even more than with the modern. The greater part of languages are cloſely connected by one chain. The Diſſertation of Pere Beſnier, a Jeſuit, on this ſubject, is very curious. He formed a project for the re-union of languages, or the art of learning them *all* by a ſingle *one*. This plan may be ſeen in a little book, printed at Liege, by Nicholas le Baragoin, 1674.

'He ſhould have continued a project ſo pleaſing and ſo uſeful. His abilities were adequate to the taſk; but, unfortunately, he had not the leiſure to apply himſelf.'

If this plan is valuable, which it appears to be by the account of two critical French writers, who muſt be allowed to be able judges of this ſubject, let ſome ſtudent, who burns with the ambition of rendering an important ſervice, not alone to his country, but to mankind, eternize his name, by devoting his life

life to an undertaking which will place his memory—

'Above all Roman, and all Grecian fame.'

Bayle has made ſome obſervations on the Living languages which merit our attention. He blames that falſe delicacy which every day is impoveriſhing the language, by diſcarding words, which otherwiſe are excellent, merely becauſe they are old. This inconſtancy of the Living languages introduces ſuch numerous affectations and puerilities in ſtyle. Thoſe words which are continually baniſhed, are frequently convenient, and ſerve to vary our expreſſions. He ſays, that it is generally two kinds of authors who countenance this (what I think may be called) perſecution of words: theſe are young authors, and thoſe who compoſe a little pamphlet every four or five years. A young author, who only reads the new productions, conceives that the expreſſions and the words he gathers from them can alone form a fine ſtyle. And he who compoſes half a page *per diem*, has not the opportunity to know the want of a number of expreſſions, which a more aſſiduous writer is continually feeling.

feeling. Both theſe kinds of writers form their judgment of compoſition by the novelties of their times; and pride themſelves on the delicacy of their taſte, when they cenſure any expreſſion which was thought good not many years back. Had they to compoſe (obſerves our experienced writer) a work of length, and that too not ſlowly, they would not affect to diſlike expreſſions, which, though old, might be very good. The difficulties of the work, the embarraſſment of repetitions, the danger of rhiming in proſe, unleſs one is careful; all theſe, with many other reaſons, might convince them of the evil they do to authors, by impoveriſhing the language they employ.

AN ACCOUNT OF A CURIOUS PHILOLOGICAL BOOK.

THE Volume I now notice is more curious for it's nature than happy in it's execution. It is very imperfectly compiled, yet the title may ſerve for a curious Catalogue of Languages.

'There

'There is in French a thick quarto volume, containing 1030 pages, printed in 1613, which has for title—

'A Treaſury of the Hiſtory of the Languages of this Univerſe; containing the origin, beauties, perfections, declenſions, mutations, changes, converſions, and ruins of Languages.

Hebrew	Ethiopian,	Spaniſh,	LinguaFranca,
Cannanean,	Nubian,	German,	Finnonian,
Samaritan,	Abyſſinian,	Bohemian,	Lapponian,
Chaldaic,	Greek,	Hungarian,	Bothnian,
Syriac,	Armenian,	Poloneſe,	Biarmian,
Egyptian,	Servian,	Pruſſian,	Engliſh,
Punic,	Sclavonian,	Pomeranian,	Eaſt Indian,
Arabic,	Georgian,	Lithualian,	Chineſe,
Saracen,	Jacobite,	Walachian,	Japaneſe,
Turkiſh,	Copthic,	Livonian,	Javaneſe,
Perſian,	Etrurian,	Ruſſian,	Weſt Indian,
Tartarian,	Latin,	Moſcovian,	New Guinea,
African,	Italian,	Gothic,	Terra Nuova,
Moreſcan,	Catalan,	Norman,	and the Languages of the Beaſts and Birds.

The Author of this wonderful work was Mr. Claude Duret, Preſident à Moulins.

This work is not much enlightened by Criticiſm, yet the peruſal to ſome readers may

may be amuſing. We are ſurprized at the prodigious number of Authors Duret quotes in every page. There are alſo added Alphabets of every kind of characters, and a variety of remarks, hiſtorical as well as literary.'

ARABIC.

'IT is aſtoniſhing,' exclaims Longuerue, 'through what an extent of countries the Arabic language is ſpoken, from Bagdad to the Cape of Good Hope.'

I find, in the Matanaſiana, page 171, the following criticiſm on this language. Beſides Poſtel, and other Maronites of Mount Libanus, who have laboured on the Arabic Grammar, Thomas Erpenius has compoſed it's Rudiments, which appeared in 1620; and ſome time afterwards, a Grammar, by Jean Maire, printed at Leyden in 1636, to which are appended the fables of Lockman. The Arabic language is intelligent and energetic. It is full of graceful turns, and figurative expreſſions, which give it great elevation

elevation and ſtrength. It is harmonious; and it's good Authors increaſe it's natural harmony by the care they take in their proſaic compoſitions, to vary their periods, and to introduce a cadence which has all the melody of verſe. The book the beſt written in this language, is the Alcoran.

Sallengre, the author of the Matanaſiana, ſays, that the Arabic has many words in common with the French; ſuch as, *valet*, *acheter*, *magazin*, *chemiſe*. In the account of the *Perſian* language, I have given a conjecture of Huet, to explain the cauſe of it's having ſimilar words with the *German*; but have not hitherto found any philological conjecture which accounts for the preſent inſtance.—Does it ariſe from any intercourſe which the French have had formerly, particularly during the Croiſades?

Cardinal Perron ſays, that the Arabic language is not only very ſonorous; but, perhaps, the richeſt and the moſt fertile we know. It is alſo very uſeful for the explanation of many paſſages of Scripture.

THE HEBREW.

ALMOST all thoſe writers who have treated on the Hebrew language, would fain perſuade us, that it is the firſt that men have ſpoken: but—what is more impertinent in them—they have the aſſurance to inform us that it is the language of God himſelf; nor is this opinion by any means novel, ſince Saint Gregory of Nyſſa has, even in his life-time, reprobated the idea, and calls it a folly, and a ridiculous vanity of the Jews; as if God himſelf, he ſays, had been a maſter of Grammar. La Motte le Vayer writes in his Letters, that the moſt partial partizans which ever the Hebrew has had, muſt confeſs, that excepting the inferior languages, ſuch as the Baſk and the Breton, &c. there is not among the living or the dead languages, any which do not preſent us with more valuable compoſitions than the Hebrew does, if we except the Old Teſtament. He adds, that we can well do without making uſe of a barbarous jargon, that never repays us for

the laceration which it occaſions to our throats in pronouncing it's guttural letters.

The Hebrew Grammars which the Chriſtians have compoſed, are infinitely more perfect than thoſe of the Jews. Their knowledge in the writings of their Rabbins is not inferior; and to this they have added a clear and regular method, which is very neceſſary in a language whoſe idioms and modes of expreſſion the great diſtance of time has ſo obſcured, that it is almoſt impoſſible to attain to any perfect knowledge, or to decide with any degree of certainty concerning it.

Buxtorf, the father, has ſurpaſſed all thoſe who have devoted their ſtudies to this language; and later writers have done little more than copying or abridging his book. It is intituled—'*J. Buxtorfii Theſaurus Grammaticus linguæ Sanctæ Hebræ duobus libris methodice propoſitus, &c.*'

We may add, that the Hebrew has no other difference between the Syriac and the Chaldee, if we except the characters, than that which exiſts between the Latin and the Italian.

Scaliger obſerves, that the beginnings of the

the Hebrew do not threaten us with much trouble; but, as we proceed, we find inexpreſſible difficulties; which, he ſays, is the contrary with the Greek language. Gebelin, in his *monde primitif*, is of opinion with other learned men, that the *Hebrew is not the primitive language*. His reaſons for this opinion, are numerous and juſt. I refer the curious philologer to that work, which abounds with valuable information.

The ingenious Mr. Rigoley de Juvigny writes thus, in his commentary on *Les Bibliotheques francoiſes* of De la Croix de la Maine, and Du Verdier—'*No language of the ancient nations ſubſiſts*: they are all buried in the night of Time. The Jews themſelves, after their long captivity at Babylon, forgot their own language, and learnt the Chaldaic; the genius of which was nearly the ſame with that of the Hebrew. Since that time, the holy writings are found amongſt the Jews in Chaldaic letters. They then formed a Greek mixed with Hebraiſms, which is called, the Helleniſtic language: the verſion of the Seventy is in this language. The Samaritans only preſerved the Pentateuch in the ancient Hebrew characters. As

to what relates to us, the holy writings have been tranſmitted to us in Greek, or in Latin: the only languages the Church adopted.'

It was the abſurd opinion of one Father Thomaſſin, who was a genuine bigot, that, as every thing originates from *Adam*, ſo every language proceeds from the *Hebrew*. Thus the Chineſe, Perſian, French, and Engliſh, and generally all other languages, come from the Hebrew, as clearly as the light comes from the ſun!

We muſt not be ſurprized, if the Hebrew literature is only worth the attention of thoſe who are fond of Biblical criticiſm. It was a maxim with the Iſraelites, as well as it is one with the Mahometans, that *their Bible* was the only book they ſhould read. Like *Peter's loaf*, or their *own manna*, it contained the taſte of every thing they wiſhed. The modern Jews preſerve, with admirable rigour, this maxim of their anceſtors; and they read no other book except *their Bible*, and *their Manuſcripts*; I mean, their *Ledgers*.

OF THE SAMARITAN, CHALDAIC, SYRIAC, ETHIOPIAN, PERSIAN, ARMENIAN, TARTARIAN, AND CHINESE LANGUAGES.

THE greater part of theſe languages, and the Arabic itſelf, are dialects of the Hebrew; and ſome ſo cloſely reſemble it, that the difference is hardly perceivable. Such are, for inſtance, the Samaritan, the Chaldee, and the Syriac. Hottinger ſhews, in his Chaldaic Grammar, the affinity the Hebrew bears to the Chaldee, the Syriac, and the Arabic. The Jews brought the Chaldee from Babylon. The books of Daniel and Eſdras are for the greater part written in this language. It was the Syriac Jeſus Chriſt and the Apoſtles ſpoke; and a knowledge of this language is very neceſſary for a perfect underſtanding of the New Teſtament.

Ludolphus has given us a Grammar of the Ethiopian language. This language has

a great mixture of Hebrew, Chaldee, and Arabic words. It has a diſtinct and peculiar character; and, in writing it, the vowel points are not marked according to the cuſtom of the Hebrews, the Arabs, the Chaldeans, and the Syrians; but every letter is a ſyllable, being at once compoſed of a vowel and a conſonant.

One Louis de Dieu has given a Perſian Grammar; but Mr. Richardſon has lately publiſhed a Dictionary, which is ſaid to be a very valuable labour. Our nation has of late made ſuch a progreſs in this ſtudy, that we may expect, when it ſhall become more univerſal, to receive not only Grammars and Dictionaries, but to partake in it's original compoſitions. Sir William Jones, whoſe learning is great, and whoſe genius is equal to his learning, has already laid the literary world under great obligations for ſome curious proſe and ſome enchanting verſe. Scaliger obſerves, that the Perſian language is very beautiful, and is expreſſed in few words. It bears no analogy with the Hebrew; but, what is ſurprizing, it does with the German; having many words in common,

mon, as Father, Brother, Siſter, and other ſimilar ones. How are we to account for this?

Since this article has been printed, I have found a conjecture in Huet to ſolve this ſingular difficulty. Like all his conjectures, it diſplays not leſs admirable ingenuity than profound erudition.

It is obſerved, he ſays, that the *German* language bears a great affinity with the *Perſian*, whether it be for it's inflexions or for it's terms. The cauſe of this conformity may be attributed to their common origin, which is from the *Scythians*. The Indians, who came from the ſame ſource, and whom the ancients called Indo Scythians, retained much of the ſame language; and we find, in the modern language of the Perſians, thoſe Indian terms which Cteſias has preſerved. But the *Medes* formerly ſent colonies into *Germany*. Is not this moſt probably the cauſe of this conformity?

A Tartarian Grammar has been given by Thevenot; and, by Abbé Bignon, a Chineſe. I do not know if we have Grammars of theſe languages.

Of all the languages of Aſia, there are

none which merit our attention more than the Chineſe and the Perſian; for the arts and ſciences have long and ſucceſsfully been cultivated by theſe people. The following article affords ſome curious information concerning the Chineſe language.

THE CHINESE LANGUAGE.

FROM the Twenty-ninth volume of the *Lettres Edifiantes et Curieuſes* I take the preſent critically humorous account of this language.

P. Bourgeois, one of the miſſionaries, attempted, after ten months reſidence at Pekin, to preach in the Chineſe language. Theſe are the words of the good father. 'God knows how much this firſt Chineſe ſermon coſt me! I can aſſure you, this language reſembles no other. The ſame word has never but one termination; and then adieu to all, that in our declenſions, diſtinguiſhes the gender, and the number of things we would ſpeak; adieu, in the verbs, to all which might explain the active perſon, how

and

and in what time it acts, if it acts alone or with others: in a word with the Chineſe, the ſame word is ſubſtantive, adjective, verb, ſingular, plural, maſculine, feminine, &c. It is the perſon who hears who muſt arrange the circumſtances, and gueſs them. Add to all this, that all the words of this language are reduced to three hundred and a few more; that they are pronounced in ſo many different ways, that they ſignify eighty thouſand different things, which are expreſſed by as many different characters. This is not all: the arrangement of all theſe monoſyllables appears to be under no general rule; ſo that to know the language, after having learnt the words, we muſt learn every particular phraſe: the leaſt inverſion would make you unintelligible to three parts of the Chineſe.

'I will give you an example of their words. They told me *chou* ſignifies a *book*: ſo that I thought whenever the word *chou* was pronounced, a *book* was the ſubject. Not at all! *Chou*, the next time I heard it, I found ſignified a *tree*. Now I was to recollect, *chou* was a *book*, or a *tree*. But this amounted to nothing: *chou*, I found, expreſſed

expreſſed alſo *great heats*; *chou* is to *relate*; *chou* is the *Aurora*; *chou* means to be *accuſtomed*; *chou* expreſſes the *loſs of a wager*, &c. I ſhould not finiſh, were I to attempt to give you all it's ſignifications.

'Notwithſtanding theſe ſingular difficulties, could one but find a help in the peruſal of their books, I ſhould not complain. But this is impoſſible! Their language is quite different from that of ſimple converſation. What will ever be an inſurmountable difficulty to every European, is the pronunciation: every word may be pronounced in five different tones; yet every tone is not ſo diſtinct that an unpractiſed ear can eaſily diſtinguiſh it. Theſe monoſyllables fly with amazing rapidity; then they are continually diſguiſed by eliſions, which ſometimes hardly leave any thing of two monoſyllables. From an aſpirated tone, you muſt paſs immediately to an even one; from a whiſtling note to an inward one; ſometimes your voice muſt proceed from the palate; ſometimes it muſt be guttural, and almoſt always naſal. I recited my ſermon at leaſt fifty times to my ſervant, before I ſpoke it in public: and yet, I am told, though he continually

continually corrected me, that, of the ten parts of the ſermon, (as the Chineſe expreſs themſelves) they hardly underſtood three. Fortunately, the Chineſe are wonderfully patient; and that they are aſtoniſhed that any ignorant ſtranger ſhould be able to learn two words of their language.'

ON THE USE OF THE PAGAN MYTHOLOGY IN POETRY.

A REVOLUTION has taken place in modern Poetry, which is of the greateſt importance to the lovers of the art. This is no leſs than a total baniſhment of the Heathen Mythology from our Poetry. The great *Johnſon* preferring, not infrequently, a ſingularity of opinion to an enforcing of truth —or, let us confeſs, who has given ſtrong marks of a deficiency in poetical taſte—has confounded the beauties of the Pagan Mythology with it's abuſe. We are to read the criticiſms of this great man with caution; we muſt recollect that, in his examination of *Milton*, his prejudices warp his judgment;

and, in his animadverſions on *Gray*, his criticiſms were uncandid and unpoetical. He tells us, in his Life of *Prior*, 'That his fictions are mythological, and that they are ſurely deſpicable:' for he adds—'By the help of ſuch eaſy fictions, and vulgar topics, without acquaintance with life, and without knowledge of art or nature, a poem of any length, cold and lifeleſs like this, may be eaſily written on any ſubject.'

This is dictated by the uncharitable ſpirit of criticiſm. It is ſtrange, that a man of ſuch active faculties, and of ſuch critical ſagacity, ſhould not have perceived, that when the Poet wanders in the unbounded regions of Fancy, he hath little to do with the mere ſtate of Nature; that, expatiating in the wide range of Imagination, he does not ſo much *borrow* from Nature, but rather *adorns* her by the creation of new beings. Hence the pipe of the ſhepherd is the *ſhrill ſhell of Pan*; the murmuring of the waters is *the ſigh of the Naiad*; and the dewy flowers, that ſparkle on the eye, are the *glittering tears of Aurora*.

I will allow that a Pedant, well read in his Pantheon, may produce, what ſome may be

be apt to take for a Poem, by a mere mechanical effort. He may call Apollo and the Muſes, Minerva and Venus; but let him beware of what he is about. Theſe celeſtial beings are no leſs dangerous than what, in our Britiſh Solomon's time, was thought to be the raiſing of the devil; of whom one ſaid, that he doubted not, with book in hand, he could raiſe him eaſily enough; but, when he had done that, the danger lay in the manner he was to employ his devilſhip. The Pedant may, indeed, drag into his verſe the reluctant gods and goddeſſes; but they will not have the air of divinities. It requires the moſt ſkilful hand, and ſome of the fineſt touches of genius, to place them in a novel ſituation; to poliſh the finiſhed piece into claſſical beauty, and exhauſt on them the pomp and brilliancy of his imagination.

Let us not, then, haſtily reſign our faith, in the theology of ancient Poetry. If it appears trite and inſipid in the hands of a mere verſifier, let us reflect, that every thing in ſuch a writer will have the ſame effect. It is certain, that no order of beings have yet been found ſo agreeable to the imagination,

gination, when this poetic machinery is diſplayed by the addreſs of ſuperior genius. How admirably has *Gray*, in his Progreſs of Poetry, embelliſhed with theſe beautiful forms the third ſtanza of the firſt Antiſtrophe. Allegorical Perſonages, which *Spenſer* has unfortunately employed, ſoon weary. The enchantment of mythological fiction is continued, and is ſuſceptible of continual variety.

The omnipotence of the divinities of Poetry is eternal: it is true, they do not always yield their inſpiration. Venus ſtill reſides in Paphos; Diana ſtill embelliſhes the woods; the Nymphs inhabit their accuſtomed oak; and there is not a pure ſtream but, in it's cryſtaline cave, is ſtill honoured with the preſence of it's Naiad.

I venerate the abilities of this our late *Coryphæus*; but, if we are blindly to follow the *dictum* of our leader, farewel to that free diſcuſſion by which, through the medium of contrary opinions, we at length attain to truth. The critical powers of *Boileau* may well be oppoſed to thoſe of *Johnſon*; and however the Engliſh dreſs, which Sir *William Soame* has given him, may

may be inferior to the original *Boileau*, he may yet be underſtood.

'In the narration of ſome great deſign,
Invention, art, and fable, all muſt join:
Here *fiction* muſt employ it's utmoſt grace;
All muſt aſſume a body, mind, and face.
Each *virtue*, *a divinity* is ſeen;
Prudence, *is Pallas*—*Beauty*, *Paphos' Queen*;
'Tis not a cloud from whence ſwift lightnings fly,
But *Jupiter* that thunders from the ſky.
Echo's no more an empty, airy ſound,
But a *fair nymph*, that weeps her lover drown'd.
Thus, in the endleſs treaſures of his mind,
The poet does a thouſand figures find:
Around the work his ornaments he pours.

* * * * * * *

Without theſe ornaments before our eyes,
Th' unſinew'd poem languiſhes and dies:
Your Poet in his art will always fail,
And tell you but a dull, inſipid tale.
In vain have our miſtaken Authors try'd
To lay theſe ancient ornaments aſide.

* * * *

And, in a common ſubject, to reject
The *Gods*, and Heathen ornaments neglect;
To baniſh *Tritons*, who the ſea invade,
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And

And ev'ry where, as 'twere idolatry,
Baniſh deſcriptions from our Poetry.
Leave them their pious follies to purſue;
But let our reaſon ſuch vain fears ſubdue.'

If the little I have ventured to give of my own, ſupported by the critical authority of *Boileau*, ſhould fail to relieve the modern Poet from the harſh and ſevere tyranny of our preſent Critics; if we muſt quit *Greece*, the land of invention, to live in our colder climate, I will ſubmit to it with all poſſible reſignation: but let me at leaſt teſtify my veneration to the *Divinities of Poetry*, in taking as poetical a farewel of them as the time will permit.

O YE! who felt the FANCIED POWER,
Illuminate the mental hour!
We feebler Scribes of later days,
Have loſt the beam that warm'd your lays.
For ye how wide th' enchantment ſtream'd!
The UNIVERSE, one TEMPLE ſeem'd
What vivifying POWERS have ſtood
In the ſtill horrors of the wood!
AURORA'S TEARS impearl'd the flowers;
And ZEPHYR ſhook the fragant bowers.

A NAIAD'S,

A NAIAD's SIGH, the murmuring rill,
Some SYLVAN POWER protects each hill.
If in the ſtream a Nymph would lave,
She felt the God's embracing wave.
On every plain, in every grove,
Sported the roſy train of LOVE:
And tripping FAUNS, and SATYRS rude,
Were ſeen to wander every wood.
'Mid bleeding vines young BACCHUS lay,
Tir'd with the labours of the day.
Rich ſheaves of corn kind CERES bears;
And orchards feel POMONA's cares.
If breathes his reed ſome ſhepherd ſwain,
Enamour'd ECHO ſteals the ſtrain!
Or ſhakes the field with horns and hounds;
'Tis DIAN's ſelf the ſhrill notes ſounds.
Old Ocean's realms are NEPTUNE's boaſt,
Who ſwells the ſtorm that threats the coaſt;
Or if, his lovely QUEEN to pleaſe,
He chains his waves, and ſmooths his ſeas,
Seated in their pearly car,
The TRITONS' ſong is heard afar!
And green-hair'd Nymphs their raptures tell,
Dancing to the vocal ſhell.
The winged HOURS, to ſhady ſeat,
From the hot fainting earth retreat:
But where OLYMPUS' GATES diſcloſe,
Jove ſat, and ſhook his awful brows!

His EAGLE, baſking in his ſight,
Wav'd oft his plumes of beamy light;
And VENUS bends her ſoften'd face,
Or leans on ſome enchanting GRACE;
While on her looks each GOD has hung,
White-handed HEBE ſcarce ſeem'd young.
Of paſt delight, this Claſſic theme
Once form'd in youth my early dream.
Farewel, ye Forms of Grecian art!
That muſt no more inflame my heart.
Our harſher ſouls, and colder clime,
Claim ſentiment, in poliſh'd rhyme.
FANCY to REASON muſt ſubmit;
And glowing IMAGERY to WIT.
Yet, Bards! be taught from ancient ſource,
Your rapid flight to urge with force;
Or ſtill, with baffled wing ye riſe,
Hurl'd from the Poet's ſtarry ſkies!'

ON THE POETRY OF BARON HALLER.

IT was once the intention of the Editor to have preſented a tranſlation of the Poetry of Baron Haller to the Public.

The Poet, whom I am now going to introduce

troduce to the reader, is better known in this country for his extenſive learning, and recondite labours in phyſiology, than for thoſe exquiſite pieces which place him ſo conſpicuouſly amongſt the modern Poets of Germany.

If England has not beſtowed on him the honours of a Poet, France, however, has not been backward in this reſpect. His Poetry has been elegantly tranſlated, and multiplied by repeated editions. There are thoſe who have placed him on an equality with the celebrated Geſner: and, perhaps, he is only not equal to him in not having produced a Poem of the magnitude of his Death of Abel.

If it is allowed me to give the character of Haller as a Poet, I will ſay, that he does not ſwell into that turgid eloquence, which wearies the mental eye by a cumbrous accumulation of ſplendour. It is the characteriſtic of the German Poets, that they do not know when to ſtop; the ſtrength of their genius tranſports them into obſcurity: by ſoaring too high, they ſtrain the temperate eye of the Critics; judgment to them is a

ſilken ſtring, too feeble to chain the wing of an eagle.

I do not mean, however, to countenance or excuſe certain pieces which, they inform us, are tranſlations from the German; and which, indeed, may well diſguſt the world with all German Poetry. But, I believe that the bombaſt of theſe writers is rather to be attributed to themſelves, than to the unfortunate German; who, certainly, had he originally written in ſo aukward a ſtyle, would not have been thought worthy of a tranſlation.

Haller is beautiful in his deſcriptions, ſublime in his Odes, and tender in his Elegies. He is not leſs to be admired as a Satiriſt; and Berne once trembled at the preſence of it's Juvenal. His numbers are highly poliſhed; and it is hard to render juſtice to the delicate language of his Muſe.

The following Poem is not partially choſen, but for it's convenient length. There is an elegant ſimplicity, added to a cloſeneſs of thought; which, if it does not always wear the fantaſtic air of novelty, impreſſes in the feeling heart that philoſophical conſolation worthy of the genius of Haller.

A DE-

A DESIRE TO REGAIN HIS NATIVE COUNTRY:

WRITTEN WHEN THE AUTHOR WAS IN HOLLAND.

'AH! woods for ever dear! delightful groves, whoſe verdure ſhades the heights of *Haſel**, when ſhall I return to repoſe on your boſom, where Philomel wantons on the light branches? When ſhall I lay myſelf on the declivity of thoſe little hills which Nature hath ſpread with green carpets of moſs, where nought is heard ſave the trembling leaves, agitated by the vernal airs, or the murmurs of a little brook that refreſhes thoſe ſolitary meads.

'O Heaven! when wilt thou permit me to viſit, once more, thoſe vales where I paſſed the ſpring of my life; where, often to the murmurs of a falling caſcade, my verſe flowed in honour of my Sylvia: while the

* The neighbourhood of Berne.

careſſes of Zephyr, animating the grove, threw on my penſive ſoul a ſoft melancholy. There, every care was baniſhed, while I ſat in the umbrageous depth of thoſe woods whoſe boughs were impenetrable to the beams of the ſun.

'Here, continually, have I to combat with my ſorrows: my mind is oppreſſed with grief for ever renewed; and I know not the ſweetneſs of tranquillity and joy. Far from the country where firſt I ſprung into life: without parents, a ſtranger to all the world, abandoned to the ardours of youth, I find myſelf in poſſeſſion of a dangerous liberty, without having learnt how to conduct myſelf.

'Now diſeaſe ſhoots through my languiſhing frame, and ſtifles even the wiſh for glory, and for ſcience! Now my diſappointed hopes droop in the deſpondence of diſcouragement and grief: while the ſea throws itſelf on the ruins of broken dykes, and brings it's waves and death to our gates; and

and Mars threatens us with the flames of war which kindle from the aſhes *.

'But let us embrace comfort. All muſt terminate! The ſtorm is weakened at each guſt it blows. Paſt evils teach us to enjoy the preſent good. Who is a ſtranger to adverſity, is alike a ſtranger to pleaſure. Time, who, with his rapid wing, hath brought my affliction, conducts alſo my felicity. I may yet inhale the purer air of my native hills!

'Ah! may I ſoon rejoin ye, groves beloved! and landſcapes of ſpring! Ah! if Fate ſhould indulge me once more to partake of the ſilent tranquillity of your ſolitude! Perhaps the day is not diſtant. The blue ſky ſhines when the ſtorm is departed, and repoſe ſucceeds to pain. Flouriſh, ye ſcenes of delight! while I prepare to make my laſt voyage, in returning to your peaceful ſhades.'

* The inundation of the ſea, and the burſting of a dyke, happen very frequently, in winter, at Amſterdam.—The Dutch were then on the eve of a war.

THE POEM OF HALLER VERSIFIED.

BY HENRY JAMES PYE, ESQ. P. L.

THE Lover of Polite Literature will be much gratified by the following elegant Verſification of the Poem of *Haller*, which we have attempted in *Proſe*. This little production, to uſe one of the Laureat's own claſſical alluſions, will be but interweaving a tranſient bloſſom in the laurels of it's amiable Author.

AH! woods for ever dear! whoſe branches ſpread
Their verdant arch o'er HASEL's breezy head,
When ſhall I once again, ſupinely laid,
Hear Philomela charm your liſt'ning ſhade?
When ſhall I ſtretch my careleſs limbs again,
Where, gently riſing from the velvet plain,
O'er the green hills, in eaſy curve that bend,
The moſſy carpet Nature's hands extend?
Where all is ſilent! ſave the gales that move
The leafy umbrage of the whiſp'ring grove;
Or the ſoft murmurs of the rivulet's wave,
Whoſe chearing ſtreams the lonely meadows lave.
O Heav'n!

O Heav'n! when ſhall once more theſe eyes be caſt
On ſcenes where all my ſpring of life was paſs'd;
Where, oft reſponſive to the falling rill,
Sylvia and Love my artleſs lays would fill?
While Zephyr's fragrant breeze, ſoft breathing, ſtole
A pleaſing ſadneſs o'er my penſive ſoul:
Care, and her ghaſtly train, were far away;
While calm, beneath the ſheltering woods, I lay
Mid ſhades, impervious to the beams of day.

Here—ſad reverſe!—from ſcenes of pleaſure far,
I wage with Sorrow unremitting war:
Oppreſs'd with grief, my ling'ring moments flow,
Nor aught of joy, or aught of quiet, know.
Far from the ſcenes that gave my being birth,
From parents far, an outcaſt of the earth!
In youth's warm hours, from each reſtriction free,
Left to myſelf in dangerous liberty.

Now pale Diſeaſe ſhoots thro' my languid frame,
And checks the zeal for wiſdom and for fame.
Now droops fond Hope, by Diſappointment croſs'd;
Chill'd by neglect, each ſanguine wiſh is loſt.
O'er the weak mound ſtern Ocean's billows ride,
And waft deſtruction in with every tide;
While Mars, deſcending from his crimſon car,
Fans with fierce hands the kindling flames of war.

Her gentle aid let Conſolation lend:
All human evils haſten to their end.

The

The ſtorm abates at every guſt it blows:
Paſt ills enhance the comforts of repoſe.
He who ne'er felt the preſſure of diſtreſs,
Ne'er felt returning pleaſure's keen exceſs.
Time, who Affliction bore on rapid wing,
My panting heart to happineſs may bring:
I, on my native hills, may yet inhale
The purer influence of the ambient gale.

Ah! ſcenes of early joy! ah, much-lov'd ſhades!
Soon may my footſteps tread your vernal glades.
Ah! ſhould kind Heav'n permit me to explore
Your ſeats of ſtill tranquillity once more!
E'en now, to Fancy's viſionary eye,
Hope ſhews the flattering hour of tranſport nigh.
Blue ſhines the æther, when the ſtorm is paſt;
And calm Repoſe ſucceeds to Sorrow's blaſt.
Flouriſh, ye ſcenes of ever new delight!
Wave wide your branches to my raptur'd ſight!
While, ne'er to roam again, my wearied feet
Seek the kind refuge of your calm retreat.

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